April, 1904

THE BOOKMAN

A Magazine of Literature and Life

Manuscripts submitted to THE BOOKMAN *should be addressed to "The Editors of* THE BOOKMAN." *Manuscripts sent to any of the Editors personally are liable to be mislaid or lost.*

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

Anachronisms and Other Slips

Among the questions which we addressed some months ago to a number of well-known authors on the general subject of reviewing, we asked what they thought about criticism based on the discovery of anachronisms, inconsistencies, and slips of that sort. Most of the answers rather ignored this question. One or two authors seemed to think that it is ridiculous for reviewers to notice such minor matters. When you call an author's attention to certain discrepancies, he generally thinks that you are a very small-minded, gimlet-eyed criticaster, prone to pass over real merit in order to nose into trifles and then to exaggerate these out of all proportion. We, however, look at the subject in another way. In the work of a Thackeray, for example, we can readily ignore the circumstance that in one part of *Vanity Fair* he speaks of Mrs. Bute Crawley as "Martha," and in another part as "Jane." His book is really so big as to make one feel ashamed to stress these slips even though it might be very much better had they been corrected. But when we come to the smaller fry, the case is otherwise. These persons cannot be expected to rise to the supreme heights of literary creation; we don't ask them to give us masterpieces. By way of compensation, however, we do expect that they shall spare us the jolts and jars which come from manifest absurdities and which could be obviated by a little care.

Thus, for example, when Miss Imlay Taylor takes us into the Russia of the seventeenth century and makes her Muscovites fire several shots from the same pistol without re-loading (see *The Rebellion of the Princess*) we all know that such a thing was quite impossible at that time, and this knowledge spoils a climax in the book. Likewise, when Mr. Eden Phillpotts in his last novel (*The American Prisoner*) represents a Vermonter at the time of the Revolutionary War describing how he had killed grizzlies in the Rocky Mountains we can't help grinning, because we are aware that the Rocky Mountains were then quite unknown. Probably Mr. Phillpotts has a vague idea that the Rockies are a spur of the Green Mountains, but it would have been much better had he consulted his geography before making so ludicrous a mistake. Then, too, when Mrs. Burton Harrison, in *Sylvia's Husband,* represents Irish gentlemen as using the brogue of hod-carriers, she is as much astray as is Mr. Thomas Dixon, Jr., when he describes a fashionable New York woman as dining in the middle of the day and having "supper" at seven P.M. And we all remember how Mr. Irving Bacheller, in *Darrel,* made his schoolmaster quote Maeterlinck before that gentleman was born, and hang up "chromos" fifty years before they had been invented. It is hardly worth while to extend the list, though we might go on for half an hour. The point that we make is this: that all these writers show themselves guilty of carelessness and slovenly composition when they allow such things as we have mentioned to disfigure their pages and mar the pleasure of the reader. An anachronism or an inconsistency may be a trifle in itself just as a pinch of sand on the sounding-board

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of a piano is a trifle. But in each case, it makes all the difference in the world with one's enjoyment.

Mr. Andrew Lang, writing in the London *Morning Post*, gives some amusing instances of the ingenuity displayed by proof readers who think they know what the author meant to say far better than he knew it himself. We quote the following:

Proof Readers and Typographical Errors

Perhaps proof readers have become scarce owing to the progress of society. The proof reader must be a man who can read, write, and spell. He must know a thing or two, must remember stock quotations from Browning and familiar things in Thackeray, must be aware that Hazlitt did not spell his name with an "e." Moreover he must have a genius for conjectural emendation when an author writes a difficult hand. He may carry emendation too far, as in the case of the French author who wrote that, if any man would know Love, *il faut sortir de soi.* The proof reader, seeing no sense in this, altered it to "if any one would know Love, *il faut sortir le soir,*" "he must go out in the evening," which is very true, but not what the philosophic author meant to say. Perhaps a proof reader corrected, in a geographical work, "a plain covered with erratic blocks" into "a plain covered with erotic blacks." Blocks are not erratic, he doubtless argued, but negroes are amorous. This was a brilliant emendation, better than the German editor's emendation of "He smote the sledded Polack on the ice" into "He smote his leaded pole-axe on the ice."

The most attractive typographical error that we have noticed lately was contained in an account which the New York *Times* gave of the recent consecration in this city of Bishop Greer. The account went on to say that in some respects the ceremony differed from that which attended the consecration of Bishop Burgess. "Bishop Greer, for example," said the *Times*, "was not preceded by two crucifiers(!)."

The resignation of two Columbia professors, well known for their achievements in art and letters, was interpreted by the newspapers, and perhaps by themselves, as a protest against the lack of idealism in our universities. Ringing words appeared in the papers in defense of "sweetness and light." It was taken quite generally as a sign of the times, and Truthful James was quick to inquire: "Is our civilisation a failure and is the Caucasian played out?" Experience has taught us that any particular sign of the times as noticed in a newspaper is apt to be ambiguous, or, at most, a sign of the day of the month. Things taken to be "characteristic of the age in which we live" are for the most part only characteristic of Monday or Tuesday of last week. Not the affair itself, but the discussion which it started is the important sign, for it shows that throughout the country there is a suspicion of university aims. Unfortunately it is not a mere suspicion that art or literature is not having a fair chance. Nor is it founded on the notion that the study of art means idealism and the study of everything else means materialism. The public did not need President Schurman's reminder that the student of language, history, or economics may be quite as much an idealist as the student of art, any more than it needed Professor Lounsbury's assurance that "appreciation of a great work of literature or music or art can never be communicated by direct instruction."

Universities and the Signs of the Times

The reasons why so many people are ready to pounce on anything as a sign of the university's decline are never so doctrinaire as they seem in print. Behind the talk of commercialism, specialism, athleticism, and what not, is merely a vague feeling, based on actual contact with highly trained university men, that there is something the matter with them. They seem to be damaged by what they know. It is not so much the kind of knowledge as the way they bear it. They seem to go down utterly before their books. Their pleasures are not infectious. People feel that if they themselves knew as much as that they would not be so disagreeable about it. Charles Darwin could be gracious even on the subject of earthworms. Our botanist is needlessly botanical. One fears that the entomologist in his own home is probably insectivorous. Allowing for the necessary wear and tear, the long hours and the narrow field and all the penalties men must pay for concentration, we still believe that there ought to be a larger

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

human residuum. A specialist often loses parts of himself from sheer carelessness. Many a scholar seems profound merely because he is too lazy to meet you half way, and he finally takes a kind of pride in the fact that you cannot get at him. The emphasis in these discussions is laid on the subjects and not on the men, as if everything could be set right by re-arranging the curriculum. Or some one will say, Idealism is what the country needs, and you will find that what he has in mind is some particular chair of literary palaver. Meanwhile the men of the narrow learning go scot-free and in an age of pedantry, a time of more mere -ists and -ologists than the world has ever before known, when you cannot even read a book without calling yourself after it, a time of Ibsenites, Omarians, Borrovians, Ruskinians, herpetologists, cytologists, rhododendrologists, and osteopaths, eager to stay just where they are and glad that you cannot come, pedantry practical and pedantry moonstruck, but in one form or another unmistakably large and thick—in these days there is very little written of the submerged man that seems at all intimate or convincing.

❧

If Molière could only return for a while or Shakespeare visit a summer school or Pascal attend a faculty meeting, if we had even a Pope to take the matter up, it might be properly personified. These homilies on general decline do not mean anything, and rebukes *en masse* never hit any one. We write them because we do not care. As soon as we begin to care, we shall become more pointed and personal, and new and grotesque types will appear in literature. Our writers are now blind to the value of this material. They do not know what comedies there are lurking in technical terms. We do not even chaff the new pedantry, as M. Brunetière ventured to do some weeks ago when Masson was elected to the Academy. These remarks of his on the minuteness of Napoleon's biographer would probably be interpreted with us as a fling at historical research itself or as a contempt for accuracy:

"You have followed him [Napoleon] not only in his battles, and marches across Europe, in the soirées at Malmaison and the official receptions at the Tuileries, but also in his intimacy, in his private apartments, bedrooms, and dressing-rooms. You have counted his wash: thirty-six flannel undershirts, nine dozen white shirts, bosoms of hollands, at 48 francs apiece—but 60 francs when they were all hollands; twelve dozen pocket-handkerchiefs; three dozen 'folded towels,' about which you 'regret that you have not gained any further

BLISS CARMAN.

REPRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

information'; three dozen merino foot warmers, but, perhaps, as you say, 'these were socks.'"

The Japanese-American Weekly News

Apropos of Mr. Noguchi's paper on the Japanese newspaper which we are publishing in this number, we present a facsimile of the first page of the *Japanese-American Weekly News,* which was established a few years ago by a student of Columbia University. This journal, which is one of the youngest of the alien newspapers printed in this country, has the peculiar distinction of being the only periodical here not printed from type or stereotyped plate. It consists of four pages of a lithographed reproduction of hand-written copy. Every line of the paper and all the illustrations in the columns devoted to advertising are first written on sheets of paper with a brush, then, by a tedious process reproduced on stone, and finally printed by hand. This cumbersome process was adopted, owing to the great expense of bringing fonts of Japanese type from the East. The language used in the pages of the news is a mixture of Japanese and Chinese, similar to that of the native Japanese journals, and Japanese picture signs are used when there is no Japanese equivalent for the idea to be expressed.

Dr. Oscar Lovell Triggs

The elimination of Dr. Oscar Lovell Triggs from the teaching force of Chicago University has excited a good deal of comment all over the country, because Dr. Triggs and his opinions have afforded a vast amount of "copy" to the newspapers these many years. The *Sun* of this city has in particular chortled and made merry in its own peculiar fashion over Dr. Triggs, so that the latter not long ago brought suit for libel against that newspaper. The suit was unsuccessful and was on the whole unfortunate. The court held that Dr. Triggs could not show that he had sustained any damage either in reputation or in his material prospects by reason of the *Sun's* ridicule. Had the suit been brought after Dr. Triggs had lost his position in the University, the result might have been different. But it is always foolish for a public man, whether he be politician, journalist, or author, to pay any attention whatever to newspaper criticism, abuse, or mockery. If he is good for anything at all, nothing any one else can say about him can do him any actual harm, but in the end will rather help him by leading the public to examine him and his work more carefully and thereby discover how baseless is the criticism; and if one has a sense of humour and a good digestion he

THE JAPANESE-AMERICAN WEEKLY NEWS.
Vol. I, No. 4, New york, Saturday, January 12, 1901.
日米週報
第四號
(米国郵務局認可)
紀元二千五百六十一年
明治三十四年一月十二日
(毎土曜日發行)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

can find a good deal of amusement in collecting and comparing the attacks that are made upon him. A really clever criticism will excite his professional admiration, and a stupid, ill-tempered, vituperative one will fill his soul with joy. One of our most cherished possessions is a collection of huge scrap-books filled with clippings which fairly reek with every sort of malediction ranging from the grimly sardonic to the furiously frantic; and once in so often we like to read these ravings and chuckle over them with an intense internal satisfaction.

❧

As for Dr. Triggs, we can't discover in his writings any particular reason why he should have attracted so much ridicule. To be sure, his half-contemptuous patronage of authors such as Longfellow and Dickens is rather amusing and smack somewhat of the callow young man who thinks he knows it all; but in the main his dicta were sensible enough. Take for instance his view of modern poetry. It is really true that the spirit of our age does not naturally and spontaneously express itself in poetical form; so that poetry to-day is essentially artificial, and cannot sustain long flights. This assertion is not refuted by the argument that men and women still read with pleasure the great poets of the past. Of course they do, because we retain an æsthetic appreciation of what is fine in every form of art. We still possess the power of admiration even though we have lost the capacity of creation—at least in that particular field. Our modern creativeness displays itself in the sphere of material enterprise, of combination and organisation, and into these things we put the same passion and fire and energy which men in other days gave to the making of an epic or to the building of an immortal drama. It was unfortunate that Dr. Triggs should say that Mr. John D. Rockefeller is as great as Shakespeare was—not because this remark is not true in a way, but because most persons supposed that Dr. Triggs in saying it was trying to toady to the man who has given so many millions to Chicago University. Had he mentioned Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan instead of Mr. Rockefeller, nine-tenths of the criticism which he has received would never have been written.

The Student Reporter

It is probable that Dr. Triggs is a victim of the student reporter—a type of humanity which has been evolved during the past few years, and which is becoming a decided nuisance. In every university throughout the country there are several undergraduates who make it a business to purvey university news for different journals. Some of these young men are self-respecting, accurate, and honourable, and are too loyal, each to his own Alma Mater, to spread abroad false news such as is likely to bring the institution into disrepute. At Harvard and Yale and Princeton, this sense of loyalty is always strong enough to restrain the student reporter from going beyond the bounds of truth and decency. But at Chicago and at many other places, the case is unfortunately different. For the sake of the pay which they receive and which is proportionate to the sensation which they create, many of these youths will distort and misrepresent almost anything, from the utterance of the professors to the policy and conduct of the institution as a whole. The result is that all sorts of silly, malicious, and blackguardly stories get into print and are widely circulated, to the detriment and sometimes to the dishonour of the universities which are so unlucky as to foster and educate these young pimps of the press. It would be a good thing if undergraduate opinion would look at this matter in its true light, and very promptly ostracise all such student reporters as are guilty of disloyalty to the honourable traditions of American college life.

❧

Mr. Moore on Names

In a recent number of the *Pall Mall Magazine,* Mr. Moore had a dissertation on famous literary names in which he expressed views rather at variance with the usual ideas on the subject. Most people are agreed that, apart from his work, the very oddity of the name of Rudyard Kipling did much in the beginning to rivet popular attention, and argue that had *Vanity Fair* and its fellows been written by one Thomas Brown, and *David Copperfield* by John Smith, Victorian literature would have a less sonorous ring. But to Mr. Moore, to be called Dickens or Thackeray is absurd. No man with such

PRODUCED BY ANY
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a name as Dickens, he thinks, could have written the Spenserian stanzas. And as for Thackeray, why the very name of the man suggests the rattle of plates. Mr. L. F. Austin, commenting upon this paper, takes up the cudgels in behalf of the old names and belabours Mr. Moore lustily. This, he points out sarcastically, is a new and persuasive method of criticism. How can any one believe that Bacon wrote *The Advancement of Learning?* The name reminds you of a frying pan. Don't tell us that Mr. W. B. Yeats wrote that charming fantasy, *The Countess Cathleen.* Yeats rhymes with plates, and, adds Mr. Austin, "Mr. Moore, I dare say, despises *The Pilgrim's Progress* because Bunyan's name suggests corns,

Bird Center Opera House

MISS ANNA MORGAN, OF CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, LESSEE

Right Royally will that Colossal Aggregation of Little Roomers Present for the First Time on Any Stage the Stupendous Tragedy Entitled

CAP. FRY'S BIRTHDAY PARTY

JANUARY 30, 1904

Words by George Ade; Acting by the Following Galaxy of Histrionic Stars, First and Last Appearance.

THE CAST

CAPT. ROSCOE FRY—A Wild Soldier and Tame Husband	GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON
J. MILTON BROWN—A (Tin) Type of Bird Center Aristocracy	HOWARD VAN DOREN SHAW
REV. WALPOLE—with a Congregation of His Own	MELVILLE E. STONE, Jr.
SMILEY GREENE—the Popular Undertaker	ROSWELL FIELD
J. OSCAR FISHER—"Ye Editor"	HENRY M. HYDE
THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER—Right Out of a Dime Novel	RALPH CLARKSON
MINE HOST MORT PETERS, with a Volubility	FRANKLIN H. HEAD
GUS FIGGEY, Who Drums and "Gets Busy"	HUGH GARDEN
WINTHROP K. BIDDLE, of Philadelphia (Pennsylvania)	ARTHUR HEUN
CHRIS C. NEWBOWER, Never Invited Anywhere	IRVING K. POND
ELMER PRATT, the Village Brummell	I. K. FRIEDMAN
RILEY PETERS, with a Hundred Sweethearts	JOHN T. McCUTCHEON
ERNEST PRATT, of the Louisianheuser Busch City	ALLEN B. POND
WILBUR FRY, a Musician of Note	ALLEN SPENCER
ORVILLE PETERS, Second Musician of Note	KARLETON HACKETT
JUDGE WARDEN (Presumably of the Fat Stock Show)	WILL PAYNE
DR. NIEBLING, Who Stays Out Late at Night	JOHN VANCE CHENEY
WES KIDWELL, "Just Drops In"	WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE
D. I. BLACK	F. W. GOOKIN
MRS. RILEY WITHERSBY, the Social Lioness	MRS. COONLEY-WARD
MRS. ROSCOE FRY, Fond of Commanding	MISS ISABEL McDOUGALL
LUCILE RAMONA FRY, One of the "Buds"	MRS. ELIA W. PEATTIE
MRS. REV. WALPOLE, Part of the Congregation	MISS EDITH WYATT
MRS. SMILEY GREENE, in the Wake	MISS LUCY MONROE
MISS MYRTLE PETERS, Who Dotes on Society	MISS OTTILIE LILJENCRANZ
MRS. DOC NIEBLING	MRS. CLARA LOUISE BURNHAM
MISS FLOSSYE NIEBLING	MRS. HOWARD COONLEY
MISS MAE NIEBLING	MISS DODSON
MRS. D. I. BLACK, a Lawyer's Wife	MRS. ROSWELL FIELD
MISS KATE WARDEN, Who Loves Philadelphia	MISS HARRIET MONROE
MISS NORMA COUSINS, of Lafayette	MISS ANNA MORGAN
MRS. MORT PETERS	MRS. CHARLES F. BROWNE
MISS MINERVA MALTBY, a New Flame	MISS CLARA LAUGHLIN
SADIE NEWBOWER, Never in Luck or Bed	MRS. LELAND LAFLIN SUMMERS

Rollicking Walpoles, Villagers, Visitors in Town, Policemen Who Are Never Around, Etc., by the Company.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Scene: Parlor in Cap. Fry's Home. Time: For the First Time

Specialties of a highly moral character will be introduced during the performance.

Tempting Viands will be dispensed and a magnificent collation served in the Tintype Studio of Ralph Clarkson on the tenth floor. Ask the man and take the elevator. Don't crowd.

Table decorations from the Ladies' Home Journal.

Choice morsels of poetry by poets of the Victorian Era served with each plate.

Secure telescopes of the ushers to find the stars.

Please report to the management any neglect or incivility on the part of the usher. Report loss of jewelry to the person who sits next to you.

The audience is requested to remain seated till the end. This is no Parsifal.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SMILEY GREENE
Undertaker & Embalmer
100 Main Street
Open Day and Night and Holidays. Special Rates During the Dull Season.

Board at the Bird Center House
MORT PETERS, Proprietor
Please mention Cap. Fry's Party in responding to this advertisement. HOT AND COLD WATER.

HAVE YOUR TINTYPE TAKEN WHILE YOU WAIT.
Gold Ornaments Put On Free of Charge.
Bird Center Tintype Studios
J. MILTON BROWN, Operator
GAS ADMINISTERED. WHOLESALE RATES TO LARGE FAMILIES.

The Bird Center Quartette
Open Engagements: Weddings, Funerals, and Other Social Occasions
For Terms Apply to ERNEST PRATT, Top Floor.

D O N N E L L E Y D O N E I T

which are bad for pilgrims." We call attention to this controversy because it is so beautifully illustrative of latter-day British ideas of humour and delicate repartee.

❧

A Shakespeare Memorial

At the present writing, the plan for a Shakespeare memorial in London seems likely to succeed, but there is no agreement as to the form the memorial shall take. Mr. Sidney Lee supports the project for a Shakespeare theatre and school of dramatic art. The London *Academy* favours an institution for the study of Shakespeare, including a library, a museum of relics, a portrait gallery of Shakespearean actors and commentators, lecture rooms, etc. It argues that such an institute would be lasting and practical, while a Shakespeare theatre "would be a commercial enterprise holding forth no possibility of financial success," and could "neither live nor last." It is hard to see why one is more of a commercial venture than the other, and of the two the theatre certainly seems livelier than this institute, which, as the *Academy* describes it, looks uncommonly like a huge mausoleum of Shakespeareana.

More McCutcheon Cartoons

A volume which we are sure will receive a very genuine welcome is Mr. John T. McCutcheon's *Bird Centre Cartoons*, which have been appearing from time to time in the Chicago *Tribune*. A year or two ago to the general American public outside of the Middle West, Mr. McCutcheon's first claim for attention rested on the fact that he was a brother to George Barr McCutcheon. But *Cartoons by McCutcheon* changed all that, and gave him an audience wherever pictorial humour of the first quality is appreciated. His career during the past ten years has been exceedingly eventful. He did his first conspicuous cartoon work during the campaign of 1896. In January, 1898, he started on a trip around the world on the dispatch boat *McCulloch*. He was on board that vessel during the war against Spain and in the battle of Manila Bay. In 1899 he made a tour of special service in India, Burma, Siam, Cochin China, Northern China, Korea, and Japan, returning to the Philippines in November for the autumn campaign. The following year he was sent to South Africa and joined the Boers in the interest of his paper.

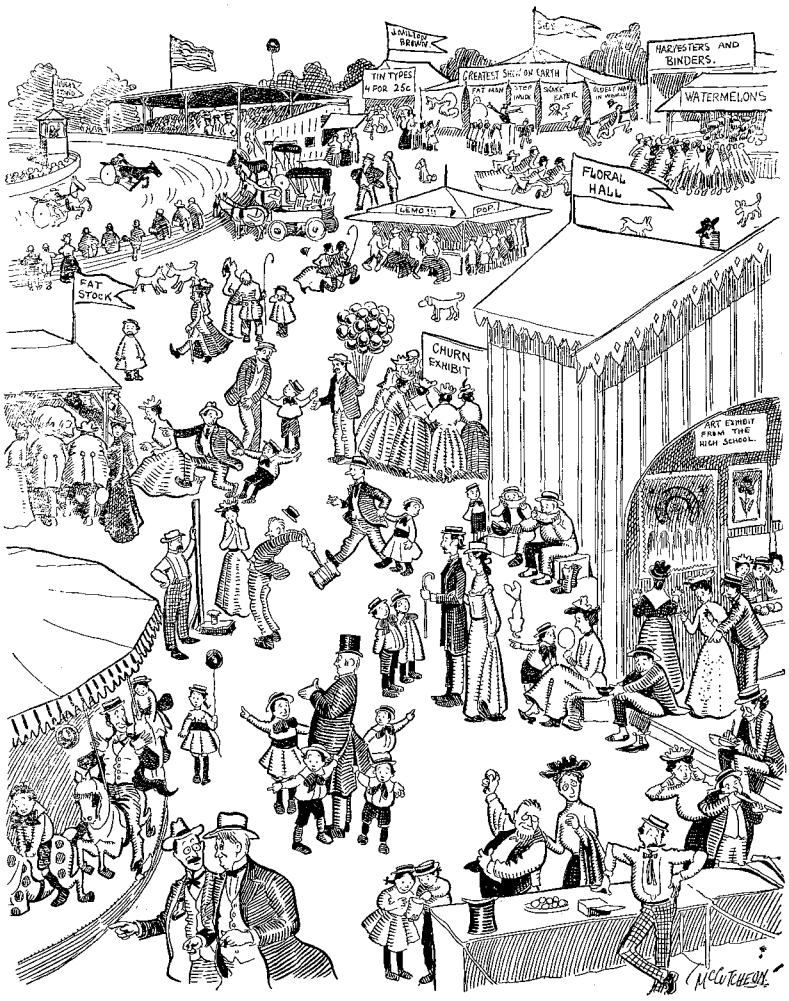
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE LITTLE ROOMERS IN CAPTAIN FRY'S BIRTHDAY PARTY.

Front row, seated, beginning at left—Irving K. Pond, Miss Edith Wyatt, Melville E. Stone, Jr., Miss Isabel McDougall, George Barr McCutcheon, Hugh Garden; Howard Van Doran Shaw is standing at the right. Second row, seated, beginning at left—Mrs. Eve Summers, Roswell Field, Mrs. Coonley-Ward, Miss Anna Morgan, Miss Lucy Monroe (with album on her lap), Mrs. Elia W. Peattie; Miss Clara Laughlin and John T. McCutcheon are standing in the third row, holding hands. Seated in the centre, immediately behind the second row, beginning at the left, are Miss Harriet Monroe, Mrs. Clara Louise Burnham, and Miss Holden; Miss Ottilie Lillienkranz is standing immediately behind Miss Monroe and Mr. Field. Standing at the rear, beginning at the extreme left, are Ralph Clarkson, Allen C. Pond, Franklin H. Head (with the white side whiskers and moustache), Henry M. Hyde, Allen Spencer, Karlton Hacket (with mandolin); seated next is Will Payne. Standing next to Mr. Payne, with light in front of his face, is I. K. Friedman, and next to Mr. Friedman are Arthur Huehn and William Morton Payne.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In the city of Chicago, Ill., they have an organisation or society known as the Little Room. People living in the outlying districts are said to have very vague ideas of the meaning and purpose of this society, but they know that it is interesting. The Little Room is believed to be addicted to frivolity. It is made up of some writers, artists, musicians, and journalists of distinction—people whose names have gone even beyond the Chicago city limits. This year, as usual, the society arrayed itself in fancy costume and presented a play in one act by George Ade, based on the *Bird Centre Cartoons*, which represent social happenings in the life of a small village in the Middle West. The members of the Little Room who appear in the photograph which we present are: Irving K. Pond, Miss Edith Wyatt, Melville E. Stone, Jr., Miss Isabel McDougall, George Barr McCutcheon, Hugh Garden, Howard Van Doren Shaw, Mrs. Eve Summers, Roswell Field, Mrs. Coonley-Ward, Miss Anna Morgan, Miss Lucy Monroe, Mrs. Elia W. Peattie, Miss Clara Laughlin, John T. McCutcheon, Miss Harriet Monroe, Mrs. Clara Louise Burnham, Miss Holden, Miss Ottilie Lillienkranz, Ralph Clarkson, Allen C. Pond, Franklin H. Head, Henry M. Hyde, Allen Spencer, Karlton Hackett, Will Payne, I. K. Friedman, Arthur Huehn, and William Morton Payne. Two distinguished Little Roomers were absent. Henry B. Fuller ran



BIRD CENTER ATTENDS "THE COUNTY FAIR."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

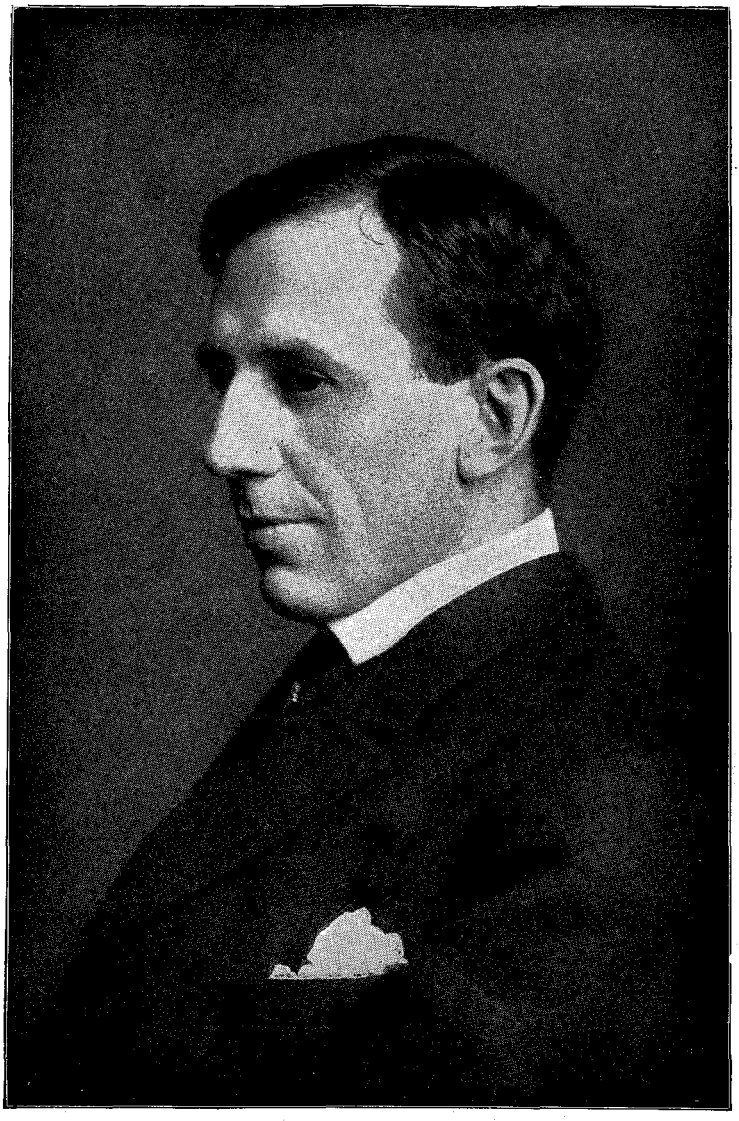
away to the wilds of New York rather than appear, and Emerson Hough went to Texas to gather the hay crop on his ranch there.

❧

Some Literary Coincidences

Mr. E. W. Hornung won so brilliant a success by his two books about Raffles that his latest novel, *Denis Dent,* will be welcomed by a host of readers. Without speaking of the literary merits of this book, we feel moved to mention one fact about it which has particularly arrested our attention. In a dedicatory note Mr. Hornung addresses himself to a certain P. M. Martineau, and says:

"The little picture of the past attempted in this tale owes more than one touch to your kindness." Now we don't doubt that it owes various touches to the kindness of Mr. Martineau, but we are quite certain that it owes very many more touches to a careful perusal of Charles Reade's great novel, *It Is Never Too Late To Mend.* The coincidences between this book and *Denis Dent* are altogether too close and too numerous to be



JOHN T. McCUTCHEON.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

purely accidental. In both, the hero goes to the Australian gold fields in order to gain enough money to enable him to marry a girl in England. In both, a richer rival tries to thwart his purpose and to win the girl. In both, the rival works largely through a baser ruffian. In both, the hero's letters to the girl at home are intercepted and she is made to feel that he has quite forgotten her. In both, the richer rival comes near success —in one book he almost marries the girl; in the other he actually does so. These are merely the principal coincidences. The likeness extends also to a multitude of small details. In fact, the Australian part of Mr. Hornung's book is a diluted reproduction of the Australian part of Charles Reade's. Perhaps it is the English portion of *Denis Dent* that owes so many "touches" to Mr. Martineau. In that case there seems to be nothing left for Mr. Hornung.

MISS ROSE E. YOUNG,
The Author of "Henderson."

Another series of peculiar coincidences is suggested by a recent book of genuine merit. This is Mr. Marmaduke Pickthal's *Saïd the Fisherman,* which reminds us of James Morier's *Hajji Baba of Ispahan,* a book which may be unknown to our present breed of book reviewers, but which is a marvellous picture of Oriental life and custom and which led Sir Walter Scott to speak of its author as the best novelist of his day. Here again one notes resemblances. Hajji is a Persian menial, a pipe-bearer. Saïd is a poor fisherman. Hajji attains wealth and success by unscrupulousness and rascality. Saïd does the same. Hajji visits England and admires "the moon-faced" English women. So does Saïd. But here the resemblance ends and the likeness between the books is obviously superficial. But we advise those who have read and admired *Saïd the Fisherman* to look up Morier's book, which is quite as Oriental and vastly more amusing.

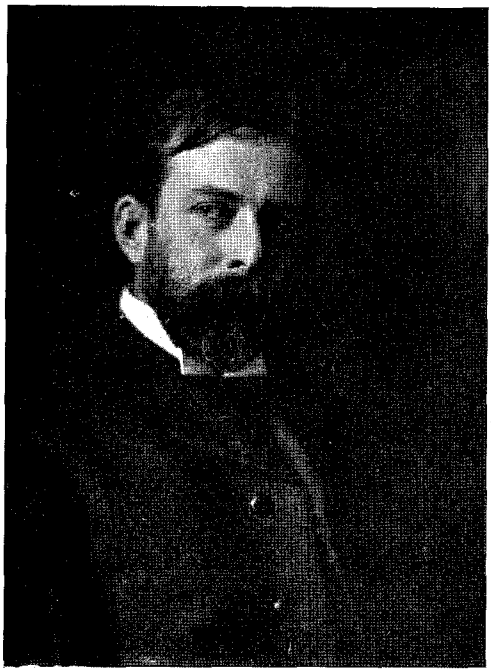
On Behalf of Women Who Have Not Yet Dawned

Under cultivation, they say, women often show uncommon presence of mind and sagacity. Feats of this nature are recorded with great care in the leading periodicals as proof that the experiment was worth making. The following is not only typical of its class, but is so significant in itself that we present it at some length: Two trained women were talking about the continuous advancement of a mutual friend, when one of them remarked that the reason why she succeeded was "because she is always prepared for emergencies however great——"

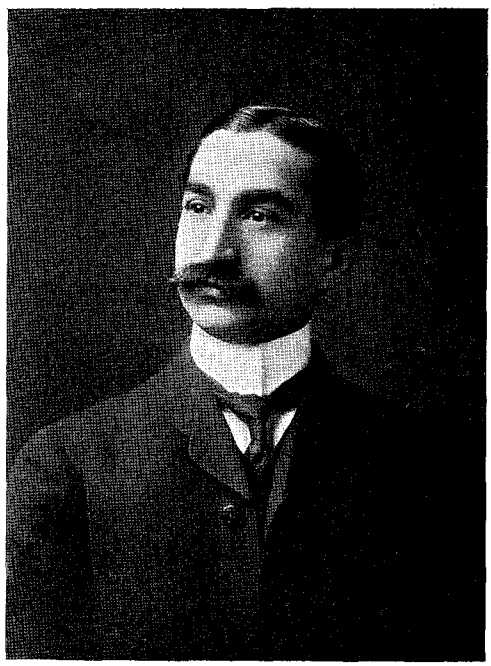
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MRS. BURTON HARRISON,
The Author of "Sylvia's Husband."

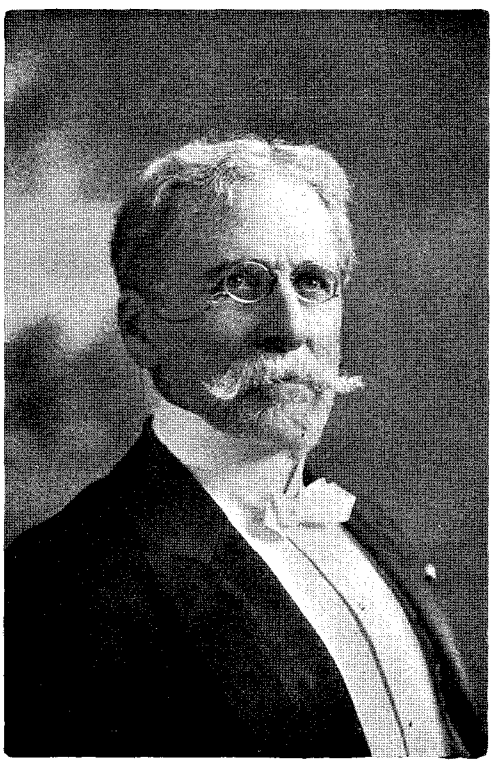
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LORADO TAFT.



EZRA S. BRUDNO,
Author of "The Fugitive."



COLONEL THEODORE A. DODGE,
Author of "Napoleon."

WILLIAM DANA ORCUTT,
Author of "Robert Cavelier."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Or small," I added.

"You are thinking of the magnet," was the quick reply.

"The magnet?" I questioned.

"Yes," my acquaintance explained. "One day at college, one of the other girls dropped her eye-glasses in a narrow opening between two walls. She couldn't reach them, and had very nearly decided that they must remain permanently out of reach."

"But they didn't?" I asked with interest.

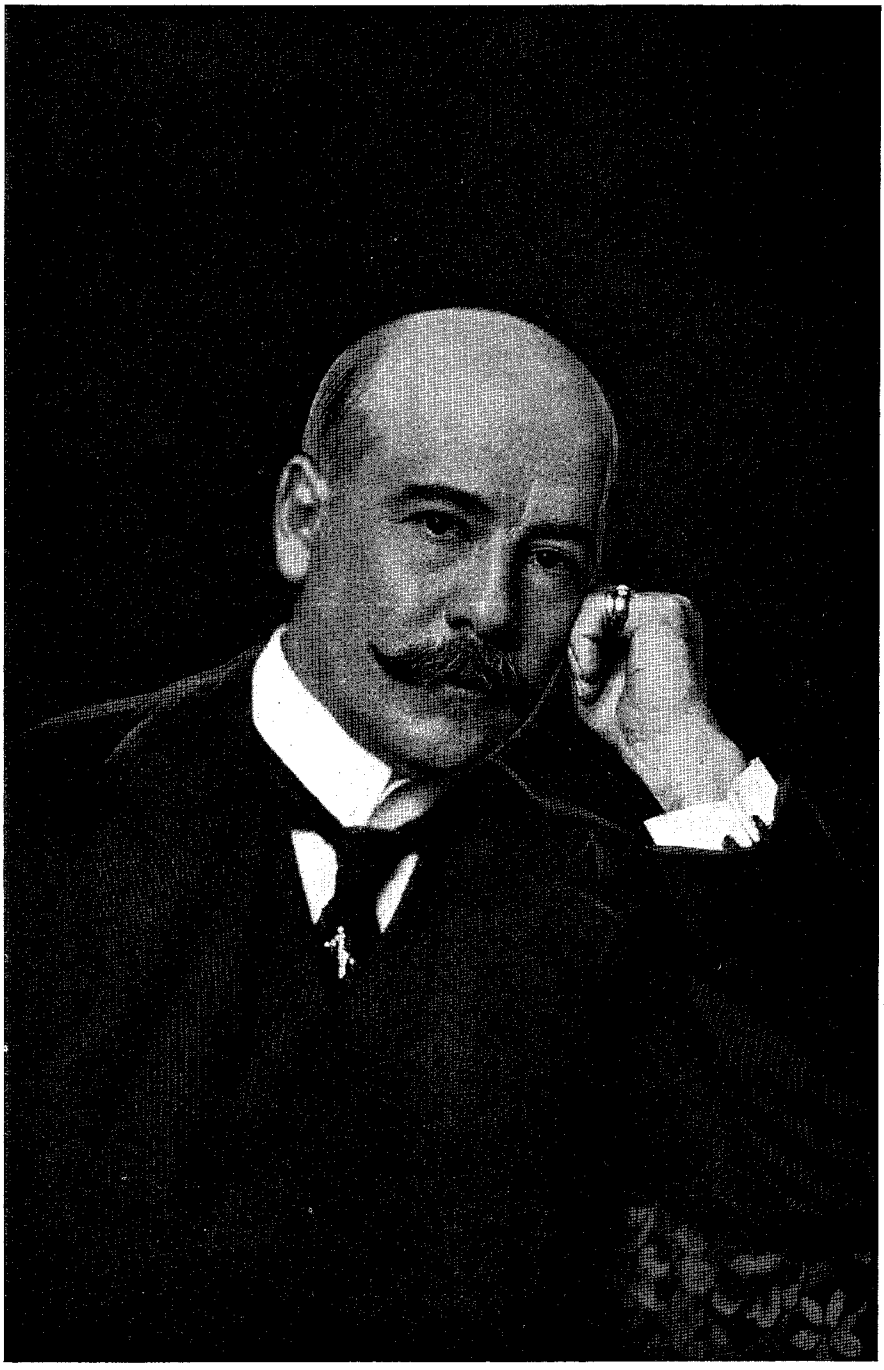
"No," answered my acquaintance. "Our successful friend happened to remember that their frame was made of steel. She went to the physical laboratory, borrowed a magnet, tied a string to it, and lowering it carefully into the opening, gravely drew up the eye-glasses."

Happily, this delicious story was recounted to me before, in the course of my investigation, I had visited any colleges. At each one of the many girls' colleges in all parts of the country to which I went during the winter and spring, I repeated it to some person connected with the particular institution; and invariably that person exclaimed, "How exactly like a college girl!"

The significant thing, of course, is the writer's surprise at it, and this undercurrent of cynical astonishment runs all through that large and peculiar portion of the press which is devoted to women's interests. Groups of women who unaided have earned enough to pay their board, who can support themselves by their pen, who have weathered education without loss of good looks, who have sat on platforms, but are now sitting in charming homes, who hold offices in clubs, successful mothers, and efficient wives, who can write novels nevertheless, women who have led "the literary life" and still are by no means shattered, form a necessary part of any illustrated periodical. It would seem that intelligence had never come to beings who less expected it. How must they have rated themselves in the past? When a woman achieves anything nowadays, the others seem to write of her as if she were a gorilla eating with a spoon. Yet we could tell tales of cunning far ahead of the anecdote above quoted—deeds of the barbarous and untrained, deeds of the woman with pins between her teeth, deeds of any woman, things done with a man, with a hat, with an income, with no income, proving that if this college girl was remarkable, the doings of every other girl are almost incredible. It is held, and rightly held, that this useful friend to man should be educated, but that is no reason for disparaging what nature had already done all by herself. Sex patriots should remember that even at the very start she was human, cephalic index 77 to 88, cranial capacity considerable, mistress of herself, and feeling more or less at home with the law of gravitation. Sex patriots must not put our mothers, sisters, and wives into any Jungle Book.

MISS CAROLYN WELLS.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



FRANCIS L. WELLMAN,
The Author of "The Art of Cross Examination."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books for Reduced Vitality

Mrs. Craigie throws out a valuable suggestion as to the relation of books to various stages of bodily application. "For the steady ache," she says, "a fine novel full of sound characterisation keeps the nerves under command. For the intermittent spasm—lyrics, ballads, sonnets, and short poems are best." On the latter point she might have been more explicit for it makes a great difference to the sufferer whether the short poem is to be read during a spasm (serving in a way as a hot application) or between spasms, when it would merely divert the mind from its grim expectation of the next twinge. Since a great part of our reading is done while we are under the weather, it is strange that the subject has not been more seriously discussed. There is hardly any one who does not associate certain authors with certain phases of ill health, and a great many readers cannot recall certain characters or lines without a corresponding reminiscence of some special kind of pang. For our part there are some excellent books that we shall never recur to unless we suffer from the same complaint. This of course is the danger of any system of literary therapeutics.

The Washington Pie

They are telling the story of a New Englander who lately journeyed through the South. After many days, a longing for some of the good old New England dishes came upon him; and so, being at a hotel in Richmond, he added to his dinner order a request for some Washington pie. His sable attendant stared.

"Washington pie, suh? Don't got no Washington pie, suh. Neber hear o' dat, suh."

"Oh, well, you give my order and the chef will know."

Presently, back came the dusky one, puzzled and apologetic.

"Berry sorry, suh, but dey ain't neber heard ob no Washington pie, suh."

"Well, maybe they call it something else here. You go and tell them that it isn't exactly a pie, but cake in layers and some cream on top, and sugar and things."

The darky's eyes gleamed with sudden comprehension.

"Oh, yas suh, yas suh! I understan' suh."

So quiet reigned and the dinner proceeded. At its close, the faithful attendant wore a look of triumph.

"Now, suh, I'll bring yo' Washington pie, suh!"

And off he went, and returning, proudly laid before the guest—a chocolate cake. The New Englander looked at it pensively for a moment, and then he said with an air of gentle deprecation:

"Yes, that's all right. Only I meant George, not Booker."

Decline of Poetry

Very gloomy things have been said during the last few weeks on the subject of poetry. Alfred Austin in a paper read before the Royal Institution deplored "The Growing Dislike for the Higher Kinds of Poetry," blaming mainly materialism and the tendency to prefer novels—a womanish tendency, he thinks. He suggests no particular remedy. William Watson published a magazine article calling attention to the general decline and attributing it in part to the "state discouragement of literature." Meanwhile poetry of one kind or another gathers so thick and fast around every editor's desk that it seems sometimes as if he must shut up his office and conceal his address. Never before were so many people at it. Never before were there so many of almost identical emotions. By the law of chances, it would seem, something remarkable ought soon to occur, and yet it does not. Everyone is trying to be unlike all the rest, only to find himself after all on the same familiar level. In the outside world one meets many people, who beforehand you would have said were highly improbable, but a poem always seems to be just about what you had expected. As to the cause, Mr. Watson and the Poet Laureate will surely go mad if they have really set out to find it. We have no doubt that in many a madhouse to-day men are asking themselves this question, "Does the age account for the absence of great men or the absence of great men account for the age?"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

William Watson's Views

Mr. Watson contrasts the official encouragement given to the arts of painting, sculpture, and music with the government's indifference toward men of letters. "Appreciation at the hands of a select few they have; but in the eyes of the mass of their countrymen, thanks in no small measure to what I have ventured to call 'the State discouragement of literature,' they are persons without a visible position." He thinks there is an "anti-literate" spirit abroad in the land and he lays it to bad education, the apathy of authority, and the treason of literary persons themselves. On this last point he adds that many have taken it upon themselves to apologise for a literary manner and that the strange phrase "merely literary" has become habitual with some litterateurs.

> One might gather from the way they use this and kindred expressions that to be literary is the unpardonable sin in literature. Instead of taking their stand confidently on the nobility of the great art of writing, they give it away to every casual comer. They fall prone at the feet of the first man who with some show of raw unchastened force comes trampling hob-nailed on every fine convention of the craft. They foster the notion that the only glory left to authorship is to prance and gibber on the grave of its own traditions.

But he believes there is still a body of readers who "prefer a dignified style, a style that has breeding and a pedigree," and demand that "literature" shall speak to them in its own tones which are not the tones of the street." He thinks it is especially true of poetry that such readers have little sympathy with the critic who has "so little love of the great old writers that he cannot bear a modern who reminds him of them." A sincere and salutary discourse, and yet how much more forcible Mr. Watson might have made it, had he given concrete instances. They are what give the work of Mr. Churton Collins its peculiar value. He never merely deplores a tendency. He illustrates it from current writings, that there may be no mistake as to its identity. Appeals to honourable tradition and protests against our modern slap-dash ways do not mean much till the writer begins to divide the sheep from the goats, as Mr. Collins did in *Ephemera Critica*. Mr. Collins to-day is the best representative of the class on behalf of whom Mr. Watson makes his appeal, and it would seem from the great interest shown in his current papers on American poets that this class is not a small one. Perhaps it is safe to register the present vogue of Mr. Churton Collins among the few comparatively decent "signs of the time."

A New Advertising Scheme

With legends like that of the progressive and irreverent American who tried to make a deal with the government of the Khedive for advertising space on the sides of the pyramid for the purpose of exploiting a new hair oil, and with the grim reality of a landscape dotted with sign boards proclaiming the virtue of various whiskies, malt extracts, soaps, corsets, biscuits, cigars, and golden remedies actually before us, we have come to think of ourselves as a nation unique in the devices of advertising and to regard Europeans somewhat in the light of amateurs. As a matter of fact, we read and hear now and then of "wrinkles" which ought to convince us that we have occasionally something new to learn. For instance, publishers of serials might take a lesson from that French newspaper which a few years ago offered handsome prizes to those of its readers who should first anticipate certain details in the chapters still unpublished. If our memory does not play us false, the questions ran something like this: "Violette, Matilde, Jeanne, Olympe. Which one of these four women will die poisoned? Will it be Victor, Alphonse, Gaston, or Leon, who will depart for America? And which one of the four will become enamoured of the duchess? At what age will the heroine marry? Who will be her husband?" And, finally, the gem of the whole collection, "Le trompera-a-t-elle?"

Another scheme for the exploitation of a newspaper was launched in Paris last autumn. It proved successful, so very successful that the government was obliged to step in and suppress it. Then it made its way to London and has caused the magistrates no end of trouble. In

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Paris the editor of the paper in question came out one day with the statement that six bronze medals, each good for three thousand francs, and one good for seven thousand francs, had been hidden, and that they would become the property of any one who could find them. The announcement immediately aroused wild interest, and soon thousands all over the city were engaged in the search. Finally, one medal was found glued beneath a park bench by a workingman. The circulation of the progressive paper went up by leaps and bounds, and soon many other newspapers were engaged in similar schemes. Then the government stepped in and prevented the continuance of all hidden treasure competitions on the ground that they were lotteries. Recently a London weekly has made a similar venture, and the enormous number of adventurers and people of moderate means who have been roaming about the city at all hours of the day and night has presented a remarkable spectacle. One man following a given clue—"a fair lady"—went to Margaretta Street and was digging a hole when he was arrested. He declared that he worked chiefly in the mud in the gutters. Late one night another was found scraping the ground with a stick while holding a lighted candle in the other hand. Certain suburbs have been invaded by roughs from all parts of London who are engaged in the search. In one case a witness at hand declared that a friend of his who had been arrested was merely touching the loose stones with a latch key. "Oh, yes," commented the magistrate, "I see. He was trying to let himself into the pavement."

Thackeray's American Friends and Prejudices

Unless Major Lambert, of Philadelphia, should see fit soon to give to the world the collection of letters written by Thackeray to Mrs. Brookfield—a collection which shows that despite the innocence of their intimacy, the woman inspired in Thackeray sentiments warmer than those of mere friendship—it probably will be a long time before we have a more interesting contribution to Thackerayana than the series of letters which have been appearing recently in the *Century*. These letters were written during the fifties and early sixties to the Baxters, an American family at whose home in New York Thackeray passed much time during his first and second visits to this country. A great deal of Thackerayan correspondence has been published during the last ten years, but very little of it, in our estimation, can compare with this last series in genuine interest and importance. These letters give you many curious little glimpses of the most interesting period of his life—after the world had come to accept him as a great man, after his genius had won full recognition, and the critics no longer fleered at those who had proclaimed him the equal of Dickens. Here he talks frankly and unreservedly of his ambitions, his disappointments, his ennuis, of the passing irritations which meant so much to him, of his wrestlings with the ill health that interfered so much with his work, and of the plans which he was building but which he was destined never to carry out.

Here you see a man in his forties, in the full flush of his achievement, who grumbles because he is old—so old that he feels ashamed when he takes up his pen for the purpose of fiction. What business has a poor, broken-nosed old fogy such as I, he seems to be saying if you read between the lines, to be writing of love-making and of young hearts. He thought it rather absurd that he should go on spinning yarns. He felt that at his years it would be more dignified to take up the serious side of literature, to begin work upon *The Age of Queen Anne,* that book of which he dreamed so much and for which he was so well adapted, or better still, to dawdle in Parliament or to play with sealing wax as a diplomatic underling in Washington. But there were other things than these ambitions to be thought of. There was money to be got. His own comfortable patrimony he had dissipated in his younger and wilder days, and the time had come when he was thinking of his daughters and their future. This thought runs through all these letters. "Think that at the end of next year if I work I shall be worth twenty thousand pounds," he writes in one place. "It's as much as I want—ten thousand apiece for the girls is enough for any author's daugh-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ters—and then when I am independent what shall we do? Hush—perhaps have a try at politics for which I don't care now—but one must do something, and when you begin to play you get interested in the game—I have taken share in the Transatlantic Telegraph—I felt glad somehow to contribute to a thread that shall tie our two countries together—for though I don't love America, I love Americans with all my heart—and I daresay you know what family taught me to love them."

No, Thackeray did not love America, he loved it no more than Dickens did. And in justice it must be said that he had more reason for his dislike. The tumultuous reception of Dickens at the time of his first visit, and his subsequent ungracious *American Notes* and *Martin Chuzzlewit* made many Americans suspicious of this second British lion. Boston found him a cad, and if we are to credit Trollope's story of Thackeray's crushing sarcasm at the expense of a man who, like himself, had a broken nose, and other similar incidents, Boston was not without reason. But some of the fleers of the New York papers at his lectures were far less excusable, and Thackeray never forgot nor forgave them. He alluded to these attacks in *Roundabout Papers,* which were printed in the *Cornhill,* long before he felt the indignation which stirred him to write "On Half a Loaf." Speaking of these lectures in one of the Baxter letters, he tells of their popularity in England. "They are a much greater success here than in America—as great even pecuniarily. People knowing the subject better, more familiar with the allusions, etc., like the stuff—I am glad for my part that this should be the opinion—for I know in America it was thought I brought them an inferior article—glass beads as it were for the natives. But no newspaper in this country will say, like Bennett, that any young man could sit down in their office and write such lectures in an evening."

Advance Sheets

An idea which apparently never suggested itself even to the late Major Pond—industrious and resourceful exploiter of literary personalities—is to be used on the sixteenth of this month at Sherry's for the benefit of the Reading Room of Barnard College. It is to be called "Advance Sheets," and its object is the very laudable one of getting together on one platform as many authors of distinction as possible. The "Advance Sheets" are the advance sheets of a number of the leading American magazines for May, and the idea is to have each periodical represented by one of its contributors who will read a poem, a short story, or a skit of some kind which is to be published in the May issue of the magazine in question. The editors of a number of the magazines have promised their co-operation, and among the authors who are expected to appear are Mr. Hamlin Garland, Miss Agnes Repplier, Miss Carolyn Wells, Mr. Yone Noguchi, Miss Myra Kelly, Miss Elene Foster, and Mr. Herman Knickerbocker Vielé, who is to represent THE BOOKMAN.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE.

I.

IT seems that gradually all is tending with one accord to prove that the last truths are at the extreme points of thoughts which man has hitherto refused to explore. This may be stated with regard to both moral and positive science; nor is there any reason against adding to these the science of politics, which is only a prolongation of moral science.

For centuries, mankind has, in a measure, lived in a halfway house. A thousand prejudices, and, above all, the enormous prejudices of religion, hid from it the summits of its reason and of its feelings. Now that the greater number of the artificial mountains that rose between its eyes and the real horizon of its mind have, in a marked manner, subsided, it takes stock at once of itself, of its position in the midst of the worlds and of the aim which it wishes to attain. It is beginning to understand that all that does not go as far as the logical conclusions of its intelligence is but a useless game on the way. It says to itself that it will have to cover to-morrow the road which it did not travel to-day and that, in the meantime, by thus wasting its time between every stage, it has nothing to gain but a little delusive peace.

It is written in our nature that we are extreme beings; that is our force and the cause of our progress. We necessarily and instinctively fly to the utmost limits of our being. We do not feel ourselves to live, and we are unable to organise a life that shall satisfy us, except on the confines of our possibilities. Thanks to that self-enlightening instinct, there is a more and more unanimous tendency to stop no longer at intermediate solutions, to avoid henceforth all half-way experiments or at least to hurry through them as rapidly as possible.

II.

This does not mean that our tendency to extremes is enough to guide us towards definite certainties. There are always two extremes between which we have to choose; and it is often difficult to decide which is the starting-point and which the final goal. In morals, for instance, we have to choose between absolute egotism or altruism, and in politics between the best-organised government that it is possible to imagine, directing and protecting the smallest acts of our life, or the absence of all government. The two questions are still insoluble. Nevertheless, we are free to believe that absolute altruism is more extreme and nearer to our end than absolute egotism, in the same way as anarchy is more extreme and nearer to the perfection of our kind than the most minutely and irreproachably organised government, such as, for instance, one might imagine to prevail at the last limits of integral socialism. We are free to believe this, because absolute altruism and anarchy are the extreme forms that demand the most perfect man. Now it is towards perfect man that we must turn our gaze; for it is in that direction that we must hope that mankind is moving. Experience still shows that we risk less by keeping our eyes before us rather than behind us, by looking too high rather than too low. All that we have obtained so far has been announced and, so to speak, called forth by those who were accused of looking too high. It is wise, therefore, when in doubt, to attach one's self to the extreme that implies the most perfect, the most noble, and the most generous form of mankind. Thus it was that this reply could be given to one who asked whether it was well to grant to men, in spite of their present imperfections, the completest possible liberty:

"Yes, it is the duty of all those whose thoughts go before the inconscient mass to destroy all that trammels the liberty of men, as if all men deserved to be free, even though we know that they will not deserve to be so until long after their deliverance. The harmonious use of liberty is acquired only by a long misuse of its

Copyright in the United States by Maurice Maeterlinck.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

benefits. By proceeding at first to the furthest and highest ideal we have the greatest chance of subsequently discovering the best."

And what is true of liberty is also true of the other rights of man.

III.

In order to apply this principle to universal suffrage, let us recall the political evolution of modern nations. It follows a uniform and inflexible curve. One by one, those nations escape from tyranny. A more or less aristocratic or plutocratic government, elected by a restricted suffrage, replaces the autocrat. This government in its turn makes way, or is almost everywhere on the point of making way for the government of all by universal suffrage. Where will the latter end? Will it bring us back to tyranny? Will it turn into a graduated suffrage? Will it become a sort of mandarinate, the government of a chosen few, or an organised anarchy? We do not yet know, no nation having hitherto gone beyond the phase of the suffrage of all.

IV.

Almost everywhere, in obedience to the now so active law that carries us to extremes, men are hurrying along at full speed in order the sooner to reach what appears to be the last political ideal of the nations, universal suffrage. Since this ideal still completely masks the better ideal which probably lies hidden behind it and since it does not appear what it perhaps is, a provisional solution, it will, until we have exhausted all the illusions which it contains, hold the gaze and wishes of humanity. It is the necessary goal, good or bad, towards which the nations are advancing. It is indispensable to the instinctive justice of the mass that the evolution should be accomplished. Anything that trammels it is but an ephemeral obstacle. Anything that pretends to improve that ideal before it is attained drives it back towards the error of the past. Like every universal and imperious ideal, like every ideal formed in the depths of anonymous life, it has first the right to see itself realised. If, after its realisation, it becomes apparent that it does not fulfil its promise, it will then be meet that we should think of perfecting or replacing it. In the meantime, this fact is inscribed in the instinct of the mass, as indestructibly as in bronze, that all nations have the natural right to pass through this phase of the political evolution of the human polypier, and, each in its turn, each in its own language, with its particular virtues and faults, to interrogate the possibilities of happiness which it brings.

That is why, full of the duty of living, this ideal is most justly jealous, intolerant, and unreasonable. Like every youthful organism, it violently eliminates all that can impair the purity of its blood. It is possible that the elements borrowed from monarchy and aristocracy which men endeavour to introduce into its adolescent veins are excellent in themselves; but they are injurious to it because they inoculate it with the ill of which it has first to be cured. Before the government of all is made wiser, more limpid, and more harmonious by the mixture of other systems, it is necessary that it should have purified itself by its own fermentation. After it has rid itself of every trace, of every memory of the past, after it has reigned in the certainty and integrity of its force, then will be the time to invite it to choose in the past that which concerns its future. It will take of this according to its natural appetite, which, like the natural appetite of every living being, knows with a sure knowledge what is indispensable to the mystery of life.

V.

The nations are right therefore in provisionally rejecting that which is, perhaps, better than universal suffrage. It is possible that the crowd will eventually admit that the more highly intelligent discern and govern the common weal better than the others. It will then grant them a lawful preponderance. For the moment, it does not give them a thought. It has not had time to learn to know itself. It has not had time to exhaust experiments which appear absurd, but which are necessary because they clear the place in which the last truths without doubt lie hidden.

It is with nations as with individuals: that which tells is what they learn by themselves, at their cost; and their mistakes form the heritage of the future. It

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

serves no purpose to say to a man in his childhood or in his youth:

"Do not lie, do not deceive, cause no suffering."

Those precepts of wisdom, which are at the same time precepts of happiness, do not impress him, do not feed his thoughts, do not become beneficent realities until after the moment when life has revealed them to him as new and magnificent truths which no one ever suspected. In the same way, it is useless to repeat to a nation that is seeking out its destiny:

"Do not believe that the multitude is right, that a lie stated by a hundred mouths ceases to be a lie, that an error proclaimed by a band of blind men becomes a truth which nature will sanction. Do not believe, either, that, by setting yourselves to the number of ten thousand who do not know against one who knows, you will come to know anything, or that you will compel the humblest of the eternal laws to follow you, to abandon him who recognised it. No, the law will remain in its place, with the wise man who discovered it, and so much the worse for you if you go away without accepting it! You will one day come across it on your road, and that which you have done when you thought that you were avoiding it will turn against you."

Such words as these addressed to the crowd are very true; but it is no less true that all this becomes efficacious only after it has been experienced and lived through. In these problems in which all the enigmas of life converge, the crowd which is wrong is almost always in the right as against the wise man who is right. It refuses to believe him on his word. It feels dimly that behind the most evident abstract truths there are numberless living truths which no brain can foresee, for they need time, reality, and men's passions to develop their work. That is why, whatever warning we may give it, whatever prediction we may make to it, the crowd insists before all that the experiment shall be tried. Can we say that there where the crowd has obtained the experiment it was wrong to insist upon it? A special study would be needed to examine all that universal suffrage has added to the general intelligence, to the civic conscience, dignity, and solidarity of the nations that have practised it; but, even if it had done no more than to create, as in America and France, that sense of real equality which is there breathed as a more human and purer atmosphere and which seems new and almost prodigious to those who come from elsewhere, that in itself would be a boon which would cause its gravest errors to be forgiven. In any case, it is the best preparation for that which must come. *Maurice Maeterlinck.*

A Ship of Mine.

On the gray horizon's rim there stands
  A ship of mine. Long since it sailed the sea,
  One of the white and golden argosy
That bore my hopes afar to farthest lands.
What gallant sails, what sheets and iron bands
  To cope with storm! Mine other ships—ah me—
  And cargoes have gone down where silently
The gull dips 'round the wrecks upon the sands.

Is this last ship that looms so distantly
To fade beyond the line where wave and sky
  Forget themselves in one long dream of time?
Is it to furl its wings, or is it to fly
  With courier speed to bring me tale of crime,
  Or treasure rare, or grief, or love sublime?

W. F. McCaleb.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE AMERICAN NEWSPAPER.

II.

THE NEWSPAPER AND WALL STREET.

By Edwin Lefèvre.

THERE is this difference, journalistically, between the Wall Street man of a daily paper and the war correspondent: that all papers, dull or yellow, morning or afternoon, will publish all the war news they can get; but not all of them give much space to Wall Street matter. The war correspondent can send as much as he likes, or the censor allows, with the consciousness that it all will be not only printed, but "featured," even lengthy descriptions of the topography of the seat of war at a dollar a word for cable tolls being welcome. But the Wall Street man has just so much space and no more, much of which goes for tables of quotations, routine statistics, and reports of various trades and markets printed in the smallest type the paper has. The only time the Wall Street man has his innings is when there is a panic or a "banner day" in a boom or the culmination of some big deal, because then financial warfare is waged so that the story is really war correspondence after all; only the projectiles are dollars and the wounds bleed gold. On such occasions the financial editor will give facts, bits of "inside history," precedents, and other data to the "star" reporter sent down to make a picturesque story of it. Or the story may be handled by the Wall Street Department through its own men, either the financial editor or the "outside news" man—the reporter who covers what happens in Wall Street outside of the stock market. But when you say "Wall Street" you really mean the stock market, and the financial editor handles that.

On the whole, the New York afternoon papers make more of a feature of Wall Street than their morning contemporaries; indeed, those which publish night editions call the edition printed after the close of the stock market their "Wall Street edition." The *Globe*, the *Evening Post*, the *Evening Mail*, the *Evening Sun* and the Brooklyn *Eagle*, all "carry" complete technical accounts of the financial and produce market. Most of the "yellow" sheets content themselves with printing a few quotations of stock prices and huge headlines. A "slump," of course, is news; therefore, panics and, indeed, all stock market "fireworks" fall under the province of the city editor and are covered as any other news-making and space-deserving events are covered. This, in addition, of course, to the technical financial articles.

There are stock exchanges in Philadelphia, Boston, Pittsburg, Chicago, Baltimore, and other cities, and everywhere in this land there are investors and banks and stock gamblers who are interested in the prices of securities. The papers of those cities carry financial and commercial reports, the financial editor "covering" the local market and handling all the matter of the department—the New York stock market letter, the grain, cotton, provisions, and metal markets, etc. In New York, the financial editor writes the descriptive and analytical "money article," which means the "leader" on the stock market. He is responsible for the entire financial department and the shortcomings of its men, just as the city editor is responsible for the news of the city, though, of course, he does not necessarily read every line of the "copy" that goes to fill the financial pages. He writes editorials on money and finance; indeed, on all trade matters having a bearing on the financial situation. There is nothing that the average newspaper man understands less than financial matters—an atavistic ignorance of the profession, going back to the classic Fleet Street days, I suppose. Any good reporter can "do" a panic in the stock market, since he cannot help seeing much that is highly dramatic and

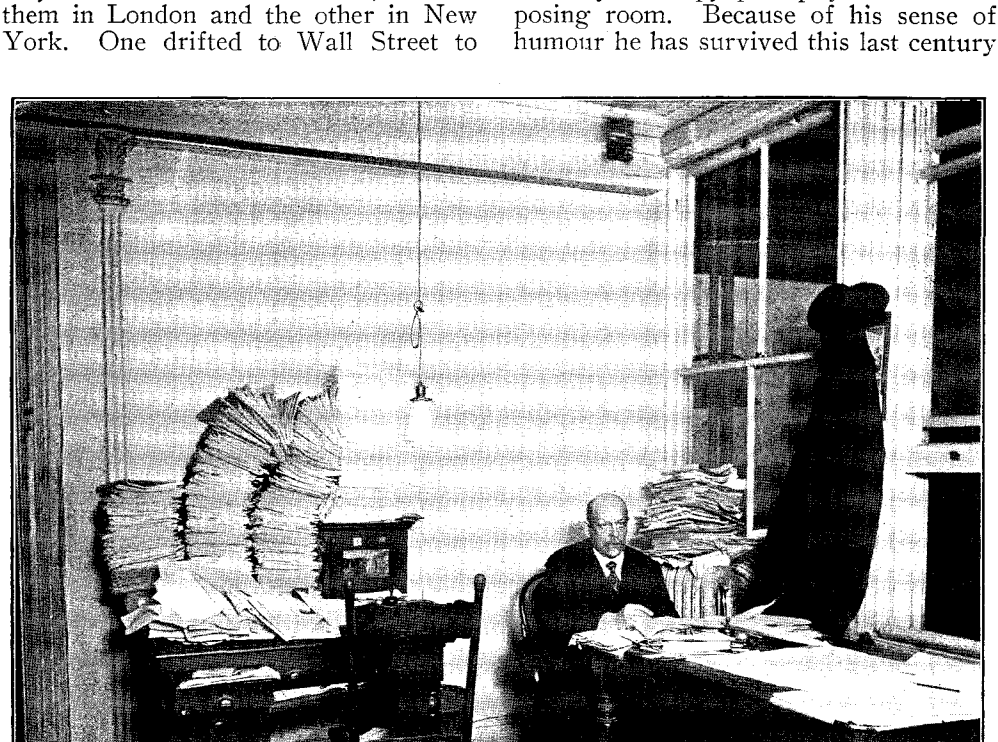
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"THE STREET."
Drawn by Walter Hale.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

moreover disaster is easily imagined when it comes from unsuccessful gambling. But stock market technicalities are a sealed book to him and he is equally ignorant, or is apt to be, of the "real reasons" for the financial convulsions.

The financial editors of those New York papers which treat Wall Street seriously are in reality financial specialists doing daily editorial work. Most of them are college men, belong to good clubs, and, being democratic, often meet bank presidents and financiers on terms of social equality, uptown. I recall only two of them who set out deliberately and with malice prepense to be financial writers and took special courses in political economy and finance at the university, and their only newspaper experience has been as financial writers. Others did "general" work before going to Wall Street. Two were stock brokers before they became financial writers; one of them in London and the other in New York. One drifted to Wall Street to write fiction about it without making himself the laughing stock of brokers and business men. Another was the private secretary of a well-known stock operator. Still another was in charge of the biographical department of his paper for years. The Nestor of the financial writers, Mr. H. A. Jackson, of the *Evening Mail,* came down to Wall Street, they say, with Henry Hudson. He has seen so many men rise and fall with the rise and fall of stocks, he has known so well the great makers of financial history, men like Gould, Vanderbilt, Drew, Travers, Jacob Little, that nothing startles him—not even the eccentricities of a United States Steel magnate. His sense of humour is keen. He has laughed at the mad scramble for elusive dollars and at the public's frequent and violent attacks of ticker fever, and calmly written his daily articles, tipping his office boys daily to carry his copy promptly to the composing room. Because of his sense of humour he has survived this last century



H. A. JACKSON,
Of the "Mail," the Dean of the Fraternity.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

or two, respected and liked by all who know him—most of all by those who have worked under him.

The financial editors have studied our financial history. They are familiar with every phase of the financial situation. They are men who are able to deduce from dry statistics facts of interest to human beings. They are beyond question an educational force and it is not their fault that we are hysterical as a nation and that the public goes to extremes in its stock market opinions and no less so in its judgment of the financial leaders. The financial editor is a trained newspaper man who knows the value of news, who understands the money market, foreign exchange and its complexities, who must be able to analyse general trade as well as monetary conditions. To do all this he has had to study at college and out of it, to read constantly the newspapers of his own and, at times, of other countries. He must meet men in active business and listen and discuss trade matters, railway extensions, promoting and underwriting schemes, etc. He must do what professional Wall Street does not—that is, remember the past, because it enables one the better to judge the present and the more likely to guess the future.

To be sure, not every financial editor in New York is competent to write profoundly on all economic points, but they have what the college professor and the occasional contributor to the unread magazines of economics lack—that is, knowledge, obtained at first hand, of the men whose personality so dominates the financial markets that it is very hard to dissociate the men from the events. It makes the financiers respect the financial writers. Some of the latter are so successful that they have earned the dislike of the very highest of the high financiers, who are impotent to punish independence of ideas and of expression, and stoop to the withdrawal of paltry advertisements from

MR. CONLEY,
Head of the Associated Press Financial Bureau, at His Desk.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

papers whose incomes is many thousands of times greater than would be yielded by the ungiven or withdrawn advertisement. That is the reason why I'd rather have Mr. Noyes of the *Evening Post* talk to me on the currency than any bank president in New York, not excepting the greatest, and I'd very much rather listen to Mr. Woodlock of the *Wall Street Journal* express his opinion on the ethics of the indefinite extension of voting trusts than to Mr. J. Pierpont

MR. NOYES,
Financial Editor of the "Evening Post."

Morgan, though Mr. Morgan would probably talk interestingly on the subject and on the "animus" of the opponents of the extensions. But the newspaper men named are wonderfully clever analysts, have humour, are not awed by personalities and have the knack of felicitous expression.

But much more than technical attainments are necessary, for the Wall Street man of a great daily has to be much more than a financial writer. Like the political reporter, he must know the issues of the day, but he must know far better the leaders who really force the issues or give them expression. The Wall Street man of a New York paper knows the financial leaders and they know him. I rather think he knows them better than they know him. It is a hard game, in Wall Street. The great constructive financiers, whose lives read like romances and whose "statements of facts" sometimes are also romances, are, when all is said and done, not much more than manufacturers of securities. Their wares have to be sold to the public at the best prices possible. The advertising which enables them to sell is not done through the advertising columns of the papers, but through the "reading matter." Principally, however, the advertising is done through the ticker. It is called stock manipulation. The newspaper is of great importance. But if the manipulation is skillful the newspapers have to write about it as a matter of news.

There are many newspaper-made reputations in this country and Wall Street has its share. The financial writer for the daily paper knows them. The genuinely able men who do things in finance, in railway consolidation, in industrial promoting, in the thousand and one things that are done in Wall Street, need the help of the newspapers in their stock market campaigns. Sometimes they get it; sometimes they don't. Many newspaper men will not write against a scheme simply because they suspect the manipulators of a stock of desiring to add to their fortunes. But they will never write in favour of any scheme which they know to be in the slightest degree shady, however prominent its sponsors may be.

There has been much talk of the alleged control of the various papers by the chief financial cliques. I do not know of any paper in New York City which has ever instructed its financial editor as to whom or what he must or must not offend or attack in his column. The fact that some newspapers are "wrong" on the market, sinning, for example, in the direction of over-optimism, makes the professional tipsters and the losers of Wall Street say that the same papers, or their financial editors, must have been told what to write by the villainous con-

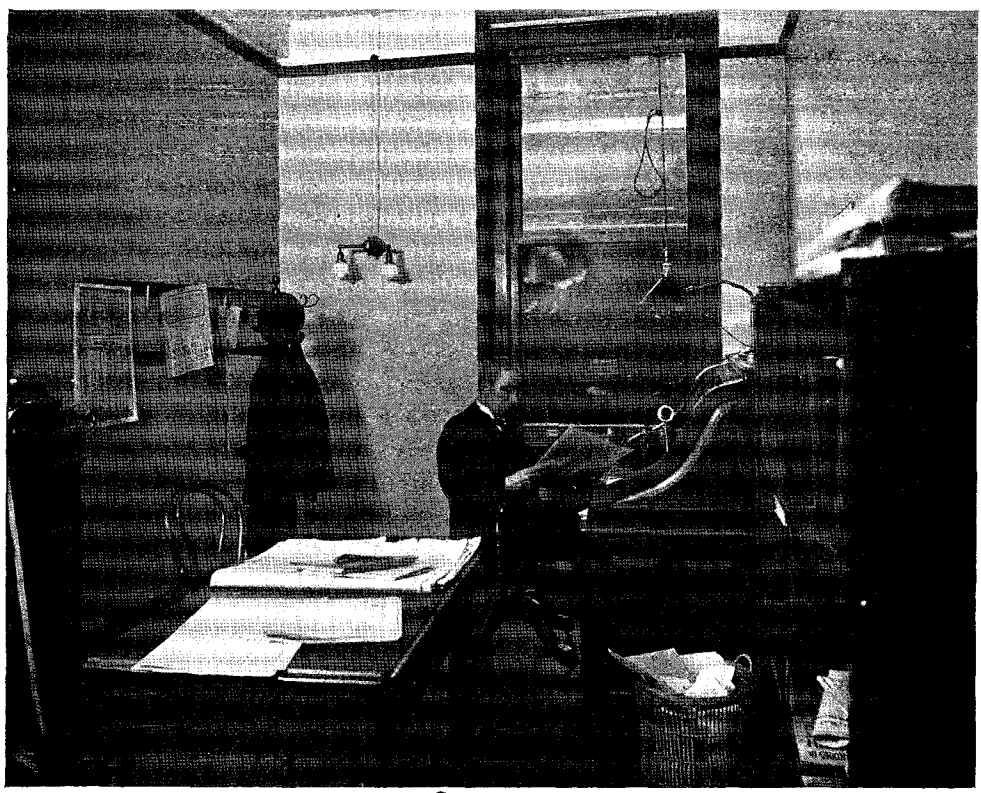
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE ASSOCIATED PRESS WALL STREET STAFF AT WORK.
The Inner Room Is Occupied by the Reuter Agency, Which Works in Conjunction with the Associated Press.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

spirators against the public who manipulated the stock market remorselessly. The stock market bankers seldom say enough to influence the views of the financial editors. They give news when there is any; express opinions when they may do so without detriment to themselves or their schemes. They seldom give "tips." But the stock market operators often tell their newspaper friends what they think this or the other stock will do, not necessarily for publication. It is a "tip" given in friendliness, also in the belief that if the tip is taken an ally is found, which is good reasoning, for no man can be expected to attack a stock of which he is "long." He would not be "long" of a stock in which he did not believe. Editorial opinion is often influenced this way, which shows that stock market magnates in this country are keener psychologists than the English. Ernest T. Hooley testified in London of the enormous sums in cash he had to pay newspapers to keep them from attacking his ventures. In this country such blackmailing is unknown. Friendly advice does the trick. Only those newspaper men who never speculate are strictly honest toward their paper, for speculation is bound to bias the mind, and a financial editor should be absolutely free from prejudice or partiality, no less than from entanglements. How easy that is, when a man gets, say, two thousand or at most five thousand a year from the paper and could easily make twice as much if he gambled in stocks, will be easily realised by the intelligent reader. To the honour of the profession be it said that some don't gamble at all. The argument of those who do is that they have opinions which they write and print. Speculating is merely having the courage of one's convictions. This may or may not be so. I do not know that any newspaper in New York has any rule forbidding its financial writers to speculate, so perhaps there is no great harm in it after all.

I once heard a very wealthy capitalist say to a Wall Street newspaper man: "How much did the bears pay you for

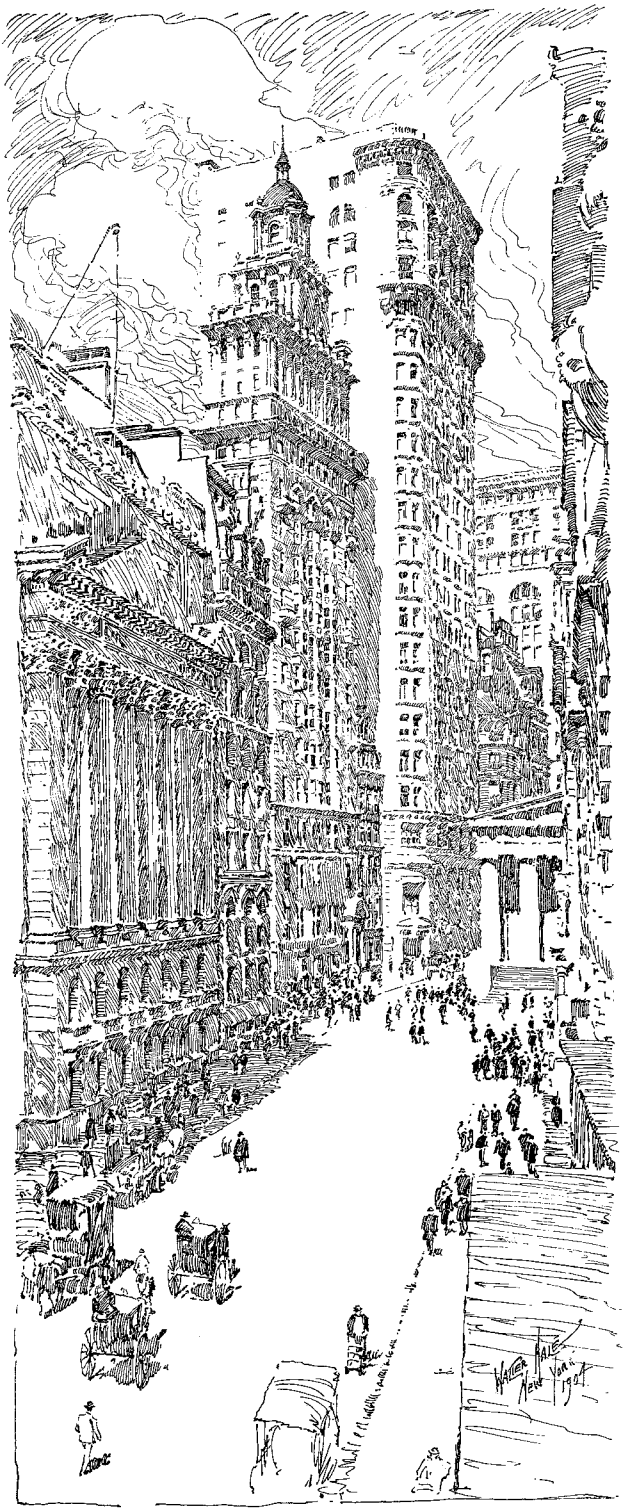


MR. KELLOGG,
'Philip King," of the "Sun," at Work.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE "EVENING POST" WALL STREET STAFF IN THEIR DEN.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



THE PULSE OF THE NATION'S FINANCE.
Drawn by Walter Hale.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

writing that article?" referring to an adverse criticism of a corporation in the success of which the capitalist was deeply interested. Other financiers were present. The newspaper man, in the hearing of all, answered: "You are too old a man to strike and too great an ass to talk to. I hope you are no worse than old and stupid. But I have my doubts! I have my doubts!" The next day the capitalist apologised, almost abjectly. It closed the incident. But he has less to say about the venality of the press.

Time was, and not very long ago, when shrewd bankers imgained they were not "conservative" if they talked to reporters. How utterly they failed to grasp the value of gratuitous newspaper advertising was simply amazing. It was not till the great bankers became great buncoers and went into all manner of schemes during the boom, that they realised they needed the newspapers, and now they will on the slightest provocation graciously deign to consent to allow the reporters to publish statements and figures carefully calculated to help the schemes of the great bankers.

It is only since the boom that Mr. Morgan has been accessible. After the United States Steel Corporation was floated, Mr. Morgan's junior partners permitted themselves to resume the form and manners of human beings and spoke to reporters who did not ask too indiscreet questions. Since then they have become almost garrulous. Mr. Morgan, himself, was the hardest man to interview in the United States. He sometimes allowed a reporter to ask questions, but this was a mark of especial favour. That is as far as the reporter would get. But when the newspaper-reading public exalted him to the demi-godship of finance in 1901, he was literally forced to realise that reporters were not a pest, but were hard-working men who represented the greatest power in the country. He was too busy a man to see every scribbler who asked for an interview. To avoid offence or unfairness, he told the "regular" Wall Street men of the principal papers that if they would select one of their number he would speak to him every day, if necessary. They wisely chose the Associated Press man. Every afternoon at 4, Mr. Markowitz of the Associated Press calls at Mr. Morgan's office and asks Mr. Morgan tactful questions, which Mr. Morgan answers; that is, when there is something special. A big banking house like Morgan's has no end of "routine" news in the shape of flotations, reorganisations and financial operations of all kinds. Mr. Morgan's junior partners tell the newspaper men about these matters. No newspaper man, however, can claim any degree of intimacy with Mr. Morgan, perhaps due to the demands upon the banker's time rather than to any temperamental unwillingness to make friends.

Mr. James J. Hill has many newspaper friends, editors and reporters, whom he has known for years and to whom he will always talk freely. Mr. E. H. Harriman is friendly to the newspaper folk whenever he needs their help. At all other times he is neither friendly nor unfriendly, since he will not see them at all. When Mr. Harriman wished the newspapers to espouse his cause at the time of his fight with Mr. Keene over the Southern Pacific dividend, he was more than cordial to the representatives of the principal papers. After the court decided against the Keene party, Mr. Harriman became E. H. Harriman again. On the other hand, Kuhn, Loeb & Co., Mr. Harriman's bankers and Mr. Morgan's successful opponents in the Northern Pacific fight, have for friends every Wall Street reporter and financial editor in the city. They are the most intelligent banking firm in the country, which is why they are contiuously truthful. James R. Keene declines to be interviewed by reporters whom he does not know. Those who have known him for years he will invariably see, because he knows they will not print his remarks. George J. Gould is as amiable as he looks, but is extremely busy. John W. Gates is approachable, as all of the Western plungers are, but he has the bad habit of becoming furiously angry whenever adverse criticisms of him or of his methods are published. The bank presidents are easier to get at than the stock market bankers. Being professional business men, they know the place the newspaper occupies. The Standard Oil people are Standard Oil people.

The most interesting news is that which is not printed. The financial writers have friends from whom they hear stories of all kinds. These friends, like many of the greatest financiers, will

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

speak freely, knowing that if they do not wish it, the stories will not be published. I have been at some pains to ascertain if any financial editor ever violated a confidence. It has never happened. It is well that this is so, for the spoken indiscretions of some of the big men in Wall Street are incredibly numerous. A deplorable desire to acquire a reputation as a wit made the junior partner of an international banking house the other day make a remark, which had the reporters who heard it published it, must have necessitated the resignation of the junior member from the firm. The reporters, moreover, were not bound by any ties of friendship or pledge of secrecy not to publish it. But they didn't because they knew better than the man himself what an asinine thing it was. I remember taking the news of the shooting of Mr. McKinley to a man who probably is next to Mr. Morgan as a spectacular figure in finance. I read to him the despatch from Buffalo which my paper had received. His only remark was: "By God, that shows what a lucky fellow that Roosevelt is!" It would not have read well in print, though it was interesting as showing the workings of the mind of a man who stood to lose millions by a slump in the market, and a slump seemed inevitable. The same man later in the evening "gave out" a statement, full of conventional expressions of sorrow—two lines—and of his firm belief that the stock market would not suffer very much —twenty-seven lines. That same night one of the principal brokers in the Stock Exchange, when asked to express an opinion on the tragedy at Buffalo, replied, very impressively: "The Republic at Washington still endures and Amsterdam is higher!" Quoting, from memory, Garfield's statement at the time of the assassination of Lincoln and also informing the reporter that prices of American stocks on the Amsterdam Exchange were not affected by the terrible news. This showed the Wall Street point of view beautifully, but it wasn't nice.

The late "Phil" Armour committed one of the greatest of the spoken indiscretions of financiers. He was a director of the St. Paul Railway. He also was "running a bull pool" in the stock, which in English means that he, with some friends, had bought a large block of St. Paul shares and would try to put up the price so as to sell out at a profit. A Wall Street reporter went to see him. Mr. Armour gave him quite an interview and the reporter took notes in shorthand. He was thus able to use many of Mr. Armour's Western phrases. Among others was one which made the financial editor read it twice. It was, "Every man who holds 100 shares of St. Paul has a joint account with God Almighty." The editor was not a particularly religious man, but he was a particularly good newspaper man. He sent the reporter back to say that possibly Mr. Armour was not used to being interviewed by New York papers and perhaps he would like to see how some of his Western expressions looked in type. If so, Mr. Armour could have a proof of the interview before it was printed. Mr. Armour retorted that he knew his business, but he feared the editor did not. The editor showed that he did by printing the interview *verbatim et literatim*. The next day the *Tribune* had an editorial on Mr. Armour's shocking irreverence and other papers throughout the country took it up. Mr. Armour could not repudiate the interview. He refused himself to the flocks of reporters that besieged him and begged the Wall Street editor to say that Mr. Armour had been misquoted, which the editor declined to do.

The news of Wall Street is varied. Such things as the declaration or the passing of dividends, annual meetings or elections, statements of earnings, etc., are easily obtainable. The daily newspaper workers of Wall Street find it no trouble to appropriate such news items from the "slips" of the two news agencies; and much else, besides, for the news agencies have expert reporters, and their managers are, moreover, men who have vast experience in financial news gathering, and a circle of influential acquaintances second to none. The Wall Street manipulator who can secure the aid of the news agencies would get his following from among the readers of the "slips"—to wit, among the professionals of Wall Street and the inveterate speculators among the amateurs. The gossip of the Street is also well covered by the news agencies and the newspaper men are able to obtain "clues" innumerable from them. In other words, the daily newspaper reporter looks upon the news agencies as a sort of gratuitous Associated Press. The old-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

est of the agencies is that of Dow, Jones & Co., who, in addition to printing the news slips which are carried to the offices of subscribers by messengers, and also on tickers, publish the *Wall Street Journal*. The other agency is the New York News Bureau, whose service consists of slips and tickers and which publishes the *Wall Street Summary*. It is only justice to say that these agencies are the greatest labour-saving device ever invented for the benefit of the financial reporters, for they "cover" all markets thoroughly.

The financial editor's principal work consists of his daily description and analysis of the stock market. Different papers have different views as to the space to be allotted to such matter. The *Globe* and the *Evening Post* each have a two-paragraphed article, the first descriptive and the second a veritable "leaderette" on some phase of the financial situation which has exerted strong influence on security prices. The articles of the other afternoon papers are mostly descriptive, with some expressions of opinion. Of the morning papers, the *Sun's* article is probably read the most widely. The *Herald's* policy is not to write a financial editorial every day, but the financial editor must see to it that there is at least one "spread head" financial news story, the comment on the market and on special stocks being written in short paragraphs. The others publish more or less conventional and more or less short financial leaders and from a quarter to three-quarters of a column of paragraphs about the stock market and Wall Street topics generally. The afternoon papers publish on Saturday a weekly review of the financial situation. With some of the morning papers the reviews are published on Monday morning; that is, at the beginning of the business week, that men may read them on their way to their Wall Street offices. The *Sun's* Monday article was for years the most widely read of all. It was signed "Matthew Marshall," which was the name Mr. Hitchcock chose to adopt. Rather than a review of the stock market, it was a wonderfully well-written essay on some financial topic. But whenever "Matthew Marshall" wrote anything that was "news" the Street accepted it unquestionably. When Mr. Hitchcock ceased to write it, the article was written for a few weeks by Mr. Newton Sharp of the *Evening Sun*, and later by "Philip King," who soon established a reputation as a financial writer second to none. Wall Street asked who "Philip King" was? It sounded like a real name, yet Wall Street did not know any real Philip King who knew the Street and the financial situation so well, and wrote so authoritatively. It was not until after the retirement of Mr. Colin Armstrong as financial editor of the *Sun* —a position he filled for years—that the street learned that his successor, Daniel F. Kellogg, was also "Philip King." Kellogg was city editor of the *Sun* for years, after having been one of its star reporters when to be one of the *Sun's* star reporters was something. The *Herald's* Monday morning article, possibly not so felicitous literally as the *Sun's*, is, I think, the most influential of the weekly reviews of the stock market. Mr. Dater, the *Herald's* star financial man to-day, now that "Tom" Hamilton has gone uptown to perpetrate *Herald* editorialisms every night except Tuesday, has two things in his favour as a widely read financial writer—he is interesting and he has been correct in his prognosis of the stock market. At a time when nearly everybody in and about Wall Street was swept off his feet by the "boom," Mr. Dater, and Mr. Noyes of the *Evening Post*, did the most unpopular thing imaginable in warning people that stock prices had a top.

The outside news men of the papers' Wall Street department has to get and write the "news." That means that they have to "cover" everything that happens outside of the stock market, including the banks, the custom house, the clearing house, the Chamber of Commerce, the visits of the Secretary of the Treasury to New York, etc. They run down the "rumours" that fly about. They often write an untechnical stock market story if the market is exceptionally active or exceptionally strong or weak. They are thrown into contact with all manner of people, good, bad and worse, and their life is at times made wretched by the fact that some are responsible to both the city editor and the financial editor. In addition to these men, the "financial department" has the man who does the "outside" or curb market, and another who writes the short paragraphs about those stocks which have been especially

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

active or have fluctuated noteworthily. More people read these paragraphs than they do the "leader," possibly excepting Mr. Noyes's article, because most men who have the *Evening Post* vice read all the editorials; and the financial article is an editorial. It is also the most outspoken of all financial articles, and, I venture to say, it has made more high financiers—the very highest—squirm than all the other papers put together. The chief trouble is not that the *Evening Post* tells the truth about the stock market strategists, but that it tells the truth all the time. It is fatiguing to tell it; but how much more to hear it!

The afternoon newspaper men complain that their work necessarily suffers from the rush. The last batch of financial copy must be in the composing room a few minutes before three, and the market does not close until three. The leader or technical stock market story is set up before the ticker has stopped. It often happens that the article has to be practically rewritten in the last half hour, for the market may change quite suddenly and from very strong become very weak, or the reverse. The financial editors of the afternoon papers, or most of them, finish their articles in the composing room to be prepared for precisely such an emergency. The very late news, such as a dividend which the Street may be looking for and which is not announced until three o'clock, is telephoned direct to the composing room, where it is "taken down" by some one and squeezed in. The arrangements of each afternoon paper for giving a complete table of prices and sales are more or less elaborate. All are designed to delay the "Wall Street edition" of the papers as little as possible, for Wall Street goes home early. Its banking and its gambling day is done at three and only the clerks remain. It must have its afternoon paper to read on its way home. It is no rare sight to see well-known brokers, bankers, and plungers waiting patiently for the Wall Street editions to reach their news stand. Such a mob is always to be seen in the Arcade of the Empire Building every afternoon between 3:10 and 3:20. The morning newspaper men have no "rush." They have more time and they have the advantage of complete sets of the news agencies' slips and of the afternoon papers. But all must work hard in dull times, because it is so hard to write, and when the market is active because there is so much to write about.

CONCERNING TASTES.

A FRIEND has lately taken us to task for not wishing to turn other people into duplicates of ourselves in matters of taste. We had been speaking of the didactic air which most critics assume in writing of the stage, as if everything from the grace of the author's style to the charms of the leading lady could be determined once for all like the heights of mountains. It seemed to us that they saw many things that did not exist for any one else under the sun, and we hoped that we did also, for it struck us that an identity of personal tastes would be as sad as an identity of noses. He called this a "rollicking in error." Now, delighted as a man is with himself, it is doubtful if he really cares to see in others the exact counterparts of his preferences. His eagerness to talk does not always spring from a desire to convert. It is not as an apostle of paternity that he tells you about that prodigious youngest child of his, and he is far from wishing even to convince for a probable result of that would be an attempt to kidnap. The same thing is true wherever a personal feeling is involved. Somehow or other, the words must come out and when a man has more to say than people will submit to face to face, it is customary now to print it. Should the day ever come when the world will neither listen nor read, there will still be a roar of soliloquies. Strike us dumb and we shall carve our thoughts upon the trees or tattoo our bodies with them.

There are things on which we ought all to agree: The Binonial Formula, that kind hearts are more than coronets, the law of diminishing returns, monogamy, the exiguity of American literature, the Ten Commandments, and that Shakes-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

peare is greater than Alexander Pope. There are things in which it is desirable forever to disagree: The meaning of life, the proper way to boil an egg, choosing a wife, which of Shakespeare's plays is the best, and the real reason for disliking Jones and admiring a sunset. No critic whose work has endured ever wished to impose on others the precise hierarchy of his enjoyments. He never was mainly a fisher of men, and if now and then he seems to land some of them body and soul, they are mostly the little ones. John Ruskin, bent on rescue though he was, knew in his heart that he would never have made people think at all if he had not made them think differently. Had he ever met his spiritual twin he would certainly have trumped up some excuse for a fight with him. Every true critic is academic, impressionistic, a hermit, a leader of men, an epicure, a missionary, and at the last analysis a human being more in need of company than disciples. He expounds the law and loves the diversity within the law; writes sometimes for the good of men and sometimes for the fun of it. And if he is not all this, and a good deal more, his books are buried with him. We lesser folk are not to blame if we betray an equal laxity.

Whenever an academic writer reads a book he thinks at once of his duty to man and hunts for a useful lesson. When a phrasemaker reads it, he thinks, Here is my chance for a perfectly stunning stage entrance. One weighs a ton and the other weighs nothing at all. The critics of the chair, prosectors in literary anatomy, Casaubons, commentators, biologists of books divide the field with the harlequins. Neither class shows any liking for the thing itself. They sweat with purpose and descant on pleasure with a gritting of teeth. Mr. Bernard Shaw would die of shame if caught with a platitude upon him. Professor Junk would die of fear if caught without one. Mr. Shaw, hot on the trail of paradox, will show that Shakespeare never conceived a human character. Professor Junk, author of "Hybridisation of Fiction Forms," classifies all novels by their "central thoughts," counts the nouns in "Paradise Lost," shows how Poe's "Raven" was anticipated seventy centuries ago by Kia Yi, the Chinaman. In a solemn voice they bid you choose, like Hercules at the road-forks. Are you academic? Then you must never smoke your pipe except for what it teaches. Are you "impressionistic?" Then you will never light a pipe when there are Roman candles.

After living for a while among these old derricks of the academic world you grow very tired of the uplift. Is there to be no talk among equals? When you meet a man must you immediately heave yourself up alongside and try to hoist him? Pen and ink and a sleepless purpose either to instruct or amaze, vigilant self-omission, the habit of talking down, a close reckoning on the public (how high this sentence will lift it, how much it will be tickled by that), give to our critical writings the look of a steam roller flattening out the angle of variation. A good deal of the work should be transferred to the government at Washington, where it could easily fit in under the Secretary of Agriculture, be attached perhaps to the Bureau of Animal Industry. Leave out the man and the rest is as easy as crop reports. Leave the man in and there is not only the danger of deviation, but of a guilty pleasure in other people's diversity. For in private life we allow ourselves great unconcern and many irrelevances. We are never exclusively gymnasts, wits, anti-imperialists, or crowbars of the higher plane. There is a large region wherein we are glad to see our neighbours going their own way. In private life we insist on having our own latch key and dying a separate death. It is only in print that people are less than their propaganda and that the desire of making a proselyte underlies every word. Print is the only place where men are merely pattern-makers, and where, if you say that patterns are not your sole interest night and day, you are set down as a debauchee, careless how many rascals may escape between your sentences.

F. M. Colby.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JOURNALISM IN JAPAN.

JOURNALISM is a new vocation in Japan. We did not have even one newspaper in Japan where millions and millions of people breathed, only forty years ago. It would sound like a story to be told that some six hundred newspapers—more than a few of them having a circulation of above one hundred thousand daily—and countless magazines are published to-day. It is interesting to trace the beginnings of our Japanese newspapers. The first newspaper was a translation of the *Batavia News* of Java, which was done by the "Kaiseijo" (an office of that time which was like a Foreign Office and School of Foreign Languages combined). The *Batavia News* was brought out regularly by a Dutchman. It stopped, however, after a few appearances. And the second newspaper appeared some thirty-eight or nine years ago, under the name of *Shinbun,* with Mr. Hikozo of Banshu and Ginko Kishida as its editors. Mr. Kishida is to-day regarded respectfully as the father of Japanese newspaper men. Hikozo was a sailor who was accidentally blown over to the Pacific Coast and returned. He had no education to speak of, but gained a slight knowledge of English in California. He explained the news from a San Francisco paper to Kishida, who put it in Japanese writing. They printed their paper—it was a semi-monthly—from a wooden block. At that time Japan had no type. The publication came to an end with the departure of Kishida for China. Kishida was a collaborator of Dr. James C. Hepburn (long life and prosperity to you!) in his monumental Japanese-English lexicon. And also Mr. Kishida was widely known all over the Asiatic continent for his eye-fluid.

He started the third Japanese newspaper, called *Moshiogusa* ("sea-weeds"), when our Japan began to be stirred by the revolution. He had one Mr. Wellington for his partner. They still used the wooden blocks. The paper sold tremendously, as it reported the war news with a certain delightful exaggeration. After half a year, Kishida gave up his newspaper to found an express company, and it came to an end under his successor. The civil war subsided, and our great restoration was accomplished. The foreigners were permitted to come in freely. Japan began to be influenced by the Western civilisation. We found now some four newspapers in Tokyo, prominent among them the *Nichinichi,* still running to-day. It was helped by the government during its early existence, and even to-day we regard it as a government paper. It is not known what deep relation it may have with the government, but it is doing its work completely and effectively in a calm way, although its publishers and editors have been changed frequently. It was first edited by Ochi Fukuchi (one of the famous writers, an old friend of Marquis Ito), whose editorials were a phenomenal success. He was succeeded by writers like Naohiko Sekine, Rokudo Asahina. The present editor, Mr. Asahina, is considered one of the greatest newspaper men, the other two being Katsunan Kuga of the *Nihon* and Soho Tokutomi of the *Kokumin.* His rigid style and keen analysis of political questions are unrivalled. His paper is the oldest.

The *Hochi* was established early in the history of Japanese newspapers, under the English influence, by Mokichi Fujita, who died long ago, and others who thought Spencer's books a Gospel. Among the number was Mr. Yukio Ozaki, the well-known member of the Diet and once a cabinet member. Five or six years ago the paper underwent a great change, when every publisher began to look upon the newspaper as a business enterprise. Till that time the publishers as well as the editors were thinking something else, and regarding journalism as the highest vocation. The editors indeed often considered the newspaper as the stepping-stone to something greater, while the publishers thought it their own duty to feed the ambitious young fellows. They were proud of the amount they sank monthly in the paper. The *Hochi,* which

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

had an honourable history, suddenly changed. The editors began to pay more attention to "San Men" (page 153), where any city accident or police news is printed. The circulation speedily increased. It is one of the best-selling Tokyo papers to-day. The older readers, however, sigh over its unpardonable decline. Everything in Japan is turning commercial with a tremendous speed.

There is the great *Jiji*, which stands out head and shoulders. It was founded by the late Yukichi Fukuzawa, the great educator of modern Japan. It was conducted along business lines from the outset and put considerable energy into the industrial and commercial departments. Though Mr. Fukuzama is dead now, the paper is meeting with no mean success. It was the first paper in Japan to use cartoons, taking the American papers for a model.

Mr. Soho Tokutomi (Soho being his pen name, which he assumed from his having been born by the mountain side of Soho in Kiushiu) made his name with his "The Future of Japan." And he started a magazine, *The Friend of the*

TOKYO, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1903. THE TOKYO NICHI NICHI SHIMBUN. NO. 9,666.

東京日日新聞

明治五年創刊

年中無休刊

THE OLDEST JAPANESE NEWSPAPER.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Nation, which was an equal success, and then a newspaper, the *Kokumin,* again meeting a flattering reception, especially from the school students. Tokutomi's style in writing was a harmonious blending of the English fashion of phraseology and the Japanese ideal. He is the idol of the younger Japanese. The *Nihon* also is circulating among the students, but it seemed to decline rather as the Chinese literature took a secondary place. The editor, Kuga, is said to be a Chinese scholar, and the writing is based entirely on Oriental conceptions.

Until six or seven years ago our Japanese newspapers were primitive. Their editorials were the whole thing. They did not have any reporters, generally speaking, and, if they had, they would only ask them to go to such a police station or such a meeting. The Japanese reporters did not find any news

A PAGE OF JAPANESE PICTORIAL HUMOUR.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

by their own observation, but only under directions. But to-day every paper in Tokyo (twenty-five altogether) is trying to get the best news. The papers are illustrated. And women begin to be employed. We found out that they were apt for interviewing other women. There are only a few who have made a name, but their future is beyond any doubt.

And there is another phenomenon, which is the English column. Undoubtedly it is to fulfill the public demand. I myself am sceptical of its value in proportion to the trouble involved. But English readers are wonderfully increasing every year. Nearly all the schools teach English. The papers want to encourage them with their English, and the stu-

THE PRESENTATION OF THE NEWS—POLITICAL AND POLICE COURT.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dents may be benefitted by them in their training. It may sound absurd to say that the papers are issued for the benefit of the school students. But it is true in Japan. The Japanese students study them.

The year 1900 tremendously disturbed the newspaper world. The *Yorozu Choho* and the *Niroku Shinpo* attempted to increase their circulation by creating a sensation, and succeeded in it. The *Yorozu Choho's* circulation was seventy thousand before, and jumped up to one hundred thousand and then to one hundred and fifty thousand within a year or so. The *Niroku Shinpo* claims to be the most widely circulated paper in Japan. Both of them are modelled on the type of the *Journal* or the *World*. They boldly exposed the private secrets of high-standing personages. They did almost anything for their own purpose. Their success influenced the other papers, which began to imitate them in a mild way. The dignity of our old papers disappeared. They turned into business enterprises.

And there is the *Yomiuri*, whose chief attraction is its literary department. Koyo and Roban, two prominent novelists, are on it for the last fifteen years. Beside the *Chuo* and *Mainichi*, there is the *Asahi*, whose circulation is great.

The southern Japanese read the *Osaka Asahi*, which would not take a secondary place even if published in Tokyo.

Yone Noguchi.

THE OPENING CHAPTER AND SOME RECENT BOOKS.

WHEN Rudyard Kipling first checked himself upon the verge of an interesting digression, and flung out the careless phrase that has since been worn threadbare by other writers, "But that's Another Story," he probably had no more serious purpose behind it than a thrifty desire to save a good thing for a later occasion. He certainly was not seeking to formulate a text for a critical essay, a criterion by which to measure contemporary fiction. And yet these four words would not make a bad text from which to preach of logical construction and the economy of ideas, the wholesome doctrine of wise omission. One would like to see them framed and hung over the desk of every one of our younger writers, so that before putting pen to paper they might be reminded to ask themselves whether the chapter they are about to write is an integral part of their plot, or only an extraneous incident, Another Story, that it were better to keep for a later volume. Indeed, it is a wise novelist who knows his own story,—knows its scope and purpose, its logical beginning and end. For more novels are marred by having too much put into them than too little; by being overcrowded with characters and incidents, overburdened with symbolic meanings; above all, by being stretched over too long a term of years. There are few tests of an author's constructive ability that are at once so simple and so severe as his opening chapter, his choice of the psychological moment at which to introduce us to the group of men and women in whom he wants us to share his interest.

We have outgrown the idea of an earlier generation, that a well-rounded novel should begin beside the hero's cradle. "I am Born" is the laconic chapter-heading that introduces us to David Copperfield; and every reader of Smollett and of Sterne will remember that both Roderick Random and Tristram Shandy philosophise with disconcerting frankness over the details of their advent into this world. The novelist of to-day, however, has come to realise that birth is one of the most arbitrary and unsatisfactory of all starting-points. His hero is what he is, not merely because he was born on a certain day, or because he had a certain kind of childhood and youth, a particular sort of education and home training, but also because of what his parents and grandparents were before him. He is the product of certain racial and family traits that have been handed down through untold generations; and what he may do to-morrow is, for all we know, only the culmination of a drama begun

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

centuries ago. Yet, on the other hand, some sudden crisis in his life may have wrought so radical a change of fortune and of heart that all the past,—his own past and his father's and grandfather's before him,—counts for little if anything in his subsequent life; and to chronicle them would be literally to write Another Story, indeed, many other stories.

In plain terms, there is no such thing as a beginning to the story of a human life. The narrator must necessarily begin somewhere in the middle; and herein lies the real point of Zola's famous definition of a novel as *"Une tranche de la vie,"* a cross-section of life. Zola fearlessly practised what he preached, making his first incision at a point where human life swarmed thickest. His starting-point was always the crowded street, the jostling throng, the busy store or market, the crowded theatre,—some spot where the pent-up energy and excitement suggest quite as much the infinitude of human interests already numbered with the past as those which belong to the future. And it is characteristic, not only of Zola, but of the whole school of realists, that in cutting their cross-section they note the time of day, as methodically as a photographer notes it on his negative,—and usually in the opening sentence.

A whole essay might be written upon the opening sentence in fiction. There are certain favourite methods that have become almost formulaic, and this method of mentioning the hour of day is one of them. The formula is to be met with in Balzac, although not commonly. "Towards three o'clock in the afternoon" is the opening line of *Le Cousin Pons;* while *Une Fille d'Eve* begins similarly, "It was half-past eleven in the morning," and *L'Enfant Maudit,* "One winter's night, at about two in the morning." Zola, however, was the first to use the formula to the extent of abusing it. In almost all of the "Rougon-Macquart" series you are sure to find the hour mentioned within the first page, usually within the first paragraph, and in a goodly number at the very beginning: for example, in *Nana,* "At nine o'clock the auditorium of the Theatre des Variétés was still empty;" in *La Joie de Vivre,* "As the cuckoo clock in the dining-room struck six, Chanteau lost all hope;" in *L'Argent,* "Eleven o'clock had just struck in the Bourse, when Saccard entered Champeaux's office;" in *L'Oeuvre,* "Claude was passing the Hotel-de-Ville, when the clock in the tower struck two in the morning." And deliberately, or instinctively, the trick has been widely imitated: by the Spaniard, Valdes, in *José,* "It was two o'clock in the afternoon;" by the Italian, D'Annunzio, in *Piacere,* "It was four o'clock;" by the American, Frank Norris, in almost every novel that he wrote. The opening words in *Blix* are, "It had just struck nine from the cuckoo clock that hung over the mantelpiece;" in *A Man's Woman,* "At four o'clock in the morning every one in the tent was still sleeping;" in *The Pit,* "At eight o'clock, in the inner vestibule of the Auditorium Theatre—." In *The Octopus* we have to wait until the ninth line to yearn that "Pressley was perplexed to know whether the whistle was blowing for twelve or one."

But whatever hour or day or year a novelist chooses for introducing his characters to the reader, it is no exaggeration to say that in fully three books out of four the introduction has been made prematurely. The book would have gained in strength if the opening chapter had taken up the plot at a later point, when its action was further developed. In the really good stories of all literatures, the classic tragedies and epics, the plot most often hinges upon events that took place long before the opening scene or the first canto. The *Iliad* itself, the one great epic of the Trojan war, belongs almost wholly to the closing year of that war; and a very large part of its force and dignity comes from the impression which we get, behind the actual narrative of the poem, of an endless vista of unrecorded battles, the countless victories and defeats of all those weary nine years of fruitless struggle.

One or two specific cases will help to emphasise the point. Take, for instance, the whole group of so-called "colour-line" stories, those dealing with the question of racial intermarriage. Almost without exception, the novelist goes back to the first meeting between the coloured man and the white woman, and traces minutely the whole history of their acquaintance, elaborating and explaining every detail that helped to bring about the final unnatural union. There is just one treatment of the theme, and that, unquestion-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ably the greatest it has ever had, in which the opening scene is subsequent to the marriage,—the tragedy of *Othello*. A genius of lesser rank would have given us Othello's courtship, not as a splendid bit of condensed word-painting, but as an actual scene upon the stage,—and robbed the play of half of its dignity.

Or, again, take a different type of story, a whole group of plots in which a man shrinks from marrying the woman he loves, because of his guilty knowledge of a secret in his past life, a crime of which he cannot ask her to share the burden. It would be easy to multiply examples of this type; but for the moment there are just two that come to mind: *La Sacrifiée*, by the French novelist, Edouard Rod, and *Falk*, by Joseph Conrad. The precise nature of the crime does not materially affect the general principle. In the two books just mentioned they are widely different. The hero of *La Sacrifiée* is directly responsible for the death of the woman's former husband. They had been lifelong friends, with the added tie that exists between an incurable invalid and a trusted physician. The friend had made his promise that should the disease finally take such a form as to leave him a helpless, useless paralytic, the physician would hasten the natural end and relieve his family of a needless burden. This promise the physician in due time carries out; and he never for a moment questions his right in the abstract to do it. But he knows in his heart that at the very moment when he was giving the overdose of morphine, he was already in love with his friend's wife; and it is this guilty knowledge which prevents him from ever being happy after his own union with her. Now there were a dozen points at which Rod could have opened this story; at the time of the murder, or later after his marriage with the widow, or earlier, at the very beginning of the friend's illness. This last course is the one actually followed, and while the result is a story of no mean strength, there are parts of it which drag rather wearily.

Falk is a story of which the present writer had occasion to speak at considerable length not many months ago. It is the story of a man who was once shipwrecked, and during many ghastly days sustained life by eating human flesh, the flesh of his less stalwart shipmates. The memory of those days makes it seem impossible to him ever to ask a good, pure woman to share his life. Now, no one among contemporary writers could have made a narrative of such gruesome power out of the story of that shipwreck and the cannibalism which followed as Joseph Conrad could have done. But he did not choose to do it. His opening chapter comes years later, and our whole knowledge of the earlier episode comes in a fragmentary way,—in the haunted look on Falk's face, in certain nervous mannerisms that are habitual to him, in the broken narrative that finally falls unwillingly from his lips. And no one can read this book without feeling that, told thus indirectly, it gains immeasurably in power and grimness. No straightforward relation of the facts could have approached it in effectiveness.

After all, this method of striking into a story right in the middle coincides with the every-day experiences of life a good deal more closely than does the more orderly way of beginning as far back as possible. Your knowledge of the life stories of the people you personally know began in nine cases out of ten, in the middle. What lends an interest to your next-door neighbour, or the man you met casually last night, is not what they may do next week, or next year, but what they have already done. It is the people who have already lived and suffered and achieved, whose subsequent careers we are apt to watch with some attention. You may have known Jones or Robinson by sight for the last ten years, and never in all that time really noted the cut of his hair or the colour of his eyes. And all of a sudden you see his name in the headlines of the morning paper, as president of a bank or co-respondent in a divorce suit; and immediately the comings of Mr. Jones or Mr. Robinson assume a real importance and interest. It is the fact that from the very nature of their subject-matter detective stories must begin in the middle after the safe is robbed or the victim strangled, that gives this type an inherent advantage over higher forms of fiction. From the opening chapter there is the glamour that comes from a mysterious deed which we are never to see acted out, but only to conjecture piecemeal, and patch together as best we may.

Taken as a whole, the novels of the past four weeks cannot be said to furnish a startling amount of inspiration to a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

critic. But there are some among them which may serve indifferently well to illustrate this question of where a novel should begin. *Yarborough the Premier,* a story of English politics by a new writer, Agnes Russell Weekes, is a case in point. Like Anthony Hope's *Quisanté* and George Gissing's *The Charlatan,* it is a study of a clever, unprincipled politician, who worked his way upward through shameless methods, and blazed for a time, meteor-like, in the political heavens. The chief fault of the book, however, is that it aims too high. Gissing and Anthony Hope were both content to take a star of lesser magnitude, moving in a smaller orbit; and the resultant stories were far more plausible. Miss Weekes has made her hero Premier of England, one who sways the destinies of the British Empire, and incidentally of all Europe, for nearly a score of years. Now, when a writer ventures to brush aside existing cabinets and parliaments, and manufacture European history to suit himself, he has got to do it on a very big scale indeed, in order to make the thing seem real, and mesmerise the reader into forgetfulness of the sober realities of current events. It may be conceived that Miss Weekes shows a good deal of power in certain scenes of her story, enough at least to give promise of something better and stronger in the future. But she has not been strong enough to make Yarborough seem quite real; we keep telling ourselves all the time that we are reading, that really no such person as Yarborough ever was or ever could be Premier of England.

But, aside from the matter of plausibility, it is a question whether the construction of the plot might not have been materially improved by a judicious abridgment. Yarborough owed his whole advancement to the theft of a government paper, of vital importance—a secret treaty which practically "sold the Empire to Germany." Yarborough's brother, who was responsible for the paper's safety, accepts the blame, ruining his career and going into voluntary exile, rather than betray Yarborough's dishonesty. From this beginning, Yarborough climbs, upon a scaffolding of lies and frauds and broken promises, until he grasps the highest prize known to British statesmanship. But incidentally he loses what he valued even higher than his ambition,—the woman he loves (an episode, by the way, which is a good example of Another Story). A score of years later, years of triumphant arrogance, Yarborough begins to pay the penalty. He has never known what it means to be ashamed of his life and frauds and thefts; but now he is beginning to learn. In middle age he has found some one to love,—his young son, the fruit of a late and loveless marriage; the boy is the soul of honour, and Yarborough's daily, hourly punishment is the dread that the lad will learn of that old-time theft of the secret treaty, and the unjust banishment of his father's brother. And of course the boy does learn of it and the story ends with a tragedy. Miss Weekes has followed the orderly method of beginning as far back as possible. She shows us the secret treaty in the very process of being drafted, the detailed discussion of all its clauses; she suggests the danger of its being stolen, the ineffectual precautions taken to guard; she lets us see the thief himself triumphantly bearing it off to London, with the aid of a special train, to get him there in time for the morning papers. She leaves nothing to the imagination. Of course, a comparison between what is and what might have been is necessarily largely a matter of opinion. But it is a very fair chance that the story would have been materially improved if the whole of the first half had been blotted out, and the reader had started with no more knowledge of Yarborough's past than his little son possessed, the truth about the stolen treaty being allowed to leak out gradually, working up to an effective climax.

A book which one naturally takes up next, not because it belongs in the same class, but simply because it deals with politics, is Brand Whitelock's bright and irresponsible little volume, *Her Infinite Variety.* It is one of those clever little trifles that are the product of a serious author's lighter mood. Its germ idea is to satirise the question of woman's suffrage, and the whole thing is done so deftly, so lightly and with such humourous understanding of men and women, that it leaves no sting behind. Young Vernon is a State Senator; he is engaged to be married and he is ambitious. His betrothed has never taken his political aspirations quite seriously. In fact, she questions whether, within the exclusive

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

circles to which she belongs, it is altogether good form to have much to do with politics. Vernon burns to convert her, to do something which shall bring him fame, and spread his name broadcast in glowing headlines. He finds his opportunity in a debate over a bill to give the women of Illinois full right to the ballot. A young woman lawyer from Chicago, a "suprising young woman, of exquisite daintiness, wholly feminine and alluring," who comes to Springfield to lobby in favour of the bill, converts him to the cause within the first five minutes and when he rises to address the Senate he astonishes even himself with an eloquence in which there is far more high-flown eulogy of the fair sex than there is of logical argument. Needless to say, he gets all the newspaper fame for which he yearned, and something more; for his name, in two-inch letters, is bracketed everywhere with that of the clever and pretty female lawyer from Chicago. And to crown all, when his betrothed, with a whole bevy of indignant female relatives, comes down to Springfield in hot haste the next morning, to verify the scandal, she finds the culprit breakfasting, as ill luck would have it, at the same table with her fancied rival, the woman lawyer. The book is nothing more pretentious than a small comedy of errors, worked out to a felicitous conclusion. But it is worth heralding as a story which owes half its quality to having begun in just the right place, neither a day too soon or too late, and in stopping before the novelty of its manner has palled.

There will be some diversity of opinion about *Violett,* the latest volume from the Baroness von Hutten. It will necessarily challenge comparison with *Our Lady of the Beeches,* and may suffer accordingly. Those who liked the idyllic atmosphere and delicate sentiment of the earlier volume will miss it in *Violett.* Yet the latter is, constructively, a better book. It has what the merest novice among the writers of French fiction recognises as fundamental, and what so many of our own authors seem to think can be dispensed with,—a definite central problem. It is the study of a boy, whose father has been hanged for murder, and a most atrocious murder at that. He had poisoned the boy's own cousin, a half-witted little girl, for the sake of the small fortune that he hoped to inherit from her. Here is one of the few cases where a minute study of childhood, the details of a boy's studies and plays, his hopes and sorrows, at ten, at twelve, at each succeeding year, has a direct interest, a closely interwoven relation with the later life of the man. The Baroness von Hutten has chosen to take for her purpose an exceptional boy, one abnormally sensitive to external impressions. His father was a light-house keeper, and he has lived all his life within sight and sound of the waves. And to his strange, high-strung nerves, sight and sound, taste and smell, seem to blend and interchange; every color has its own particular sound, every musical note its characteristic odour. His senses seem to distinguish a whole range of colour-tones beyond the purple, an infinitude of sounds too delicate for the ordinary human ear. As an artist, a musician, his possibilities are limitless. But the weight of his inherited shame crushes him down. It is a life-long burden that he first took up on the day he learned that "people couldn't play with a boy whose father had been hanged." His career is exactly what might have been expected. He drifts into relation with theatrical folk, and falls in love with a very ordinary young woman, a fourth-class actress in a cheap variety show. She is shallow and vain and mercenary, and, although she loves Violett, she marries another man with more money, whose father was not hanged, and who beats her whenever he gets drunk. But Violett never finds out that his divinity's halo is only tawdry paint and tinsel; and when the opportunity comes to make the sacrifice, he cheerfully gives his life to save hers, feeling well satisfied that "in spite of his father's sin, he had not brought discredit into the eternal harmony." A highly sentimentalised story, but possessing the merit, not too common, of striking a certain note at the outset and sustaining it to the end.

No one could give Mr. Bram Stoker any new light upon the art of catching the public attention from the first opening sentence. It is something of a puzzle to critics who like to apply the evolutionary theory of literature, to trace Mr. Stoker's literary pedigree. In botanical parlance, he might be termed a sort of "sport" variety, an eccentric offshoot from the old, original stock of Edgar Allan Poe. His books are the Poe horror

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tales run riot, like some monstrous, abnormal fungoid growth, spreading and multiplying in the dank labyrinths of a tropical forest. Such stories as *Dracula* and *The Mystery of the Sea* are, frankly, not a high order of fiction. They are at best a sort of glorified "penny dreadful." But one cannot help admiring the thoroughness with which the horrors are heaped up. In his latest volume, *The Jewel of Seven Stars,* the type has been pushed to its utmost limit. Indeed, the most surprising thing about the book is that such a tissue of palpable absurdities could be made, through sheer audacity, to hold the attention of any sane-minded reader, and force him to acknowledge that he has had a succession of unpleasant little shivers coursing up and down his back all the while he was reading. To sum it up briefly, *The Jewel of Seven Stars* is a medley of Egyptology, mysticism, and reincarnation. It opens with a mysterious accident, not to call it by the harsher name of an attempted murder. An eccentric old Egyptologist, whose whim it is to sleep in a room full of mummies,—all sorts of mummies, royal princesses and sacred pussies,—is found one night unconscious and bleeding rapidly to death from a curious wound on his wrist, which resembles nothing so much as the long, parallel gashes made by the sharp claws of a giant cat. It is quite unnecessary to analyse the story further. Any one familiar with Mr. Stoker's methods can easily imagine what use he has made of such material as mummied cats that come to life and prowl unseen, weird, ancient lamps that glow without fire, and emit poisonous fumes, and a seven-fingered Egyptian princess whose severed hand has an uncanny way of travelling around by itself and strangling people to death in the dark, leaving its seven-fold mark as a sort of sign manual. Of course, it is all the very acme of what is preposterous; and yet, if you read the story alone, on a stormy night, with the wind howling and the blinds slamming, the chances are that you will be haunted for the rest of the night with mysterious mewings, and fancy every unfamiliar sound is the scratching of unnumbered little cats upon your walls and bedroom door.

Frederic Taber Cooper.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MR. SHAW AND THE MAN OF DESTINY.

IT is well known that Mr. Bernard Shaw does not wish to be regarded as merely brilliant. He demands a fair judgment on the truth of what he has to say apart from his manner of saying it. He professes a message and he is not satisfied with a smile of intellectual pleasure or a stare of astonishment. Like most sensitive and clever men he hates an attempt to classify him, and he would try to squirm out of any adjective that is at all definite. At a public meeting not long ago, some one having introduced him with the remark that his only fault was that he was too talented, he rose and said that his talents were but ordinary and that his strong point had always been his character. But though a very clever man, Mr. Shaw does not understand some of the simplest laws of human nature. He is not even aware of the danger of being amusing. People learn while they laugh, but very few of them know that they are learning. When the midriff resumes its former place the mind pretty generally goes on as before, perhaps a little repentant. True prophets have sometimes been great humourists (witness Job), but their fame as prophets, we believe, was mainly posthumous. Cervantes laughed Spain's chivalry away, but meanwhile Cervantes died. If Mr. Shaw were always right, his manner before the world would be sadly against him. The world expects from its serious men a certain degree of dullness.

Compared with most of our playwrights, Mr. Shaw is not only far more entertaining than they, but sounder. It is only when we compare him (as he expressly demands) with the best of all time, that he goes to pieces. All great playwrights have seen that every man was something more than a leading motive. They have never used him merely as a pawn; that is, to prove something. They have suggested a thousand irrelevant things. At times they have almost seemed to forget their purpose. In any true comedy man is a small figure dancing against the sky—temporal antics on a background of ultimate facts, birth and death and eternity. That is the only joke, and every great writer has perceived it. Not one of them has ever been a mere debater of propositions. No writer ever created a man without suggesting a mystery. The plain man has this in common with Shakespeare: He too is aware of unknown things, makes guesses, and is quite unreasonable. His mysteries begin too soon, but he has them. From merely clever people you might suppose there was no mystery at all. They make things so clear to you.

Napoleon, as conceived by Mr. Shaw and rendered by Mr. Arnold Daly, in the little one-act play, *The Man of Destiny*, seems at first more nearly flesh and blood than any character in his earlier plays. For a time Mr. Shaw takes pains enough with him to make you think he cares for him—a very unusual impression, for while Mr. Shaw warms up with an idea he is apt to be cold-blooded with human beings. The clergyman in *Candida*, for instance, though conventional, legally married, and all that, might well have had a chance to make out a better case for himself, but Mr. Shaw regarded him merely as material for rebuttal. Even at the emotional crisis of the play you felt it was only a higher kind of chess-playing. In *The Man of Destiny* though he had to move more quickly to the point he still found time for a little personal sympathy and Mr. Daly's rendering brought still more. It was not till toward the end that you saw "the pulse of the machine," and even then you had Mr. Shaw's wit to console you.

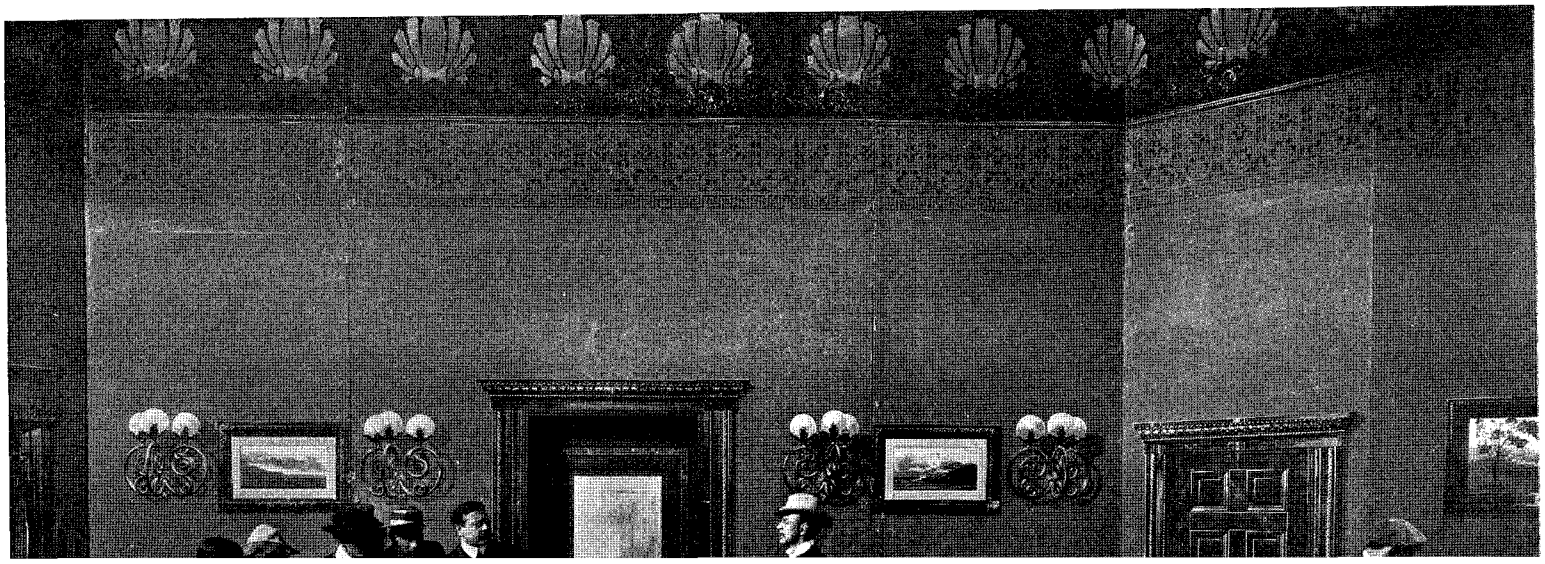
F. M. Colby.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

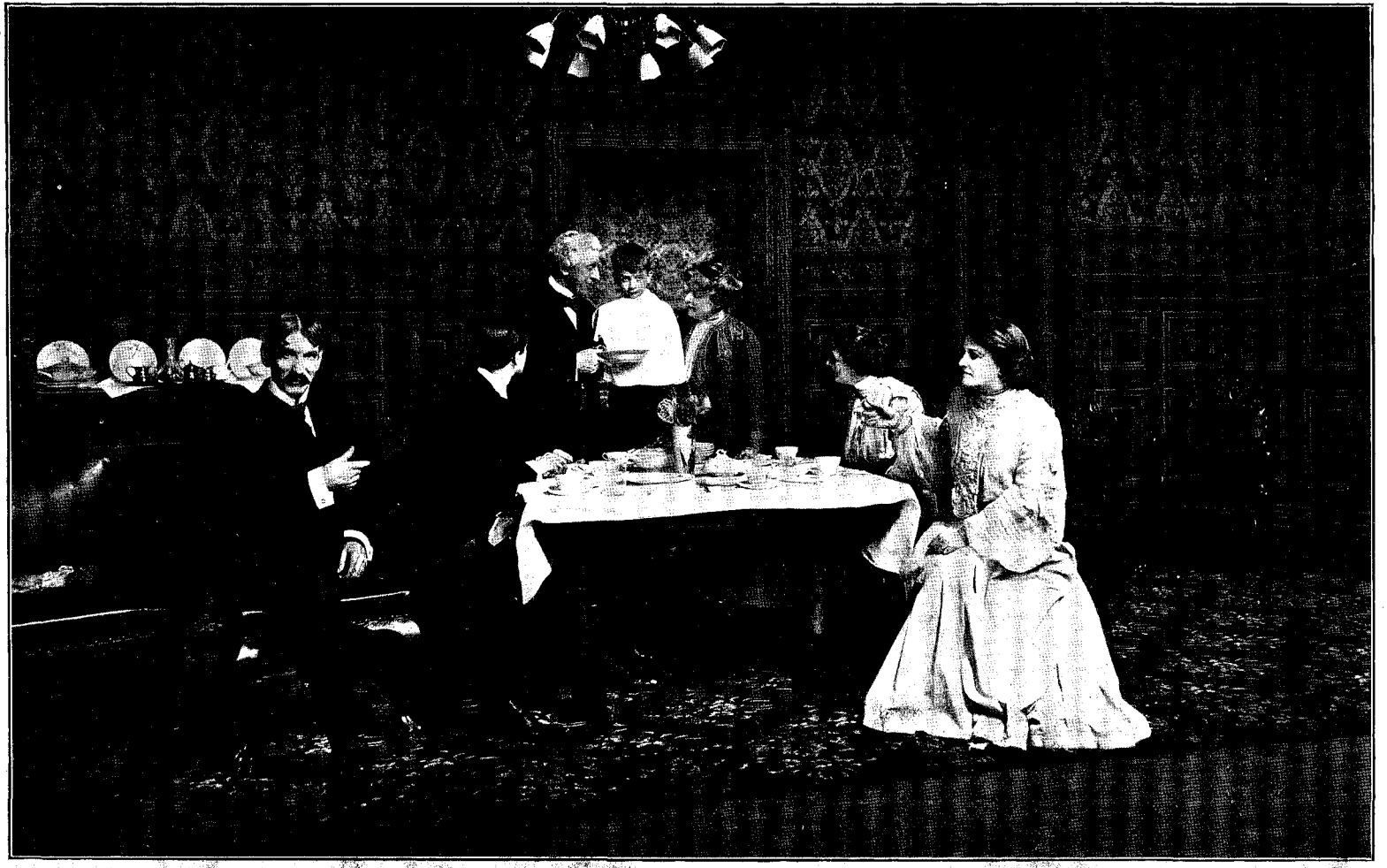
THE DRAMA OF THE MONTH IN ILLUSTRATION.

MANSFIELD AS IVAN THE TERRIBLE.
From a Drawing by Martha D. Beal.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

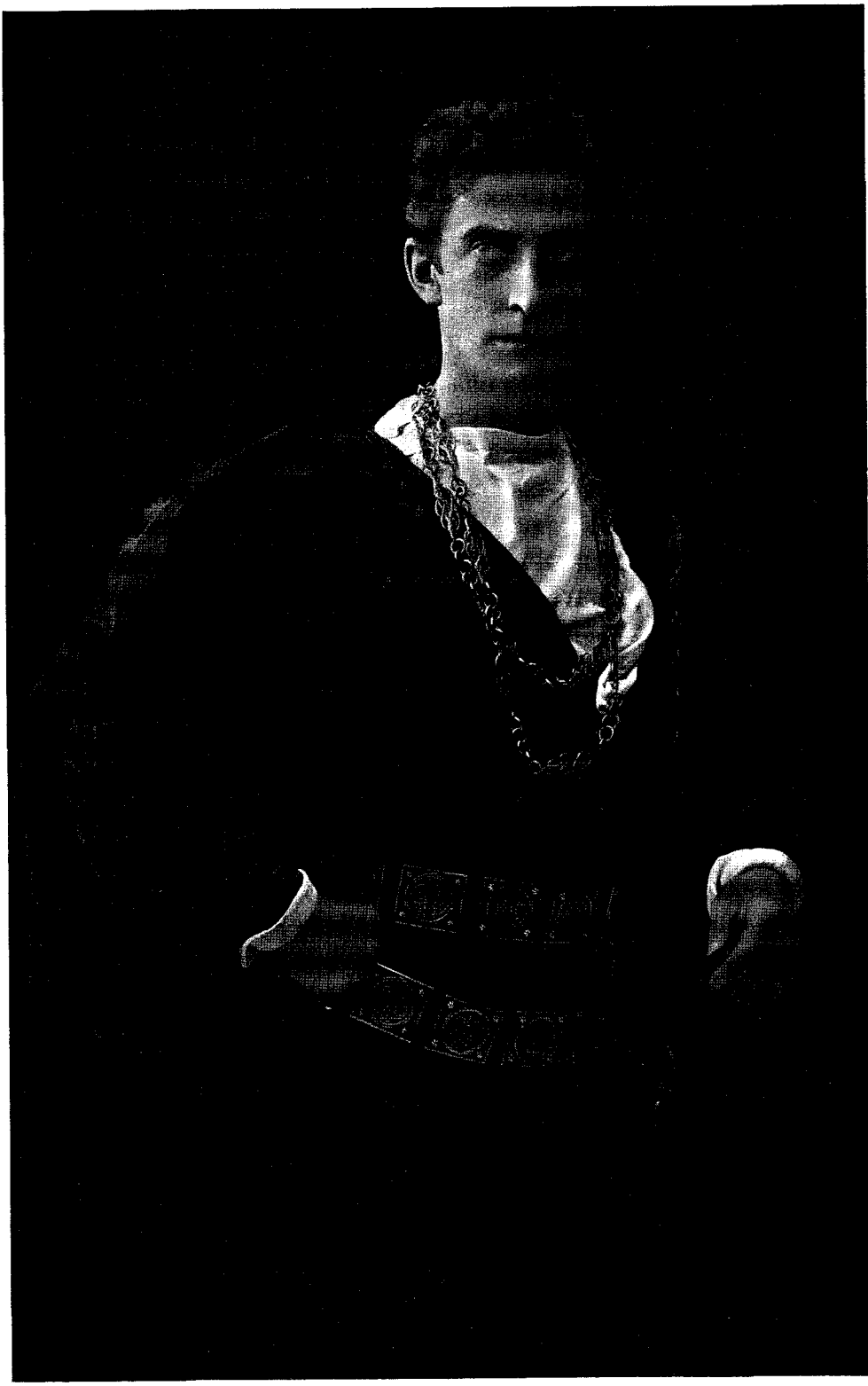


PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



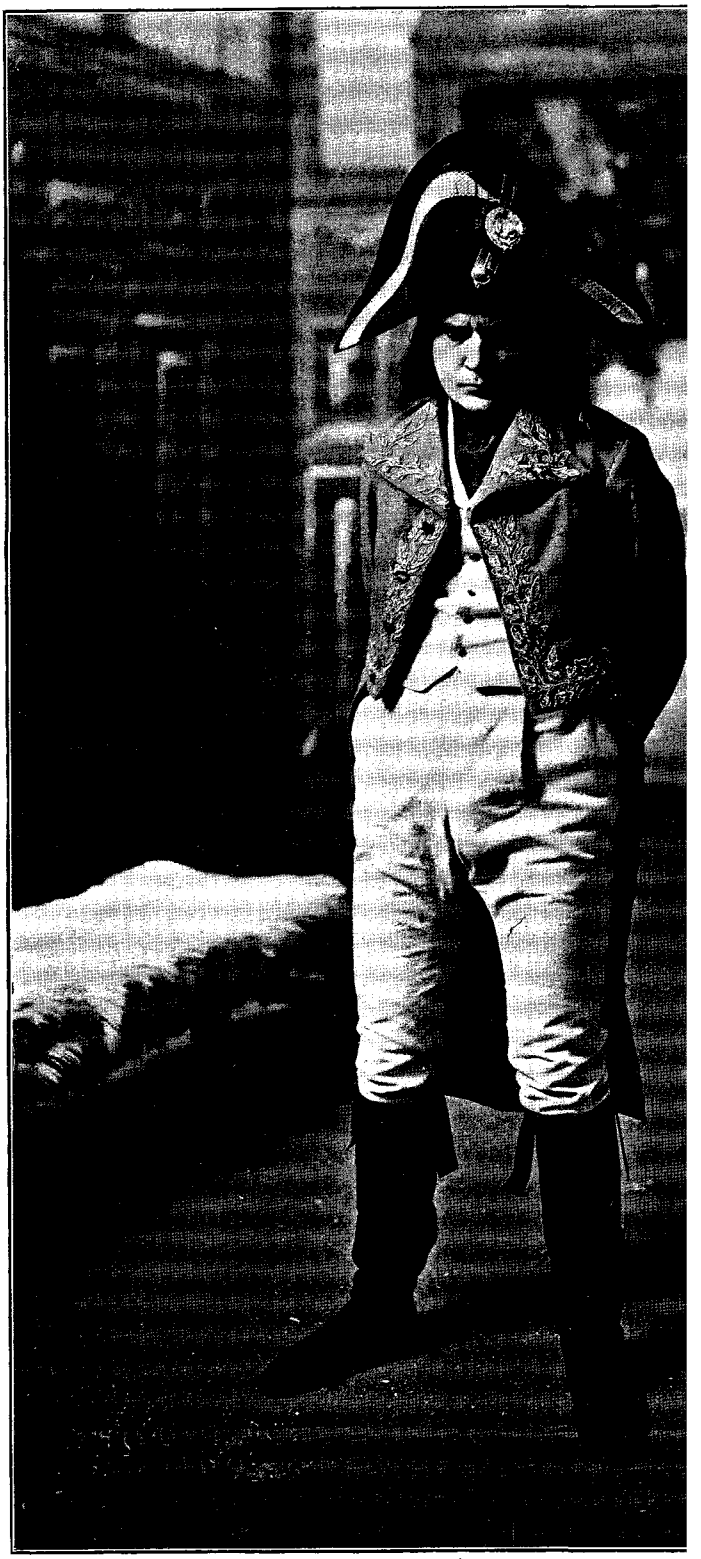
"THE SECRET OF POLICHINELLE."
Showing W. H. Thompson, W. J. Ferguson, Grace Kimball, Harriet Otis Dellenbaugh, and Florence Conlin.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



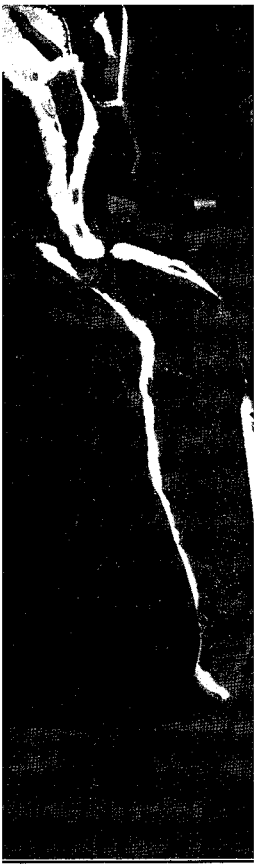
FORBES ROBERTSON AS "HAMLET."

REPRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



ARNOLD DALY AS "THE MAN OF I

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



CÆSARIO IN "TWELF'

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"THE OTHER GIRL." ACT II.

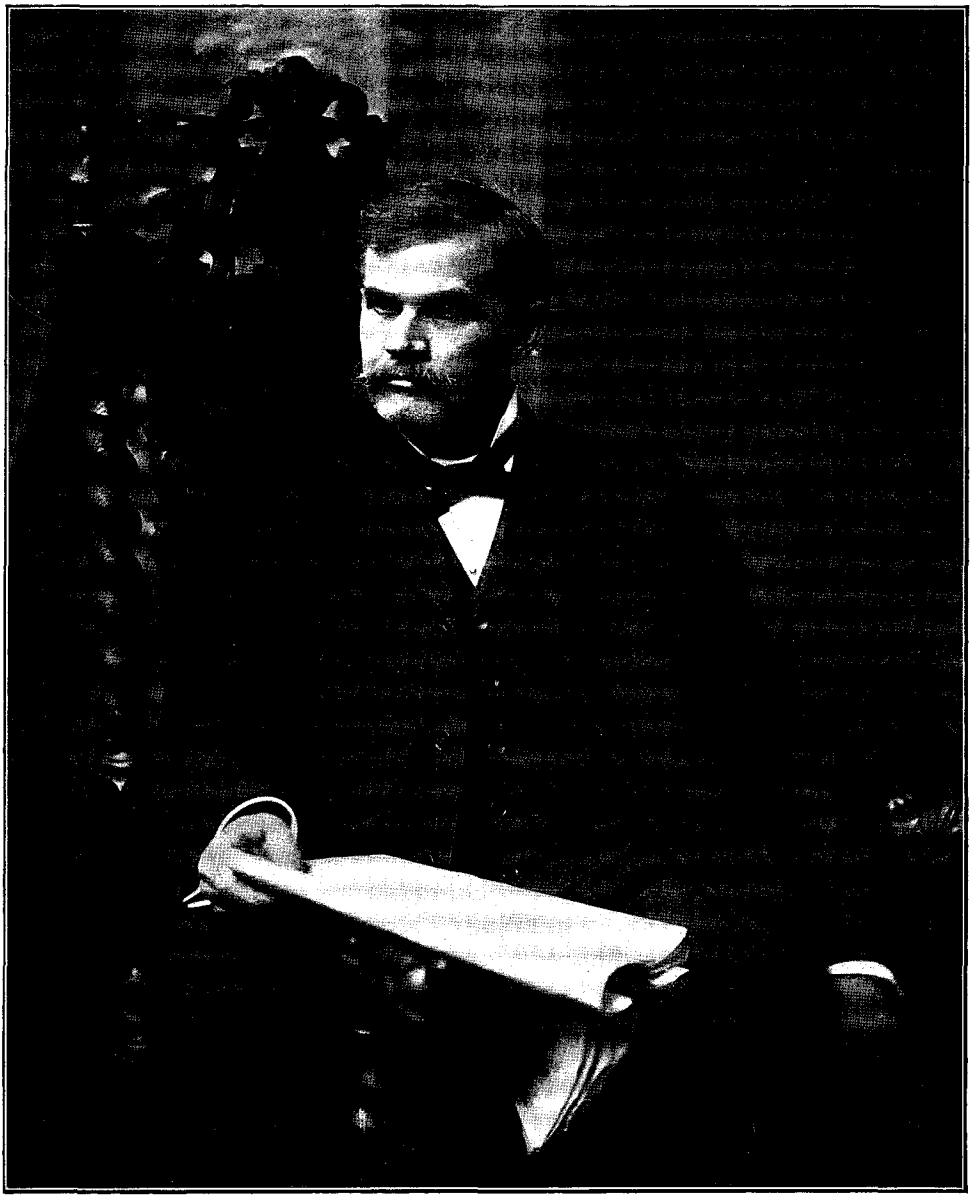
This Cast Includes Lionel Barrymore, Joseph Wheelock, Frank Worthing. Frank Burbeck, Elsie de Wolfe, and Drina de Wolfe, all of Whom Are in This Picture.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JOHN SHARP WILLIAMS, Leader.

A HUNDRED years ago, Nathaniel Macon, of North Carolina, was Speaker of the House of Representatives. A statesman of the antique type, who looked and dressed his part. Speaker or Senator, he always wore the same kind of clothes. Mr. Benton paints it for us in the "Thirty Years' View:"

"A suit of the same material, cut, and colour, superfine navy blue—the whole suit from the same piece and in the fash-



JOHN SHARP WILLIAMS.
Photograph by Clinedinst, Washington, D. C.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ion of the Revolution, and always replaced by a new one before it showed age. He was neat in his person, always wore fine linen, a fine cambric stock, a fine fur hat with a brim to it, pair top-boots, the boots outside of the pantaloons, on the principle that leather was stronger than cloth."

In the House of Representatives, after you have fed your full of looks on Uncle Joe Cannon, who might be a Methodist bishop, a Mormon apostle, an early Assyrian god, or a baron of beef products, you ask for Williams of Mississippi. At first you refuse to accept him. You feel like asking, in the tragic language of Mr. A. Ward, "Do my eyes deceive my earsight?" There lounges a man who, when he stands up (as if the process were labourious and infrequent), is about five feet seven and a half inches tall. The anthropometers may tell you that he is five feet ten. They are duped by his slenderness. He has "the brown hair streaked with gray" of Mr. Matthew Arnold mourning for Thyrsis. As yet the gray is a feeble minority. A collection of hair which seldom feels the barber's shear. It is inconceivably incomplete, a miracle of frowsiness. It looks as if it had been combed by a cyclone and pecked at by all the fowls of the air. A well-developed forehead lets itself be guessed at. Straightforward blue eyes, which, however, have a way of seeming curiously closed and lifeless when the owner sinks into abstraction, and there is nobody to nag or stir him. A straight nose, a rather pessimistic underlip, a chin prickly with stubble unless somebody has entreated or commanded the owner to be shaved. A moustache as untrimmed as the foolish virgins' lamps.

You begin to like Mr. Williams when you hear that he is so absent-minded that once he unconsciously locked Mrs. Williams up in her room at their hotel and sauntered off to the House. This absent-mindedness explains his clothes. They are not his. They make no pretence of fitting him. They don't look as if they would fit anybody, but they must be somebody else's. Mr. Williams has convoyed them from somebody who must have been grateful to lose them. From what morgue of finery do they come? They are always old. They always were old. They bag and droop impossibly. They are more spotted than the leopard. They are streaked with fruit accretions and accumulations and strata, the débris of ages. Mr. Williams has a pair of gaiters that may be the remnants of Nathaniel Macon's top boots.

Here sits "John Williams," whom we all know as one of the most alert and quick-firing minds in Congress—here he sits, wrapped in abstraction and careless of other clothing. By the look of him, in those moments, he might belong to the great class of American citizens that is in permanent session in the grocery stores and the post offices and little railway stations, the thinkers who base their lines in thought, slow speech, and rapid expectoration. A moment more and Mr. Williams, returned from the cares of contemplation, makes his flashing point, or with exquisite amiability impales an opponent, who can hardly help being satisfied with his agony, since such a good fellow inflicts it.

But why so much pother about Mr. Williams's clothes? Well, because they may be of interest to collectors, and because they are so different from the togs of the conventional planter of the stage or novel or Washington hotel. Do they still breathe the vital air and the more vital julep, those fine old Southerners, in broadcloth and frilled shirts one used to see at the Capitol? May they live forever. And Mr. Williams, sometime of Memphis and now of Yazoo, has none of their splendour or their Bentonism. He is not "a fine figure of a" statesman. There is nothing solemn or majestic about him. There is nothing "sectional" about his appearance any more than there is in his principles. Judged by his face, he might come from anywhere. Judged by his garments, he must come from Baxter street, by way of the Baltimore fire. His carelessness of decoration and scenery become almost engaging as you think of it in connection with his temperament and his qualities. Without thought for himself, he will do anything for his friends, they will tell you. Neither poor nor rich, he is as rich as he cares to be, and as generous as the poor. "You can depend upon him absolutely." "A strong friend." "A trump." You will hear golden opinions from all sorts of people if you ask them about this shabby and brilliant gentleman from Yazoo.

He lives, most unfashionably in a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hotel. Having great social gifts he seldom, one might almost say never, goes into society. Too much trouble, probably. If he ever becomes Speaker, his habits may change in this respect, and he may blaze out as gloriously as Uncle Joe Cannon does occasionally, not without a watchful eye on Danville and Republican simplicity. His fireside and his books: these are enough for Mr. Williams at present. His greatest social dissipation is an occasional "stag" party. He likes to go to the Washington Press Club, perhaps it is rather shabby, like all press clubs that have been, are, or shall be. If it is not impertinent to refer to the private habits of a public man, the virtuous may glow still more with the knowledge that Mr. Williams is a man of temperate habits, as most public men of to-day are. But he is not a prohibitionist in theory or practice. If he wants a drink he takes it. The whiskey has no effect upon him, whereas he improves the whiskey.

Mr. Williams seems to be liked by everybody in the House, nor is this popularity due to any neatness, mere "geniality" or effort on his part. He is respected and admired, as well as liked. Sometimes the leader of the minority in the House makes enemies on both sides of it. Men on his own side who wanted his place sulk because he was preferred to them. They growl and snarl, sometimes attack or desert him, make queer little attempts at leadership on their own hook. His temper is worn. The majority loves to bait him. He soon falls on evil days and is fallen upon by everybody. It is a hard and thankless job. Mr. Williams takes it almost as easily as f he were sitting on his Yazoo piazza. The secret of his success is his perfect temper, his entire self-control. How important this is may be judged from the well-remembered case of Lord Althorp, Chancellor of the Exchequer and leader of the House of Commons in Earl Gray's Administration. A rather bovine, completely commonplace person, who hated office; not the least bit of an orator. But his temper was so sweet, his politeness so unvarying, his good nature so irresistible, his honesty so great, that probably the reformed House of Commons has never had another leader so popular or with such ungrudged power over it. Lord Althorp had little talent; Mr. Williams has much talent and adds to it the qualities which stood the Englishman in so good stead. Mr. Williams—and hardly another Democrat in the House—can pursue the Republicans vigourously and constantly without losing his temper. The wheels of his Olympian chariot "never catch fire," as Mr. Sumner said, whose own axles smoked frequently. The debater that boils over is lost. Mr. Williams never loses himself. He gives heartily and takes smilingly, like a good gentleman boxer. Often he jabs his opponent until the latter forgets himself and rages. Then does Mr. Williams, imperturbable, poke the bright snickersnee into his adversary's ribs. Scholar, student, philosopher, man of many universities as he is, he finds ridicule his most effective and dreaded weapon.

He has none of the old-fashioned, set-speech, humble-in-the-face, "Good-God, Mr. Speaker" rhetorical fire-and-bubdub manner. He speaks with a slow, Southern accent, in a conversational tone. His voice is audible, without effort, throughout the chamber. His enunciation is admirably clear. His sole gesture is an occasional movement of the right hand outward and away to the side. Even in making his strongest points he doesn't try to tear a cat. If his voice has been raised a little, it soon drops into its even, easy pitch. If he is making a speech of any length, he lays down his proposition, lawyer-fashion, considers his every argument from every side; advances, orderly and logically, from subject to subject. His English is plain, simple, excellent, without ornament, apparently instinctive, the immediate record of his thought. His sentences are complete and symmetrical.

He seldom speaks long. Somebody lends him five minutes or seven minutes of time. He can pack as much into those five or seven minutes as anybody in the House. He makes his point clear; illustrates or enforces it, perhaps, with a story that some old fellow in Mississippi who called him "John" has told him; turns the laugh against the Republicans, reads a bit of doggerel, effective for his purpose, and often his own composition. To tell the truth, if he had permitted his intellect to the manufacture of serious instead of comic verse he might have been as bad a poet as John Quincy Adams.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The House likes to be amused. It doesn't require the highest genius to amuse it. Every Congress, Parliament, or Convention likes to turn from its sober work and laugh like a pack of boys. Mr. Williams has an inexhaustible treasury of anecdotes for his private hours; and he uses them in the House only when they are better than any other weapon. He has a thorough comprehension of the mental state of the House. He understands the House and it understands him. He reads its mood instantly. He never bores it. Follow him through the pages of the *Congressional Record,* and you will see how constant and yet unobtrusive his leadership is, and with what variety of attack and defence he has proceeded. As a rule, he prefers quick, sharp work. He does not monopolise. He accepts one gratefully and eagerly. He has breathed into the Democrats of the House a spirit of discipline, of common intention, breaking down occasionally, it is true, but breaking down as to details rather than cardinal policies. Watchful as to all the business of the House, seldom missing a point; gracefully admitting mistakes when he makes them; appealing sometimes to his colleagues for information which, one cannot help suspecting, he already has; alternating from grave to gay, he has kept his party well in hand; and steadily, with every argument of solid statistics or chaffing banter, he has insisted upon tariff revision and reciprocity. The Democrats have only to look to the Senate Chamber to see what can be done in the way of discrediting and disuniting their party. In the House, thanks in part to a Representative's head being less sublime and impenetrable than a Senator's, thanks in no small part to the personal charm and force of John Sharp Williams, they have done much better work and are in a much better condition; and people are much better satisfied with them. "We are not idiots," Mr. Williams said last winter. Too wide an extension should not be given to a crank, which might be regarded as a paradox. Mr. Williams was speaking of the House only.

Mr. Williams is a frank, approachable man. He uses no buskins or stilts, surrounds himself with no mystery, puts on no airs. He has learned much and is learning more. In parliamentary law, for instance, he is inferior to Mr. De Armond, of Missouri, and perhaps to some other Democratic Representatives. But no other Democratic member has in the same degree that union of qualities that the post of minority leader demands. He is not and does not pretend to be "a great man." He is modest and he is rather lazy, as a "lawmaker" has the right to be. But there is something large, competent, adaptable about him. He has been in Congress only eleven years. He has been a "national figure" only a few months. There is no more promising, as there is no more amiable, man in Congress.

Edward M. Kingsbury.

STARTING A MAGAZINE.

GOING to start a magazine, eh? Monthly, weekly, quarterly, or annual? There is not a magazine man in the United States to-day who would hesitate to advise, "Don't do it!" The field is full. There are more magazines than people can read, and were it not for the advertising three-fourths of them would go into bankruptcy. Yet there are people who have a sort of ineradicable craze for printers' ink, and think they can make a fortune at any time by spreading a lot of it on white paper.

Two young men, chock full of originality, started a weekly magazine in New York fifteen years ago. One was a subeditor on a metropolitan daily, with duties that kept him more or less busy from 6 p.m. to 2 a.m. six nights a week. He had a salary of $35 a week. His partner was a civil engineer with a literary leaning, who, having saved up $3,500 through railroad and contract work, believed he could invest it in a magazine and make a great fortune, with some fame annexed.

After much discussion a name was decided upon—the *New York Gazette.* It sounded well. They did not know

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that there had been other *New York Gazettes* in the course of a century and a quarter; it was sufficient to them to know that none existed at that particular moment. They paid an old engraver in Ann Street $25 to make a wood-cut of the title, and then had it electrotyped and some impressions taken to see how it showed up. They thought it grand, and proceeded.

The next thing was to make terms with a printer in Chambers Street, who talked to them a long time and learnedly of ems and other things common among typos. Having agreed upon a price for composition, they found a press in William Street where the *Gazette* could be struck off and bound. The prices were higher than other magazines paid, but our editors were uninitiated and did not realize that the typesetter and the pressman might be in cahoot.

An office was rented in Nassau Street at $300 a year, payable monthly in advance, and in it were installed two chairs, a desk, a big table, scissors, paste pot, brush, wrappers, pens, ink, pins, and other editorial paraphernalia. Contracts were made for so many reams of paper from a house in Beekman Street, with a sliding scale of prices, each increase of 100,000 copies in circulation to be met by a reduction of a fraction of a cent a pound.

It was decided to make the price of the *Gazette* 5 cents a single copy, $2.50 a year—in advance; $1.50 for six months; agents wanted everywhere! A printer's proof of the imprint was much liked: "NEW YORK GAZETTE. A Weekly Magazine of Stainless Fiction designed particularly for the family circle. THE GAZETTE is the only periodical in the world in which the interests of the subscribers are identical with those of the publishers. Send six cents in stamps for sample copy. Positively NO FREE LIST. Rejected manuscripts will not be returned unless accompanied by sufficient postage."

An account was opened in the National Park Bank, a check-book was laid in, with bill-heads, letter-heads, receipt forms, etc., and everything was ready except the letter press. That was to be *aut scissors aut nullus*. A truck load of bound volumes of ancient magazines was bought at a junk shop in Ann Street, and from the International News Company armfulls of English story papers were obtained.

Pigott, the engineer and capitalist, nominated himself business manager, office boy, "writer and paster," bookkeeper, messenger, office cat, printer's devil and assistant editor. Patterson, the newspaper man, was duly appointed editor-in-chief. He continued his labours on the *Morning Trial* (a fictitious name), and contributed as much of his salary as he could spare to the general fund. He got out of bed every day at 10 o'clock and worked all the afternoon for the *Gazette*, selecting stories from the old magazines and British periodicals, rewriting them and dressing them up with a local flavour of contemporaneous human interest and with just enough of colour to escape the charge of being "yellow." At night, every minute he could steal from his desk was devoted to the *Gazette*. If copy was slack he would run down to the office of the weekly and do a little hurried editing.

In a week the dummy was ready for the printer and the forms were made up for the pressman. It was a critical moment. How many copies should they print? Question!

The business manager, Pigott, had spent many hours with Patrick Farrelly of the American News Company, and his assistant, Mr. Carr, and finally obtained an order for 8,000 copies of the *Gazette*, at two and one-half cents a copy. Eight thousand copies as a starter! The boys nearly danced for joy. They took a drink of cider and went to work like steam hoisting engines.

Pigott started out for advertisements, but didn't understand the business very well, so a man was hired. He turned out to be the "King of Green Goods Men," the celebrated Edward Bechtoldt, who used to be a bartender in the Astor House. There never was a cleverer fellow in the world, nor one so plausible or specious. He kept all the post-office inspectors on the run for ten years, and finally settled down in honest business. He lasted with the *Gazette* three days.

Then Pigott found just the right man, a one-armed preacher from New Jersey—tall, commanding, of fine presence and a way with him. He signed himself "A. Stryker." He was employed at a commission of 25 per cent. on all advertise-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ments, one-half to be paid on receipt of the ad. and the other when the bill was collected. Mr. Stryker was a gem. For the first copy of the *Gazette* he got no less than eight striking ads.—tooth tablets, complexion wafers, "good news to ladies," hair vigour, electric corsets, "I cure corns," "health, strength and energy," and blood poison. They made two pages, and Stryker received cheques to the amount of $120, or the half of his full commission. Some of the "ads." were to run four weeks, some three months.

One appreciative advertising agent for great houses took the entire back page. There was no cover on the first three or four numbers. An insurance company took half of the first page. Things looked like a boom in Kansas in corn time. The baby was born full of clever fiction, skits, jokes, wit, philosophy, home chat, a couple of pages of fatherly editorials, and an "extraordinary announcement" by Editor Patterson to this effect:

THE MOST LIBERAL AND ATTRACTIVE OFFER EVER MADE.

The New York Gazette is the only periodical in which the interests of the subscribers are identical with those of the publishers.

The principal object of the publishers of THE GAZETTE is to encourage people of small means to become personally interested in the conduct of a weekly story paper. If a well-established paper is a gold mine, as a certain writer has remarked, there is no reason why capitalists should have all the nuggets.

OUR SPECIAL OFFER.

On the first day of every month in 1888, beginning February 1, THE GAZETTE will issue 500 PROFIT CERTIFICATES, each entitling the holder to *one year's subscription* and a *share* of the *profits* earned by the paper in the *six months* following the date of purchase.

Holders of these certificates become silent partners in the ownership of THE GAZETTE, and draw *three dividends*, one every two months. The certificates are provided with coupons, each of which is good for a proportional part of the bi-monthly dividend.

The price of one PROFIT CERTIFICATE is $3 (*which includes one year's subscription*). Any person or club desiring six certificates may have them for $15; but it must be understood that *not more than six* will be made out in the name of a *single subscriber*.

WHERE THE PROFITS COME FROM.

THREE-FOURTHS *of the net profits on all copies of* THE GAZETTE *sold otherwise than by annual subscription direct to the office of the publishers are to be divided among the certificate holders.*

THE GAZETTE is sold by news dealers throughout the Union. If the sale reaches 50,000 copies this would represent a net profit of at least $600 A WEEK, or more than $15,000 FOR SIX MONTHS. THREE-FOURTHS of this sum—$11,250—is the property of the certificate holders, and will be divided among them according to the number of coupons presented by each.

Of course it is plain to every one that should the sales of THE GAZETTE reach 70,000 or 100,000 or 200,000—as it is extremely probable they will do—the sum to be divided among the certificate holders will be VASTLY INCREASED.

EVERY ONE DOING FOR HIMSELF.

Thus it will be to the interest of every certificate holder to do all he can to increase the sales of THE GAZETTE, as by expanding its circulation he *enlarges his own profits.*

The publishers of THE GAZETTE reserve the right to increase the monthly issue of certificates if in their judgment such a step seems advisable.

Scattered here and there through the magazine were such paragraphs as these:

"Just One Word to Parents: Buy a PROFIT CERTIFICATE for your son, explain its nature and let him begin his business career by drawing dividends. Price $3.

"Buy a PROFIT CERTIFICATE for your daughter and let her make her own pin money out of the proceeds. Price $3.

"The demand for the GAZETTE PROFIT CERTIFICATES is so large that persons wishing to avail themselves of our EXCEPTIONALLY LIBERAL offer would do well to send in their applications without delay. Our terms are cash! We cannot undertake to hold back certificates for anybody, as they belong virtually to our subscribers."

Two pages were devoted "To Correspondents," Editor Patterson answering the imaginary questions of unknown victims of initialism. This was regarded as a drawing card. Correspondents were warned: "Please to understand that no replies, under any circumstances, can be sent privately through the mails!"

On the front page was this conceit, appropriated from "Uncle Toby:"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

If it pleases you, then we are happy;
If it does not, it is all our fault,
And you are much of a gentleman, sir.

The name *New York Gazette* was sent to the Librarian of Congress, with a dollar bill, and duly copyrighted. Nine thousand copies of the first number were issued, 8,000 for the American News Company and 1,000 for the mails, sample copies, etc.

Mr. Pearson was Postmaster, and an application was made to him for entry into the mails at the second-class rates of postage—one cent a pound. He asked for a list of subscribers. A list of subscribers!

"But we have only just started; we have no subscribers as yet," Business Manager Pigott informed him.

"The law is that you shall have such a list before you are entitled to the pound rate," firmly announced Mr. Pearson, who from that moment was regarded as the *Gazette's* bitter enemy.

"We will obtain a list of subscribers!" agreed the editor and Pigott. "The whole thing is a fake, anyway. There must be such things for sale. There must be some old broken-down magazine with a list which it will sell cheap."

There were advertisements in sundry "literary" periodicals of "subscription lists" for beginners; so the *Gazette's* proprietors bought one for $50 and sent it to Mr. Pearson, who said that he would immediately communicate with Washington on the subject of entry. In the meantime, pending action, the *Gazette* was to be mailed at the one-cent-a-pound rate to "subscribers."

The American News Company sent its wagons for the 8,000 copies, and there was happiness in the office. Then the "writer and paster" set to work sending out the other 1,000 to "subscribers," and to such as it was hoped might be induced to become friends.

Editor Patterson proceeded with the second number, vol. i. Mr. A. Stryker brought in additional advertisements and got half of his commission in advance. The American News Company ordered 10,000 copies, a leap of 2,000 in one week!

"At that rate of increase we shall soon own an establishment to do all our composition, printing, binding, etc.," said the delighted young men. Everything in sight was a rose except the "temporary" pound rate, and they were confident of having that thorn removed in a very short time.

The "Extraordinary Announcement" in the first number was practically repeated in the second, with embellishments and calls like this:

"Some things you get—By purchasing a profit certificate and aiding us to increase the sales of the GAZETTE:

"You acquire a personal interest in one of the best periodicals published.

"You draw a proportional share of the profits for six months.

"You draw three bi-monthly dividends.

"You get the GAZETTE free for one year.

"YOU GET NO CHROMOS!"

On the 23d page was:

"March Certificates (the first were for February): We have still on hand a few profit certificates of the March issue, drawing bi-monthly dividends for half a year from the first of next month. April Certificates will be ready on March 2. Price $3; six for $15. We cannot undertake to hold back these certificates for any one. First come first served."

This appeared on page 25:

"No Variety Store. We want all our readers to understand that the GAZETTE is not going to give away any job lot of gimcracks or gewgaws, or cheap chromos, in order to boom its circulation. The GAZETTE is a story paper, not a variety store."

Things went along swimmingly. Messrs. Farrelly & Carr, magnates of the A. N. Co., increased the order for the third number to 12,000 copies, another jump of 2,000. Editor Sanderson (or Patterson) thought seriously of resigning his place in the *Morning Trial* and devoting all his time to the *Gazette* but Manager Pigott counseled patience.

A young woman was hired to assist in folding and addressing single copies to "subscribers," and inquiry was made of the janitor touching the rent of an adjoining office. Nothing was heard from the Third Assistant Postmaster General, and Pigott made a trip to Washington to "punch him up." With the help of a United States Senator and three New York Congressmen he succeeded in boarding Mr. Harris in his den; but returned to the office of the *Gazette* without much satisfaction beyond having

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

given him a piece of his mind, and obtaining from him a promise to "look into the matter as soon as it came under his observation."

"We are trying to shut out all new publications," said Mr. Harris. "The mails are terribly overcrowded, and we would like to drop a few thousand worthless publications from the privileges of the pound rates."

On the way back to New York Pigott evolved one of the grandest schemes ever devised for increasing the circulation of a periodical, and the moment he reached the *Gazette* office it was set upon for execution.

Messrs. Farrelly & Carr ordered 14,000 copies of the fourth number, still another leap of 2,000. "We will have a handsome cover put on Vol. I., No. 4," said the boys. It was navy blue, printed in black, and quite the nobbiest thing of the kind that ever flourished on a newsstand. The new scheme was inserted in this number. This editorial announcement explains it:

THE MOST LIBERAL AND ATTRACTIVE OFFER EVER MADE.

The New York Gazette is the only periodical in which the interests of the subscribers are identical with those of the publishers.

In *The Gazette* of February we took especial pains to inform our friends that we did not keep a variety store, and that in subscribing for this magazine they would get no chromos. We meant that and we shall cling to it. But in speaking of chromos we said nothing offensive about landscapes, and we now beg leave to announce that a lucky stroke of fortune has enabled us to offer to the public at large one of the finest prospects in all the world.

This prospect is no less than a landscape in the Land of Flowers—not simply a painting of the land, but a genuine piece of the land itself. A complete description of it is published on pages 30 and 31. Read it.

In plain English, we are giving away to each subscriber a building lot in a new town in Northern Florida, situated only two miles from the famous De Funiak Springs—the Florida Chautauqua—and twenty miles from the Gulf of Mexico.

It is the fashion now to have a winter home in Florida in order to get entirely away from such terrible blizzards as have recently swept over the land dealing death and destruction. And when homes are actually given away, we don't see how any person can conscientiously decline to take one.

To our knowledge there has never been made elsewhere an offer so liberal and attractive as this. We commend it to your careful consideration.

On page 30 a complete plot of the new city was published. The ground cost $350 in cash, or 17 cents a lot, and actually was above water. It was figured out that each lot, delivered to the subscriber, would cost the publishers of the *Gazette* the sum of 25 cents. An arrangement was entered into with a Commissioner for the State of Florida in New York to sign the deeds for 8 cents each. Every legal necessity was complied with. Never was a more honest plan presented.

Page 31 was given over to a complete detailed description of the plan of "GIVING AWAY HOMES IN FLORIDA," 270 feet above the level of the Gulf of Mexico.

Here is the meat of the announcement:

HOW TO SECURE ONE OF THESE HOMES.

A town lot in the heart of this enchanting region may be secured in the following simple manner:

Each person sending us the sum of $2.50—the price of a single subscription—will receive the NEW YORK GAZETTE, post-paid, for one year, and in addition a DEED TO ONE TOWN LOT 30 BY 70 FEET.

Each person or club of two persons sending us $5 will receive TWO COPIES of THE GAZETTE for one year and deeds to TWO ADJOINING TOWN LOTS.

Each person or club of three persons sending us $7.50 will receive THREE COPIES of THE GAZETTE for one year and DEEDS TO THREE ADJOINING TOWN LOTS.

Each person or club of four persons sending us $10 will receive FOUR COPIES of THE GAZETTE for one year, and DEEDS TO FOUR TOWN LOTS, INCLUDING ONE ESPECIALLY DESIRABLE CORNER LOT.

NOTICE.—This extraordinarily liberal offer is made in all fairness and honesty. We mean what we say—no more, no less. Necessarily, such unheard-of inducements to subscribers cannot be held out long, and we hereby warn everybody that the time for securing these free homes in Florida is limited. If you want a home beside the warm waters of the Gulf, you cannot afford to hesitate.

Send your subscriptions to the NEW YORK GAZETTE, 154 Nassau Street, New York, and the number of deeds you wish will be promptly forwarded.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

[*Deeds will invariably be made out in the name of each individual subscriber, unless we receive special directions to the contrary.*]

"How many profit certificates have we sold, Pigott?" asked Sanderson.

"Not one. That scheme of yours is a rank failure, and we might as well confess it. Sometimes the fool public will fight shy of dividends and profits when they come too easy."

"Well, maybe your land swindle will fetch 'em in. Let's work it for all we're worth. Really, old man, it's the biggest card I ever heard of. Pity we can't have the idea patented. Every other magazine in the country will be giving away homes in some part of the land."

The land scheme "caught on" quickly, and subscriptions began to pour into the office of the *Gazette*. A man in Ohio wrote:

Gentlemen: Kindly put me down for two subscriptions and two lots. If you will name a street after me I will take 10 subscriptions and as many lots.

A woman in Indiana wrote:

Gentlemen of The Gazette: I see that you have not yet given a name to your new Florida city. If you will name the place for me I will take 100 subscriptions and 100 lots, and I think I could induce 1,000 persons to subscribe. My name is Ella Betts. Leave off the *s* and call it Ellabett, which is quite pretty, I think.

As fast as subscriptions came in deeds were mailed. Things began to hum. The next order from the American News Company was 16,000 copies. "Still bounding along!" cried the publishers.

Up to this time the news company had made no report of sales, and as the drain upon the resources of the publishers was continuous, a query was decided upon. Pigott had a long and pleasant chat with Messrs. Farrelly and Carr, who promised a statement forthwith. They had simply been waiting to hear from their most distant agents, some as far west as San Francisco. Those nearer home had been heard from already.

Singularly enough the Post Office Department kept quiet. Under the "temporary permit" the *Gazette* still flourished at pound rates. But—so long as the American News Company continued to increase orders, what was the use of worrying?

One Wednesday morning a truckman entered the office of the *Gazette*, took off his cap and drew from the lining a paper. "American News Company," was all he said.

"Too early," said Pigott, genially. "Our next number is out to-morrow. You are just a day ahead."

"I didn't come for anything; I've got a load of magazines for you on the truck outside."

"Magazines? For us? What are they?"

"Don't the paper tell?"

"Let's see. Oh, yes; it says returns. Returns of what? Not political returns, surely. We've nothing to do with the election. 'Returns, 22,435.' Must be some mistake."

"Better come take a look, Mister," grumbled the truckman.

"Of course. I want to look into the matter."

One of the biggest trucks he ever saw stood in front of the door, loaded to the guards with unsold copies of the *Gazette*. A crowd stood around. It was the worst moment of Pigott's life.

"Say, Mister, what shall I do with these things?"

"Why—er—take 'em into the office, of course. Use the elevator."

There were only two elevators, and one of them was occupied for three and a half hours carrying up the "RETURNS." Pigott did his best to look cheerful; he also did his utmost to hide. He kept repeating to himself—"Returns, 22,435."

At last they were all inside, and Pigott banged and locked the door as if he were trying to keep out the wrath to come. There were enormous lines and piles of them all over the office. He threw off his coat and set to work ranging them along the wall. He did not want Editor Sanderson to see them in so great stacks, and every bundle was packed into the smallest possible space against the wainscoting.

The door opened and in stepped Sanderson, jauntily, and with the air of a prince just come into a kingdom. Seeing Pigott all flushed and sweating, he said: "Working too hard, old man. Better let up. Why don't you make the printers ship those things directly over to the News Company instead of stacking them up here? It would save cart-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

age, which is something. Fourteen thousand copies, eh? Do you know, Pigott, we have made wonderful progress? We haven't advertised at all. The thing has just pushed itself along by pure merit. I propose we put an ad. in the *Morning Trial,* or, better yet, in the weekly edition, which has a circulation of 250,000 copies. We'll streak it clean across the last page in two-inch letters —'Unparalleled Achievement; *New York Gazette.*' That's all. Being on the paper I can save us 20 per cent. on the advertising rates, which is something. What do you say?"

"All right! All right! Anything you say goes."

"You needn't be so snappish. I am asking advice."

"I agree. Let's advertise—let's do anything—something—everything."

"Why, Pigott, what's the matter? There's something wrong."

"The—the *returns!* RETURNS! RETURNS!"

"But, my dear fellow—"

"Returns—22,435!"

"Oh! I see. These things banked up against the wall are the unsold copies. Ah! I'm glad to get some accounting from the American News Company. They have been pretty slow. Now, let's do a little careful figuring. Nothing like knowing how we stand. We have sold to Messrs. Farrelly and Carr, all told, not counting the present issue of 16,000 copies, yet to be delivered, 44,000 copies of the *Gazette.* At 2½ cents a copy that means a neat sum of $1,100 owing to us. The ads. amount to $780, but they won't be due for a couple of months yet. How about the subscriptions, old man?"

"We have received only 34 so far."

"Better than none. That makes $85. Every little helps. Now, we are to the good just $1,965. What has the thing cost up to date?"

"Twenty-six hundred and forty dollars."

"That leaves us in debt just $675. Great Jupiter! We are elected. It cost the ——— people $230,000 before they saw daylight. We have the full noontide with us as soon as we send over the current issue of 16,000 copies. That will make $400, leaving us only $275 behind. We will make that up on the next issue. I assume you have received some new advertisements from Stryker."

"Four new ones, to run a quarter; $324."

"How much have we paid Stryker altogether?"

"Half his commission—$238."

"Then we owe him $238."

"When the bills are paid."

"And these bills are due?"

"Some in a day or two—the rest at the end of the quarter, or three months; that is, next April 28th."

"And this is February 25th. Good enough. We are GOING TO MAKE THIS THE SUCCESS OF OUR LIVES."

"But you haven't deducted the RETURNS."

"Oh, no; I had forgotten. How many are there?"

"Exactly 22,435."

"Well, deduct them from 60,000 and that leaves the American News Company owing us for 37,565 copies, which at 2½ cents means $931.12. My dear old man, I'm DELIGHTED! We're on top. We are ELECTED!"

The two went to Nash & Crook's and had a portion each of corned beef hash, with a poached egg on top. That was a *Gazette* luxury.

"I believe I'll resign to-morrow," suddenly ejaculated Editor Sanderson.

"What for?" asked Pigott.

"Well, we can make this thing go just twice as fast if I devote my entire time to it. No man can serve two masters."

"Better stay with the *Morning Trial* until we see daylight."

"We do see it. I'm perfectly satisfied with the prospects. We are the pioneers of five-cent weekly magazines. We are meeting a want, and a big one. With a little more publicity we shall have $100,000 worth of advertising a year, all clean profit. I can name half a dozen monthly magazines that we'll ruin in short order."

They went back to the office of the *Gazette* and found in the letter-box the following communication:

Post Office, New York, N. Y.
First Division, Auditor's Office.
January 31, 1888.

Publishers New York Gazette, City:

SIR—I have to inform you that the Department has decided that the *New York Gazette* is not entitled to admission into the mails at the second-class rate of postage. It is ex-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cluded under sec. 332, page 140, P. L. & R., being regarded as a publication published at a nominal rate of subscription.

Very respectfully,
HENRY G. PEARSON.

"That kills us," said Pigott.

"It does NOT!" said Sanderson. "We'll go to Washington and fight it out. We have some influence. Of course we cannot continue to publish and pay eight cents a pound postage, or a cent a copy. Go to Washington to-night and see some of our friends."

Pigott had a long talk with Third Assistant Postmaster General Harris, without making a point. He then called upon "Sunset" Cox. Nothing doing, as they say in Deveryland. Cox was temporary Speaker of the House, and cared not to trouble himself about constituents. A United States Senator with a pull was seen; he could do nothing. That is, he WOULD do nothing more than give a perfunctory letter of introduction to the only Henry R. Harris, Third Assistant P.M.G. Harris sent Pigott to a Mr. Kelly, Kelly sent him to a Mr. Fontaine, and Fontaine said—"abandon hope."

Pigott wasted two weeks among the elect and the elected without gaining a point, and returned to the office of *The Gazette* with a long, blue face.

"We are undone," he reported to Editor Sanderson. "We have been killed by that idiotic land scheme of mine."

Sanderson let out an Indian war-whoop. "Oh, my profit certificate!" he yelled. "You have been landed by LAND."

"Don't make fun. This is serious business. We have $356 in bank. The entire Government is against us. Did you ever hear of the Webster land swindle?"

"Assuredly not."

"Well, it is a recent thing. At the mouth of the Suwanee River, of which the divine Patti has sung so much, a lot of scoundrels sold many acres of land under several feet of water at low tide. People all over the country invested, believing, of course, they were buying upland, and when the fraud was discovered there was much trouble. This became known far and wide as the Webster Land Swindle. It is fresh in the mind of the Third Assistant Postmaster General, Mr. Henry R. Harris, and our purchase of land in Florida has led him to the conclusion that we are doing a Webster land business. If we had postponed the publication of our town-lot chromo scheme a week longer we would have been admitted to the mails at the pound rate. As it is, we are dead. Nobody can save us."

"Well, don't be down in the mouth. We still have the American News Company. That institution isn't afraid of a thousand Third Assistants to the P.M.G. It can use freight or express. It is not dependent on the mails."

There was a knock at the door.

"American News Company," said the truckman who entered.

Pigott gasped. Sanderson watched in silence as the man took from the lining of his cap a paper.

"RETURNS!" breathed Pigott.

"That's it," said the truckman, cheerily. He did not appreciate the tragedy of the situation. Nor did Sanderson for the moment.

"How—how many?" ventured the business manager—writer and paster.

His hand trembled as he glanced at the paper.

"What! Returns, 17,564!" He pulled himself together like a hero and said, calmly, "Bring 'em up."

He figured a little while on a note-head and whispered to Editor Sanderson: "That makes 39,999 unsold copies out of 60,000 published!"

Sanderson figured and replied: "Well, we aren't dead yet, old man. That leaves the American News Company owing us for 20,001 copies, which at 2 1-2 cents means net cash of $500.02."

The postman leaves a letter from the American News Company, in which Mr. Carr says: "Gentlemen: Please let us have 3,000 copies of your next issue."

Pigott looks at Sanderson; Sanderson stares at Pigott.

"Well?"

Both said it. The drop of 13,000 in the order from the 16,000 of the current issue looked desperate.

"This is a knock down," said Pigott.

"Never say die. We'll pull through yet, see if we don't. They say a cat has nine lives."

"Not after it's dead. Our cat is dead."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

They went out to a cheap table d'hôte and had a bite of something, which made them feel no better.

"We'll postpone the next issue," said Pigott, "until we have an understanding with the American News Company. Perhaps they will return every copy published. We must know if they have sold any. I shall go over and see."

The result was eminently unsatisfactory. The returns were coming in from all parts of the country; Messrs. Farrelly and Carr could offer no encouragement; they had put the magazine on newsstands all over the United States, and nobody seemed to care to buy it. They could not tell exactly when all the returns would be in; probably in three or four weeks from the date of the last issue. If the demand did not increase they would have to reduce their order from week to week.

"You must see the inevitable," Pigott informed Sanderson. "We are about out of money. We can't borrow any. We have no resources. We have sunk over $3600, and haven't a thing to show for it. I tremble every time the door opens: There it is NOW. I'll wager it's more RETURNS!"

He was right. Another truck load, this time 15,220. They were piled six deep against the wall and as high as a man could reach. There was hardly room enough to turn around.

"This leaves the American News Company owing us for 4,781 copies," Pigott said slowly and solemnly. "That is, they owe us $119. I expect to see more RETURNS before this tragedy-comedy is ended, that will put us in their debt. Then where will we stand?"

It was a sad and gloomy night. On the following morning Pigott said, bravely: "I'm going out to try to collect some money. There are several hundred dollars due us for advertising to-day. I wonder where Stryker is. I'd like to take him along. He hasn't been around in over a week. He used to drop in every day. I hope he isn't ill."

At five o'clock the partners met in the office of the *Gazette*. Sanderson read a chapter of disappointment in Pigott's face.

"No luck, old fel?"

"The worst imaginable. I have been to seven of our advertisers whose bills are due to-day."

"And they won't pay?"

"There are no such people in existence."

"WHAT!"

"We have been swindled by as shrewd a scoundrel as ever lived. The 'ads' we published are fakes. There are no individuals or firms to be found at the addresses given."

"Can this be possible?"

"It not only CAN be; it is. There is not a bona fide advertisement in the magazine besides the three I got myself. Stryker disappeared at the right moment. He has filled up three or four pages with bogus stuff and drawn $238 in commissions. I shall try to find the villain and send him up for ten years. This is the last straw. The camel's back is broken. I move we quit."

"Looks perfectly black, doesn't it?"

"That blackguard keeps on hand a stock of old cuts which he works off on such idiots as we are—too green to live in a city. We are a couple of clodhoppers. We ought to be chained to a pair of brogans and sucker corn for a living. We are broke now for fair."

"What shall we do?"

"Liquidate at once. Throw up the lease of this room immediately. Notify the agent. Sell our RETURNS—bless 'em!—for old junk. There's a firm in Ann Street that gives one-quarter of a cent a pound. We must have a million pounds—judging by the looks of things. I shall proceed to refund every dollar we have received in subscriptions and for land lots; and I shall pay the American News Company its bill in full. That will leave me about enough to leave New York on, and I'm going straight West. The game is up. It's a deuced good thing you didn't give up your job on the *Morning Trial*. You won't starve to death, at any rate.

"We have had some experience," Pigott added, trying to smile. "I hope it will not be lost on us. In a year or two we will see the woods full of little five-cent weekly magazines, all making fortunes; and we can look back and say—'We blazed the way!'"

In a week all that was mortal of the *New York Gazette* was a handful of profit certificates and a piece of land in Western Florida. Every account was honorably settled. Pigott is now a rich

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

railroad man in Texas. Sanderson is an author of note. Once a year he rakes up old scores by mailing a small bit of brown-inked paper, covered with scroll work, to Pigott, and on the accompanying piece of note paper says: "My dear Pigott: Buy a profit certificate for your son and let him begin by drawing dividends!"

And Pigott will reply: "My dear Sanderson: How many lots will you take if I'll name the town after you? What are the latest RETURNS?"

Victor Smith.

THE BOOK OF NUMBERS.

A SPRING POEM.

Many a number is noble; and many a number is praised;
Few are the numbers reflecting no glory, deprived of all fame.

Three are the elements; three are the Graces; and three are the Fates.
Four are the seasons; and five are the points of the glittering stars.
Six are the days of creation—and seven the days of the week,
Seven the worthies of legend, and seven the sleepers who slept.
Eight is a double quartet—also eight are the cards of one suit
Used in the games we call euchre, écarté, and Gallic piquet.
Nine are the Muses eternal; and nine are the lives of the cat;
Nine are the souls of the tailors, who make up the soul of a man;
Nine are the boys who play baseball; and nine are points of the law.

Many a number is noble, and many a number is praised:—
Only one number is cherished, and pampered, and flattered, and fed.
This is the greatest of numbers, and yet 'tis the least of them all.
One is this number, the mightiest. Every man thinks of himself.
Selfish we are for the most part, and greedy, and passably vain.

Yet in the spring-time, when birds are beginning to mate and to nest,
One is no longer the number we cherish, and flatter, and praise.
Two is the number then. Two is then company; three is a crowd.
Three though the Graces are, also the elements, three is a crowd.
Seeking for sympathy, two is the number we wish for and want.
One is but loneliness then in a wilderness. One would be two.

Many a number is noble; and many a number is praised;
Few are the numbers reflecting no glory, deprived of all fame.
One is the number we flatter—but two is the number we need.

Arthur Penn.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TWO BOOKS ABOUT PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT.*

NO matter what opinion one may entertain concerning Mr. Roosevelt, either as a man or as a statesman, there is no doubt that his personality is extremely interesting to all of us, especially at the present time. The comparison which has been so often made between the American President and the German Kaiser is a very apt one after certain allowances have been made. Both men are impulsive, impatient of restraint, self-conscious, aggressive, and patriotic. Both are egoists in no bad sense of the word. Both are sincere and at the same time intolerant; and because they both have the defects of their qualities, they excite in many minds an indescribable feeling of irritation. The main difference between them is that the German Kaiser is essentially a genius while Mr. Roosevelt is not. Even his personal friend, Mr. Leupp, makes no such claim for him. In the first chapter of this very interesting book occurs the following statement, which is the frank expression of an unusually sane judgment:

> President Roosevelt is not a genius. He is a man of no extraordinary natural capacity. As author, lawmaker, administrator, huntsman, athlete, soldier, what you will, his record contains nothing that might not have been accomplished by any man of sound physique and good intelligence. Such prestige as he enjoys above his fellows he has acquired partly by hard work and partly by using his mother-wit in his choice of tasks and his method of tackling them. He has simply taken up and completed what others have dropped in discouragement, sought better ways of doing what others have done before, labored always in the open, and remembered that the world moves.

And in another passage, Mr. Leupp records another opinion which is no less candid:

Mr. Roosevelt fairly lives in an atmosphere of superlatives. He will speak of a "perfectly good man with a perfectly honest motive," where all that he intends to say is that the man is well-meaning. He is "delighted" where most of us are pleased. The latest visitor is "just the very man I wanted to see," and "nothing I have heard in a long time has interested me so much" as the passing bit of information.

It is such remarks as these that induce the reader to accept Mr. Leupp's general estimate of the President as being absolutely fair. He does indeed write with rare discretion and discrimination, eschewing all extravagance of eulogy and illustrating all his judgments by the citation of interesting and well-authenticated facts. Few persons have had so good an opportunity of studying Mr. Roosevelt as a public man at such close range; and it is a real tribute to the President that he has inspired in the author of this book so warm and so sincere a friendship. The note of intimacy and the personal touch are everywhere in evidence, and they give to these pages a vitality and a fascination which justify the very wide popularity which the volume has received.

It ought always to be remembered, however, that it is a book by one friend about another, and that there are certain reservations and omissions in it which would not be found in the work of an author who was less hampered by personal considerations. We do not mean by this that Mr. Leupp has intended to mislead his readers; but only that he has desired to present his subject in the most favourable light. For this reason, he has, for example, dealt very charily with Mr. Roosevelt's unprecedented promotion of General Leonard Wood, and has skated rapidly over some very thin ice in his treatment of the President's attitude towards the Addicks scandal in Delaware. His pages on the Booker Washington dinner and the President's negrophilism constitute a piece of special pleading. All the same, the human interest of the whole study is very great;

*The Man Roosevelt. By Francis E. Leupp. Illustrated. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

*Theodore Roosevelt, the Citizen. By Jacob A. Riis. Illustrated. New York: The Outlook Company.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and if the Republican managers are well advised, they will circulate Mr. Leupp's book as a campaign document in the event of the President's nomination, which may be accepted as a moral certainty. Thousands of readers will be convinced by it of Mr. Roosevelt's ideal fitness for the presidency; for they will accept the picture of him given here as being not only interesting and picturesque but as drawn with an impartial hand.

Turning to the book by Mr. Riis, we find in it almost a justification of the charge that is sometimes made against Americans to the effect that they have no sense of humour. It is absolutely certain that Mr. Riis can have none, or if he has, that he kept it in abeyance while turning out so fatuous a piece of writing. The *Evening Post* of this city has cleverly suggested that the book ought to be entitled *Teddy: by Jake,* and the suggestion does, in fact, serve as a complete commentary and criticism. Mr. Riis's subject is surely not the President of the United States. It is just Teddy, *tout court*—at least wherever it is not Jake. For this reason it would have been sure of a warmer welcome had it appeared about a year and a half ago when strenuous Teddyism was for the moment popular. At the present time it is rather *mal àpropos.* The country has become rather weary of Teddyism pure and simple, and is experiencing a reaction in favour of dignity, decorum, and self-control as among the more essential qualities for the Chief Magistrate of the nation. Tree-chopping, bronco-busting, domestic naval reviews for the amusement of the children, unlimited talk about "weaklings" and "my regiment," are just a little out of fashion now. The President and his immediate advisers appear to have recognised this fact, but not so Mr. Riis, who got up steam some time ago and is now tearing along at high pressure, utterly regardless.

The book is a curious *olla* about equally divided in space between Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Riis—*seu 'Jake' libentius audit.* In fact, one of the most attractive passages in it refers to a visit which the latter gentleman once made to Chicago where he met one of the local statesmen who wished to do him honour. After "opening wine" for his respected guest, he spoke confidentially in Mr. Riis's ear as follows—giving him thereby the freedom of the city:

"B'y, the town is yours! Take it in. Go where ye like; do with it what ye like. And if ye run up against trouble—ye know, the b'ys will have their little scrap with the police—come to me for bail—any crime! any crime!"

One mystery has been cleared up by these pages and that is the authorship of the remarkable article on Mr. Roosevelt which appeared in the *Review of Reviews* in October, 1900. That whole article was a gem, a rare and wonderful manifestation of a soul without a spark of humour. Perhaps our readers may recall the climax of that article, since we referred to it at the time. This climax is contained in three sentences which we venture to reprint.

One evening at Philadelphia, in June, 1900, when his rooms were crowded with powerful men discussing whether or not his impending nomination for the Vice-Presidency was wise, and while an immense body of cheering paraders crowded the street below, Theodore Roosevelt sat in an inner room, alone, absorbed in reading Thucydides. He was resting.

We are now able to inform the world on the authority of Mr. Riis that the author of this awesome, hushful, and almost too sacred revelation, is Dr. Albert Shaw. The mention of it has evidently put Mr. Riis to his trumps, for he has himself produced something which we hesitate to rank below that other masterpiece. It relates to the time when Mr. Roosevelt was a Police Commissioner in New York. Listen to the *voix émue* of Mr. Riis:

I remember once when I got excited—over some outrage perpetrated upon American missions or students in Turkey, I think. It was in the old days in Mulberry Street, and I wanted to know if our ships could not run the Dardanelles and beard the Turk in his capital.

"Ah," put in Colonel Grant, who was in the Police Board, "but those forts have guns."

"Guns!" said Roosevelt; nothing more. It is impossible to describe the emphasis he put upon the word. But in it I seemed to hear Decatur at Tripoli, Farragut at Mobile. "Guns!"

We think that any comment of ours would grate upon the reader's feelings. He must be left to enjoy so delicious a morsel as this in reverent silence.

H. T. P.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SOME RECENT LANDSCAPES OF AMERICAN PAINTERS.

IN TWO PARTS

PART I.

"YOUR picture," wrote a friend to Constable after visiting an exhibit of contemporary paintings, "is most pleasing when you are directed to look at it; but you must be taken to it. It does not solicit attention; and this I think true of all your pictures, and the real cause of your want of popularity."

But it was precisely against the taste of his day, for the panoramic, the stupendous, and the spectacular in landscape painting that the influence of Constable was directed. In justifying the quiet appeal of his canvases he was fond of quoting that wonderful bit from the Book of Kings: "And a great and strong wind rent the mountains, and brake in pieces the rocks before the Lord; but the Lord was not in the wind: and after the wind an earthquake: and after the earthquake a fire; but the Lord was not in the fire: and after the fire *a still small voice.*"

A glance at the reproductions accompanying this article is sufficient to show that our artists no longer seek for the source of their inspiration in the great and mighty places, in uproar and tempestuousness. Their senses are exquisitely attuned to that which another age passed heedlessly by. No longer do they offer to Nature a distant adoration in her dressy moments only, when she is attired in all the pomp of high peaks, wide vistas, awful ravines, and grim caverns. Today they take her to their heart with all the *sans-gêne* of a life companion, and with all the intimacy, all the comradeship that follows, there is a fervour, a passion, and a thrill that never was approached in the days of formal homage. What is not so apparent, however, in the translation into the less expressive medium of black and white is that we have gone far beyond the mere copy of Nature; that we have reached the art ideal of Diderot, who said that "Beautiful landscapes teach us to know Nature, as a clever portraitist teaches us to know the face of a friend." They do more—to use Constable's phrase—than "make painful studies of individual articles, leaves, rocks, stones, etc." They have arrived at "interpreting the look of Nature altogether under its various changes." They have penetrated even further than that—they paint not only "the look of Nature," but the appeal of Nature, the lyric touch of her presence on the modern soul. "No longer," we are told, "is the subject of a picture the mere natural objects portrayed, but the beauty perceived by the artist." And to reveal this beauty means that our artists must be much more than photographers with the accessory of paint. The mere title of their pictures means less and less. No longer is it a literary handle sending the gallery visitor flying to a dictionary of classical allusion: it but gives the key of the picture as the symphonies of the old masters were given us,—no more. It is not a programme painting, it needs no learning, no reading, unless it be reading in the book of Nature. And it needs perhaps even less than that,—only a temperament that can respond to Nature, awaiting as a silent string the touch to set it into vibration. Some of us are already in tune, at our hearts, just as in the depths of some rare Cremona, lie the harmonies that have thrilled us. Some of us are as Browning put it:

> "made so that we love
> First when we see them painted, things we have passed
> Perhaps a hundred times nor cared to see."

The fact that these paintings are of things we have all passed a hundred times, is immensely significant. It means that the landscape painters of America are painting American landscapes. It means that they went to the stiff little rows of poplars, to the white-capped

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

washerwomen on the banks of the Seine, to the sluggish canals and wide-spreading windmills to master their medium, and that the mastery once obtained they were wise enough to turn their tools on the work that lay to hand. The walls of our galleries give us to-day the wide stretches of Catskill tablelands, the quiet of Maine woods, the tangle of Pennsylvania mountain country, the orchards and barns of Connecticut, the rocky coast of Massachusetts, the irregular inlets of Long Island. And how much better can a man paint the Nature that runs in his blood, the scenes that have entered into the very fibres of his being, the love for which has been handed down from generation to generation. We are not half grateful enough to our painters for giving us American landscapes. For no matter how much an art may owe to the tradition and inspiration of another people, it will never reach greatness until it has swung itself free and achieves a national expression.

And these men that are painting our landscape are true lovers of Nature. They have really planted themselves in the soil: Winter only finds them at their studios in the city, for six and eight and in some cases nine months of the year, they live as close as possible to mother earth. They are buying up farms, building cabins in the woods, discovering new charms: pioneers of a new day, they are conquering with palette and brush as those of other days with axe and plough. They are sincere, honest men, who love life in the open. And because they have "their heart's country for a dwelling" gladly they take small material gain, for they have rewards unknown, undreamed of by those who know only the reward that jingles in the pocket.

Emerson, whose message means so much to us because of the quality in it of our native granite, tells us how Nature rewarded him for his faithfulness:

"Because I was content with these poor fields,
Low, open meads, slender and sluggish streams,
And found a home in haunts which others scorned,
The partial wood-gods overpaid my love,
And granted me the freedom of their state."

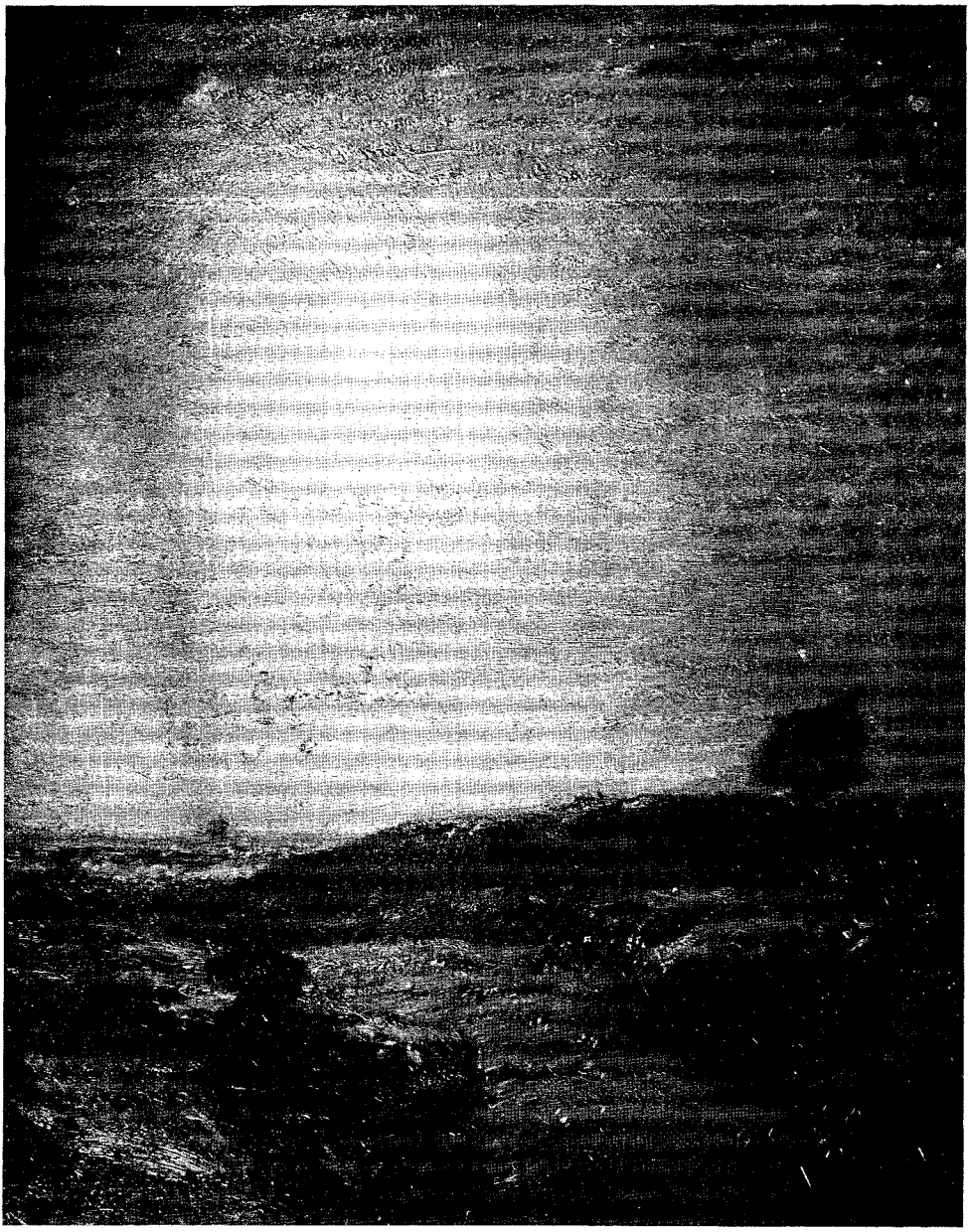
And so the Muse of American Nature has well repaid the faithfulness of her servants. There can be no doubt of the gain in vigour, in importance to us, and is there not also a gain felt in the freedom and grace of the American landscape? There is a peculiar virginal quality in it which comes perhaps of its having escaped the attempt of the eighteenth century to "put all Nature into curl-papers." But we must be careful not to confuse this quality of less measured restraint with that of grandeur or wild sublimity; the time has quite gone by when, in order to be countenanced at all, a landscape painting had to be a strange, turgid jumble of Classic and Chaos.

Painting had to live through that phase, and fight for its right to take as its subject a simple bit of rolling grass with the sunlight playing over it, or some tiny pond quietly baring its bosom to the blue, just as poetry had to fight for its right to sing of quiet dells instead of icy crags, of simple yeomen instead of mighty warriors or moody exiles. And together with the intimate note of our landscape art, its nearness to us of America, it possesses an additional significance and power in its direct appeal to an emotion that not only is felt to-day, but felt with an intensity never before approached. This passion for Nature—perhaps born of its very contrast to the lives most of us are leading, born of hurry and noise, and worn nerves and overburdened shoulders and overstrained brains—we touch it on every side. It lies behind the rush from the cities for breathing times; it lies behind country clubs, and the little white balls rolling over red-flagged meadows, behind the outdoor sports, even behind the puffing, ponderous monster, horror of country roads; behind the crowding of the parks by the plain people, no longer waiting for spring and summer, finding a zest for all seasons; behind the study of Nature in the schools, behind the hundreds of Nature books pouring from the presses,—some of them mere catalogues, skeletons of books, others seizing the charm of Nature with the flash of genius. It colours prose and poetry alike, it gives a new importance to everything out of doors, not alone leaf and tree and flower and sky. but it interprets for us the very moods of the beasts of the forest, the insects of the fields, the birds above and the fish below. It is all summed up by William Morris: "All other moods have been exhausted," says

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

he, "save the new spirit of the new day's delight in the life of the world—the *intense love of the very skin and surface of the earth.*"

Now this new delight of the new day gives a splendid support and promise to the new art of landscape painting—for compared to other forms of painting it is new. It gives to it the power to speak directly to the people. It makes of it an art which has nothing of the esoteric in it, and also nothing of the artificial stimulation that is certain to come with the resurrection of a dead art-form that meant more to an age that is gone than it possibly can to this. However, it may be that history repeats itself, it is certain that emotion does not. A repeated



PASTURE LAND BY MOONLIGHT.
H. W. Ranger.

PRODUCED BY ARTFLZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

emotion runs always the danger of becoming an attenuated one.* For instance, the mandates of a wise and powerful Pope may do much to dignify the choral service of the church; yet does anyone dream that it can mean to this age what it meant to an age that knew no other form of musical expression? A people once lived for whom the Gregorian chant satisfied every aspiration, every passion that sought for expression in music. Its modification, its problems and its beauties were all-sufficient to enthral two centuries of composers. It means to most of us to-day an escape from the hysteria and over-statement of much of our modern music.

In landscape painting we have an art that has the power to stir our pulses, and, besides this incomparable advantage, it is equipped with an adequate instrument of expression, a technique that is mastered sufficiently not to obtrude itself. Therefore, we of to-day may feel ourselves very fortunate: a perfected technique—even an adequate technique—coupled in one art with a living inspiration, is vouchsafed to any people but seldom: seldom enough to make it when it does come as "a pearl of great price."

And now to look about us a bit:

Dessar's "Red Oak" is a strong piece of work, full of the character of the tree. The sheep are handled with an exquiste feeling of subordination. They tone in with the picture as do the grey stones that lie about the pasture. They graze quietly, accurately yet loosely painted. It is a picture that grows as one knows it. There is another painting in his studio, not quite finished when I saw it, with the great, patient oxen draw-

* That is the source of the modern music lover's dislike of the Da Capos so frequently employed by the composers of a less intense age.

DAHLIA, SALVIA, PETUNIA.
By R. W. Vonnoh.

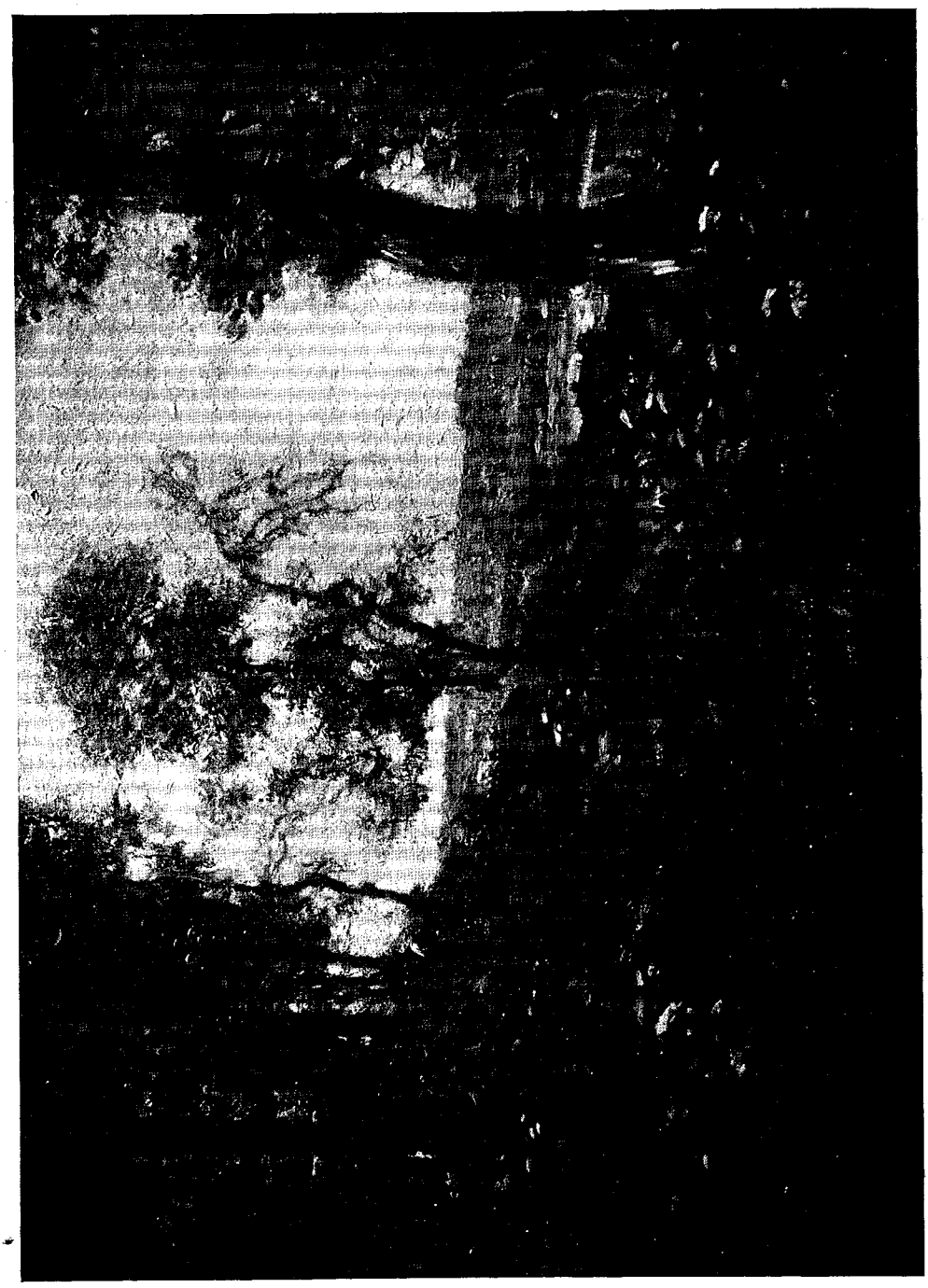
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RED OAK.
By L. P. Dessar.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FROSTY DAWN; THE SETTING MOON.
R. W. Vonnoh.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



SUMMER MORNING.
Charles H. Davis.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing the huge tree-laden sled along the woods—a note that one has grown fond of in the work of Dessar almost to the point of looking for it. There is an elemental breadth in this canvas, a large look on labour, the glory of work in the open. Particularly fine is the bit of sky above the woods, the cold, pale gleam of "the frozen twilight."

In Coffin's small upright, called "Jenner Hill," one feels the slow "unflushing of the sky behind us," while the moon floats quietly in the grey blue heavens with as yet scarcely more light in it than Sill's "ghost that last night was the moon." The ground is rough where the harvesting has taken place and the glow of the west as in Keats's lines:

"Touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue."

In "Flying Point," by Ranger, there is the classical feeling—the dark foreground of trees handled in very much the old English manner, with the open space of light and colour. It is a restful picture, and a great deal of its poetic charm can be felt in the copy of it before us.

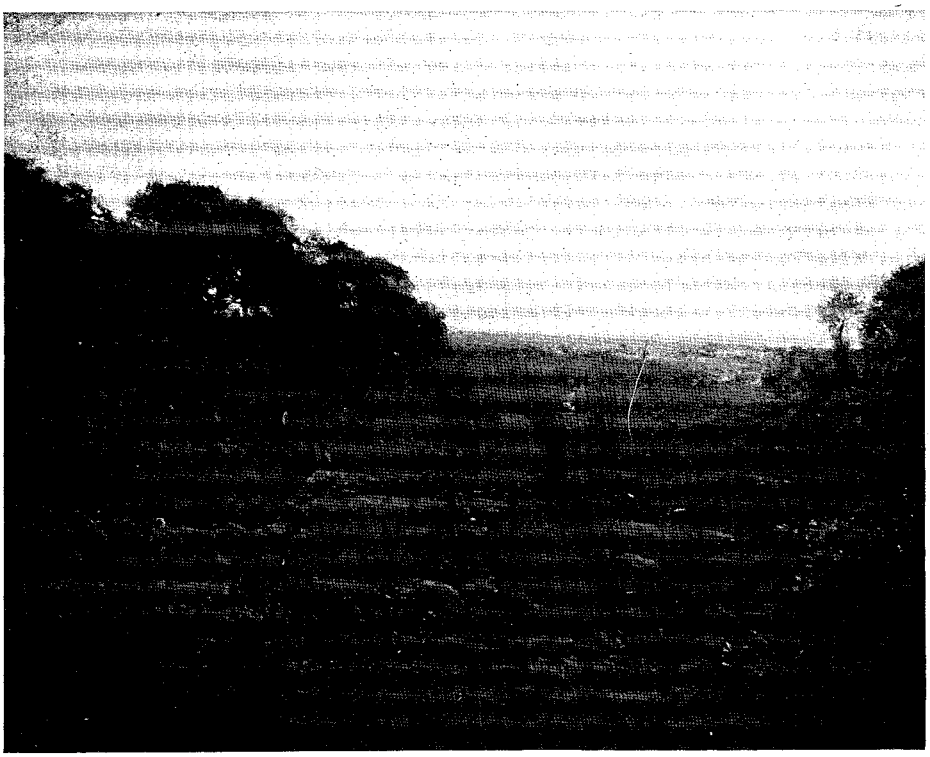
His "Pasture Land by Moonlight" is interesting even in the black and white, but loses cruelly its soft, night colour, its moonlight glow, which made it a favourite of all who visited the recent exhibit of his works.

Mr. Vonnoh's "Dahlia, Salvia, Petunia" escapes from the atmosphere of out-of-door still life which is rightly counted as something different from a true landscape, by its orchard sloping up to a grey sky. One peeps over the top and imagines all sorts of things just beyond. The detail of the foreground, coupled with the power to carry the eye into and beyond the background makes it an interesting composition. And how John Burroughs would delight to see the diary of the seasons so accurately reported by each flower and leaf! The first touch of autumn is in the reddening sumach beyond the orchard and in the iris leaves bare of blossoms. There is a wonderful harmony notwithstanding

FLYING POINT.
H. W. Ranger.

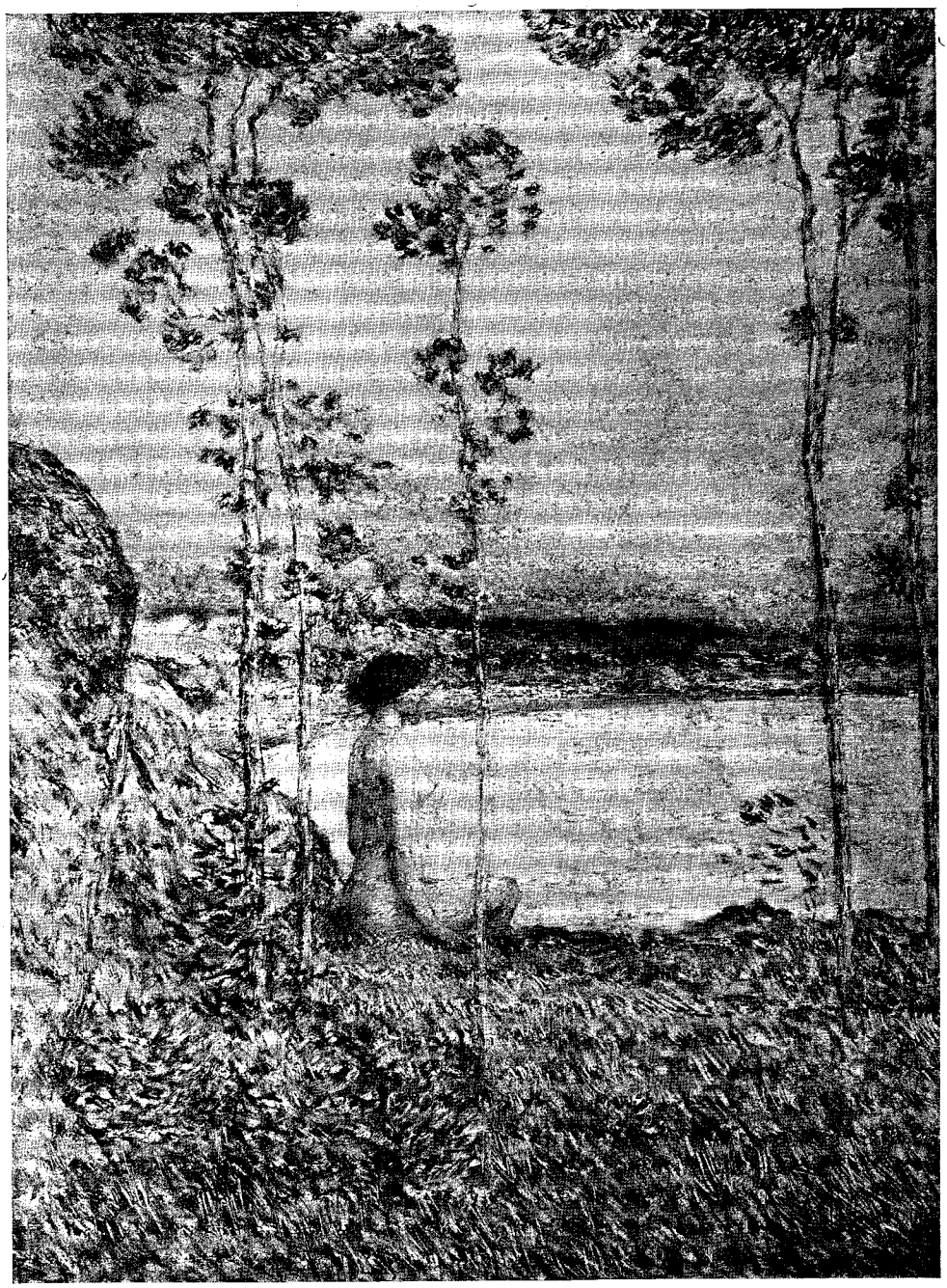
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SUMMER BREEZE.
By Charles H. Davis.



THE ROAD TO THE WEST.
By Charles H. Davis.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



MOONRISE AT SUNSET.
By Childe Hassam.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

all the riot of colour in this old-fashioned flower garden—a garden reminding us of Milton's

"Flowers * * * which not nice Art
In beds and curious knots, but Nature's boon
Poured forth profuse on hill and dale and plain
* * * * *
for Nature here
Wantoned as in her prime, and played at will
Her virgin fancies, pouring forth at will more sweet,
Wild above rule or art."

His "Frosty Dawn: the Setting Moon" is full of the sense of Shelley's

"The widening morn."

The moon pale from its night's exertion sinks softly behind the great chestnut. It expresses perfectly those lines from Thomson:

"The cool, the fragrant and the silent hour."

The more exquisite, the more delicate the colour of a painting the more it seems to approach positive brutality to attempt a black and white reproduction. To look at Hassam's canvas called "Moonrise at Sunset," is to think of Christina Rosetti's

"The paling roses of a cloud,"

so evanescent seems the rosy light in which the picture is bathed. One draws one's breath in fear that the picture will vanish even as vanished the beauty of the hour it celebrates. The hour when evening's "misty tide

goes swelling on
In slow and silent, dim and deepening waves."

The wild rapture of sunset has passed and the eastern sky is just infused with the faintest echo of a rosy glow. The moon is like a delicate rose petal in the sky; while the water reflects the lovely coolness of the zenith. The little figure seated at the edge of the water is painted with the landscape feeling,—a lovely surface to reflect the rosy light. She is there as a frank pagan, to tell no story, unless it be that on her spirit

"lies the silence of the earth and sky."

To many men, many charms. The peculiar charm of J. Francis Murphy is

"the touch that bids the sense good bye,
Lifting the spirit at a bound
beyond the frontiers of the eye."

The key of Murphy's canvases is apt to be a minor one. He is fond of painting the autumn where

"Veil'd Melancholy has her sovran shrine."

His painting represents* "Indian Summer," the time of

"sacrament of summer days,"
the "last communion in the haze"—
when "softly through the altered air
Hurries a timid leaf."

His lovely pictures touch our heart with a touch as delicate, as elusive as the wonderful blue hazes clinging to the outskirts of his woods. No one better than he knows how to paint

"The frosty asters like a smoke upon the hills."

And yet there is no cynicism in the sadness, no gloomy brooding; one feels its finer beauty could be captured thus only by one who felt the joy of it all as well as its pain. How far Keats's insight carried him when he wrote in his "Ode to Melancholy"

"Though seen of none save him whose strenuous tongue
Can burst Joy's grape against his palate fine;
His soul shall taste the sadness of her might."

The copy of Charles H. Davis's "Road to the West" can only hint of its beauty. It is considered by the artist his most mature work. The road itself, with its homely "thank-ye-marms," may not appeal to everyone, but there can be no doubt of the charm of the shadowed trees on the knoll, and all will feel the beauty of the sky in its last pearly glimmer just before "Eve lets down her veil." Where the road melts into the distance

"the thin blue smoke lifts lingeringly."

I should have preferred to reproduce the artist's "Spring's Awakening," also shown in the recent exhibit of his works. But the more subtle the appeal, the less it can be caught by anything less than the hand of the painter. In that picture the eye and heart are carried far. It bears "the comfort of wide fields to tired eyes." The slender tree-tops are touched with the first tender reddening of the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

early spring—an exquisite note less often given us than the fresh green of May. He has caught perfectly the spirit of Clinton Scollard's

> "There springeth a fire at the root of growing things;
> There stirreth desire at the heart that awakes and sings."

His "Summer Breeze" fares well in the black and white; it is full of motion, in the great, grey, rain-bellied clouds that sweep across the sky, and in the fitful shadows thrown on the grass. The great, sturdy tree suffers its leaves to turn pale before the breeze, and the two slender young ones bow gracefully before it. A large part of his work has the note of joy and accomplishment in it. It is his conviction that the expression of joy is the greatest expression in art, provided that it be not simply an unthinking joy. It must have at its heart knowledge and experience, even sorrow, to reach the perfect joy of understanding. His work may be viewed in this light as the antithesis of that of J. Francis Murphy, who, as I said above, expresses the sorrow of him who has tasted joy. Davis expresses the joy of him who has tasted sorrow.

(To be Concluded.)

RECENT VOLUMES OF VERSE.*

WE have before us some fifty or sixty volumes of miscellaneous verse, and the very fact that so much verse has lately been written and published is undoubtedly significant. But of just what it is significant we confess that we do not know. Perhaps it proves that Mr. Oscar Lovell Triggs is wrong and that the soul of the people, even in these material days, still turns to the sacred fount of poetry for refreshment and inspiration. Perhaps, on the other hand, it merely proves that many publishers are good-natured and are willing to take a gambler's chance in literary ventures which after all do not involve more than a moderate risk. Whatever be the explanation, the pile of poetry books which confronts us must be accepted as an impressive concrete fact. We should like to be able to review every one of them; but this is manifestly quite impossible, and therefore we shall select a few as collectively representing all the rest, though we may, in the course of the next few months, find space to speak of others.

The volume by Professor Woodberry contains all the verse that he has ever written, with a single exception, and therefore as he says, "represents the passing of many years." Mr. Woodberry views poetry, as indeed he views every form of literary effort, with a seriousness which is markedly sincere. In his brief preface he speaks of the art of poetry as "the chief grace of the intellectual life," and into his own lines he has infused his deepest feeling and most elevated thought. We need not consider these poems in detail, since to Mr. Woodberry's admirers they are not wholly new. We merely note the appearance of this volume because it contains all the poems which have heretofore been scattered and not easily accessible. They are instinct with the love of nature and also with the love of country and they show at times an exceptional felicity of expression. Our only regret is that in a collection of poems, which is meant to be one for permanent preservation, Mr. Woodberry should have included one or two occasional efforts that are necessarily of limited and ephemeral interest. Even the best occasional poetry, unless it be written in honour of some great national event, is seldom worthy of preservation.

*Poems. By George Edward Woodberry. New York: The Macmillan Company.

*Poems. By Josephine Daskam. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

*The Eastward Road. By Jeannette Bliss Gillespy. New York: James Pott & Co.

*Cosmos. By Ernest McGaffey. Wausau, Wis.: The Philosopher Press.

*April Twilights. By Willa Sibert Cather. Boston: Richard G. Badger.

*Kings and Queens. By Florence Wilkinson. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co.

*Footprints on the Sand of Time. By Mary S. Baker. Boston: Richard G. Badger.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Most of it should be allowed to die with the memory of the incident which called it forth. We therefore think it unfortunate that such a poem as "To 1903, Columbia," should have been preserved within these covers. The following stanzas from it we venture to select without making any specific criticism upon them, because that, we think, would be superfluous, and simply as an illustration of how ill-advised a thing it is to perpetuate this sort of verse:

"I taught you the ways of life, as poets teach;
Scott, Shelley, Tennyson you heard me preach;
Yet most through my own heart to your hearts I reach.

I taught you Shakespeare next, the infinite brain,—
Romeo, Hamlet, Lear,—our life of pain;
And by my art I turned this woe to gain.

I taught you Plato in his masterhood,
Who, loving beauty, found thereby the good;
Yet in myself nearer to you I stood;

And more received, giving my brain and heart
From whose exhausted springs new fountains start,
Because you made your lives of mine a part."

. . . . . .

"Not unto me be praise; the praise not mine;
Praise ye the poets dead, and power divine
Whence they had strength; pray God their strength be thine!"

And the following stanza descends to the frankly *banal:*

"O, why recall what was to me most dear,
The Crown, where duly, year by shining year,
The best Americans received our cheer?"

It will be noted even in these quotations that Mr. Woodberry shows a fondness for a metrical freedom which leaps over the strict limitation of the conventional prosody of English. One who writes a good deal of lyrical poetry is apt to cultivate this tendency even to the point of making what can only be described as *vers libres.* Tennyson did this in his later years; yet even in the hands of that great master of rhythm and cadence the irregular line is often disquieting. It gives the reader unnecessary shocks, and sometimes compels him to go back and begin again precisely like one who has miscalculated his distance in a running leap. The *vers libre* in French is pardonable enough; because the conventional French prosody is so rigid as to justify a natural reaction. But not so in English, where there is surely sufficient freedom to allow the expression of every emotion and of the boldest impetuosity without breaking the back of our whole metrical system. Of course, if in English one writes nothing but *vers libres* and boldly flings away all restraint whatever, the thing is quite admissible and may be even very fine; but to interject a lawlessly irregular line in a normal series is almost an impertinence. The best illustration of this may be found by comparing Tennyson's *Locksley Hall,* written in perfect accord with the metrical traditions of our poetry, with *Locksley Hall Sixty Years After.* The first poem is exquisite in every line, perfect in its cadences, and sweeping on with a strength that loses nothing because every golden syllable falls into its perfect place without a single jarring movement. The latter, fine though it be in parts, in other parts jolts and quakes like a tumbril driven over cobblestones.

We have never been able to admire without some reservation Miss Josephine Daskam's prose stories. She is almost always clever, but she is also seldom free from the incompleteness of the literary amateur. One feels that perhaps had she been more severely criticised for her defects and not quite so violently over-praised for her merits, her prose would by this time have come to show the precision and sureness of the practised professional writer. From the very first, however, her poems have, in their own sphere, been above criticism. Their finish, their literary technique, are perfect in their way, and Miss Daskam not only says precisely what she wants to say but she says it as she means to say it, with perfect command over her modes of expression. When she finishes a prose story we can imagine her as being conscious that she might have done much better; but each of her poems must have been sent to the press with a feeling that

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

it was exactly what she wished to make it. In this little volume are contained all that she has published heretofore—the exquisite poems for children and those other poems which have charmed her readers of every age. The one entitled "Motherhood" stands by right of superiority on the first page of the book, just as it holds, we are sure, the first place in the admiration of Miss Daskam's readers.

Superior, however, to Miss Daskam is Miss Jeannette Bliss Gillespy, who attempts no sustained flights but whose every poem rings clear as a bell and has a fineness about it which is very rare even in much more pretentious verse. We can best do her justice by a few short quotations from her modest little book which contains only some seventy pages in all. Here is one which is printed without any title but which may be called "Success:"

"O clear-eyed daughter of the gods, thy name?"—
Gravely she answered: "I am called Success."
The house, the lineage, whence thy beauty came?"—
"Failure my sire; my mother, Weariness."

And here is another called "Sophistication:"

"I took the fruit that makes me lord
Of good and evil. In a trice,
At gate of every Paradise,
Stands Knowledge with a flaming sword."

Best of all is the following perfect sonnet:

"Pray that I may not love thee, best-beloved!
Make thou for me the prayer I cannot pray,
That I may go upon my silent way
With heart unshaken and with brow unmoved.
Pray for thyself, that thou mayest not be proved
By pain of love or bend thee to its sway;
Pray that thou love me not, lest thou for aye
Renounce the peace of them that have not loved.

For love is fine and keen and fierce as fire,
Passionate, leaping, beautiful as flame—
A moment's ecstasy, a lifetime's scars;
Leave then to me the anguish of desire,
The longing and unrest beyond a name—
Choose thou the splendid glory of the stars!"

There is more true poetic feeling, more *Geist,* revealed in this little book of Miss Gillespy's than we have found in any other of the volumes which are piled before us.

Mr. Ernest McGaffey's *Cosmos* recalls in its vigour and manliness some of the best of his earlier verses. The poem is a poetical survey of creation from primeval chaos to the millennial supremacy of Truth and Justice and Love as the guiding influences of human life. Miss Florence Wilkinson, in *Kings and Queens,* gives us some child verses that are very pretty, and others the like of which any rhymster could turn out by the yard while half asleep. To this last category belongs the following stanza. It refers to a certain small black dog:

"He has pop eyes that stick right out
And legs too far apart,
But little 'Lizabeth M. Penny
Loves him with all her heart."

Miss Willa Cather writes very well indeed, as may be seen from the following lines, entitled "Prairie Dawn:"

"A crimson fire that vanquishes the stars;
A pungent odor from the dusty sage;
A sudden stirring of the huddled herds;
A breaking of the distant table-lands
Through purple mists ascending, and the flare
Of water ditches silver in the light;
A swift, bright lance hurled low across the world;
A sudden sickness for the hills of home."

In the next poem, however, she begins with this line:

"Can'st thou conjure a vanished morn of spring."

It is obvious that Miss Cather has confounded the pronunciation of "conjure" in one sense with the pronunciation which it bears when used in quite another. Also we might suggest that when writing about the mills of Montmartre it is scarcely necessary to give the reader a foot-note explaining about the Moulin Rouge. Presumably Miss Cather is not writing for persons who need that particular sort of information.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

There is a friendly, home-like *naïveté* about Mrs. Mary Shaw Baker's *Footprints on the Sands of Time,* which rather appeals to us. Mrs. Baker's footprints are brought to our notice in a preface in which the lady tells us a good deal about herself from the time when she went to boarding school "at extremely early age" down to the day when her neighbour, Mrs. Mary Patterson Smith (to whom by the way the volume is dedicated) urged Mrs. Baker not to hide her poetic light under a bushel. Mrs. Mary Patterson Smith seems to be an energetic lady and she took Mrs. Baker in hand in no hesitating spirit. We cannot forego the pleasure of reprinting for our readers Mrs. Baker's narrative of what Mrs. Smith did for her:

She rebuked me for the time I had lost—the opportunities I had recklessly cast aside. I had been many times upbraided by others on this account, but nothing had thoroughly stirred me until she aroused my full sense of responsibility. Returning to my lodging, heart within me said, "Even at the eleventh hour I will make an effort." Still I had no further idea than to write my best and contribute to newspapers. I had no thought of preparing a volume, but the work, very much to my surprise, grew and accumulated. Whatever good arises from it is largely due to Mrs. Smith. Without her encouragement it would never have been written, although at all times and under all circumstances I have been urged to cultivate my gift. I never before realized its importance and value.

Somehow, after we have read the whole preface and have studied the portrait of Mrs. Baker with her bonnet in the frontispiece, we feel quite at home and as though we knew all the folks, including Mrs. Wm. Hamilton, who was another source of suggestion and inspiration to Mrs. Baker. As to the poems themselves—or the footprints, if Mrs. Baker prefers—they show a wide range, covering such varied topics as Cannons, Ships, Grandma's Carpet, the Florist, Woman, Ireland, and Despots. There is also an apostrophe to Woodville, Mississippi, where Mrs. Baker lives. We omit any quotations from Mrs. Baker's verse, because on the whole we prefer the distinctly human touch that makes her prose such pleasant reading. For our part, we wish that the preface could have been extended throughout the whole book, so that we might learn even more about Mrs. Baker and Mrs. Wm. Hamilton and Mrs. Mary Patterson Smith and Woodville, Mississippi. By the way, the book contains—and very properly so—a portrait of Mrs. Smith, and still another one of Charles Herbert Baker. Charles Herbert is about fourteen months old and seems to be doing well. The only serious omission is found in the lack of a picture of Estelle Anna Metzger, a young lady in whose honour a special footprint has been made by Mrs. Baker.

Rafford Pyke.

THE UNITED STATES IN OUR OWN TIME.*

THIS volume of nearly a thousand pages, having for its subtitle the explanatory line "From Reconstruction to Expansion," is an enlargement of a work by the same author, published in 1896, and covering the period from 1870 to 1895. Its aim is to give a condensed yet graphic account of the political and social development of the American Republic during the past thirty-three years.

The conception of such an undertaking as this is very fascinating and the value of it, if rightly executed, must be very great. Formal history is seldom written until the events described have drifted far into the past. Yet what most intelligent men are anxious to understand is not the record of remote events, but rather the meaning of what is happening about them at the present time—the issues of the day, the questions which distract and alter public opinion, and all the special tendencies of the time. Yet where can one find a rational, well-bal-

**The United States in Our Own Time* (1870-1903). By E. Benjamin Andrews. Illustrated. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

anced and dispassionate account of all these things? The truth is that the teaching of history in our schools and colleges begins at the wrong end. Instead of going back to remote antiquity and working down, it would be far better did we begin with our own times and trace the events in which we feel an immediate interest back to their far distant sources. In this way, from the very outset, historical study would have a meaning which to many it does not now possess, and it would, at any rate, give to the present generation a more intelligent understanding of its own concerns. But as things are, we can find hundreds upon hundreds of books that deal with origins for one that even partially explains contemporaneous results. It seems ridiculous that young men and women should spend hours over the career of Attila or the deeds of Friedrich Barbarossa, while they are still quite ignorant of the most significant facts in the recent history of their own country.

Moreover, it is not merely the existing present but the immediate past as to which we need enlightenment. It is odd how soon the events of ten or fifteen years ago become dimmed to the minds even of observant and reflective persons. Only the other day we heard a number of highly educated men asked offhand, by way of a test, a string of questions regarding the occurrences of the last two decades. Not one of these gentlemen could give a connected account, for example, of the charges made against Mr. Blaine, of the so-called Sherman silver legislation, or of our clash with Germany in Samoa; nor could any of them tell even approximately the date of such miscellaneous occurrences as Coxey's march on Washington, President Cleveland's Venezuela message, or the Haymarket affair of the Chicago anarchists. Yet at the time when these things were taking place they had excited a very lively interest in the very persons who were now unable to tell anything definite about them. And the reason is found in the fact that there does not exist an abundance of books containing a continuous and well-balanced narrative of that period of history through which we ourselves have lived. To reconstruct it for our information and for the refreshing of our memories, we are for the most part obliged to resort to year-books, newspaper files, the back numbers of magazines, and chronological data given in books for ready reference. Few persons, however, can afford to give the time necessary for this sort of thing and so they allow their memory of their own times to become obscured. They can at a moment's notice verify any fact that is fifty years old; but concerning the fact that is five or six years old, they must remain uncertain or trust to the hazy recollection of some equally fallacious friend.

The reason for a dearth of the sort of books that we have mentioned is obvious enough. It is so much easier to write about the men and the measures of the past than about those which come so very near the present. To picture the incidents in which living men and women have figured, to discuss the events and the issues which are still subjects of lively controversy, and to do it with perfect impartiality and freedom from prejudice, is a thing so difficult as to be almost impossible. If Mommsen could not write the history of ancient Rome without infusing into it the partisan passions of his own day, if Lord Rosebery could not tell of Napoleon at St. Helena without half-unconsciously making his historical study an attack upon his own political opponents in England, how is one to describe and discuss with anything like fairness the questions which he himself and his contemporaries have fought over and have made subjects of daily controversy? Hence, though it is possible that there are plenty of writers who are quite willing to essay the task, there are few publishers who would deem it advisable to encourage them. And, as a matter of fact, the qualifications necessary for such an undertaking as this are extremely rare. An ideal history of our own time demands a writer who, in the first place, possesses intellectual detachment, who can assume the dispassionate attitude of a judge, and who will not allow this attitude to be disturbed by the fervour of the special pleader. He must put himself entirely outside the strife and turmoil of prejudice. He must, by an exercise of the imagination, thrust everything back at a distance, and with clear, unclouded vision discern that which actually *is*, without reference to what others may have declared it to be and also without reference

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to what he himself in his ordinary moods may think that it ought to be. In the second place, he must have a perfect sense of proportion so as to see things, not as they appear at the moment when they happen—exaggerated into an undue and often absurd importance—but as they will appear fifty or a hundred years hence in their relation to what went before and to what came after. Viewed in this way, the apparently momentous incident which once made the newspapers of a whole continent burst out into flaring headlines will shrink perhaps entirely out of sight; while the occurrence which attracted little notice when it happened will be recognised instinctively as fraught with a significance which it is almost impossible to exaggerate. Finally, the writer of such a book as this ought not merely to be impartial and discriminating, but he should have also enough of the literary instinct to give his narrative an attractive form, and enough knowledge of human nature to make his portraiture of individuals psychologically correct.

It will be seen, then, that the work of Chancellor Andrews attempts to meet a demand which is widespread and very pressing. It remains for us to consider how far the execution of his project is to be regarded as successful. Has he done for the contemporary history of the United States what Justin McCarthy did with such consummate skill for the history of England in his own time? Has he attained both accuracy and impartiality, a sense of just proportion, together with a literary form that is worthy of the subject of his book?

It may be admitted at the outset that Dr. Andrews in his selection of facts exhibits an admirable comprehensiveness. No significant event from 1870 to 1903 (with two exceptions to be noted later) has been overlooked, and a great many minor incidents have been included because they are characteristic of popular feeling or because they throw a special ray of light upon the things that are of more importance. It is a real pleasure to turn over these handsomely printed pages and to find a satisfactory account not only of occurrences which have left a permanent mark upon American history, but also a fairly full description of such casual happenings as the Custer-Grant controversy, Black Friday, the Indiana "soap" campaign, the famous Riggs House interview where Garfield sat on the edge of a bed while Conkling stormed at him for two long hours, the career of Denis Kearney, the operations of "Jake" Sharp, the Morey Letter and its fellow, the Murchison Letter, the passing of Debs, the Lexow investigation, and hundreds of other things about which we all remember something, but with regard to which most of us would have trouble in giving a connected and accurate account. A very complete index furnishes a medium of swift reference as well as of interesting suggestion to the reader. The only serious omissions in this book are its failure to mention The Hague Conference of 1899, memorable to Americans because there, in the presence of the world, our representatives affirmed the doctrine of Monroe; and its silence about the Pekin relief expedition in 1901.

From the point of view of accuracy, the book also deserves an almost unqualified commendation. There are few slips and fewer misstatements such as one finds, for instance, on pages 313-314, where Dr. Andrews makes the remark:

> "Garfield was accused of disreputable connection with the Crédit Mobilier and with the Washington Ring back in the seventies; but nothing worse than indiscretion was proved against him."

This statement is certainly misleading. Garfield, testifying before a Congressional committee, positively denied having received any money whatsoever on account of the Oakes Ames transactions. Soon after, however, a cheque for $329 bearing his endorsement was produced, showing that as a matter of fact his sworn testimony was inaccurate. Moreover, Garfield was one of the Republican members of the House of Representatives who were censured by a majority vote of their own party associates because of their connection with this affair. Some slips may perhaps be typographical in their nature, as for instance the omission of the accent on *Immortalité* (p. 813), and the apparent transference of it to the name of M. Renan on the same page; besides the misspelling of the Spanish name *Cristina* three times on page 806. But all these matters are very trifling and they recall Martial's epigrammatic saying, *aliter non fit liber*.

It is when we come to test Dr. Andrews's sense of proportion that we are

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

compelled to criticise him much more seriously. He is often widely astray, and if we judge by the comparative emphasis and space which he has given to the different topics, we must conclude that his sense of historical perspective is utterly askew. Thus Mr. Cleveland's rather unfortunate "Rebel Flag Order" would appear to have been almost as great an event in Dr. Andrews's mind as the same President's Venezuela message of December 17, 1895, to which scarcely a page is given; while Dr. Parkhurst's vice-hunt in New York was apparently four or five times as important. This slurring over of one of the boldest and most striking acts of an American Executive is perhaps the oddest thing in the whole book. The Venezuela message was the most aggressive assertion of the Monroe Doctrine that has ever been made, and it was also the most audacious. When Mr. Seward, in 1866, notified the French Emperor that he must withdraw his troops from Mexico, this action was far less memorable than President Cleveland's. In 1866, the United States had an immense navy and an army of more than half a million veteran troops instantly available, while the enemy, at whom the blow might have to be directed was at our very borders, surrounded by a hostile population and distant by thousands of miles from the source of its supplies. Moreover, the French Emperor had entered Mexico in contempt of the serious warnings of our government, and in so unfriendly a way as to justify to the world the sharpest kind of treatment at our hands. But Mr. Cleveland's thunderbolt came out of a clear sky and was the result of an incident very petty in itself, even though the principle involved was vital. This country was in no condition for war, least of all for a war with England; yet none the less Mr. Cleveland shot his bolt with superb audacity, and the result must always stand as his final justification. The promptness with which the haughtily indifferent Lord Salisbury scrambled down from his pinnacle of disdain was ludicrous and at the same time most refreshing. From that time, and not from the Spanish-American war, English respect for the American Republic is really to be dated. Furthermore, Mr. Cleveland's demand for arbitration in that case did more to make arbitration a permanent possibility than did even the Conference at The Hague. Yet Dr. Andrews disposes of this remarkable event in a few perfunctory lines, while devoting twice the space to any one of a dozen minor happenings, such as the sending of flour to Russia in 1892, the Foraker-Sherman forgery in 1888, or the splendours of the Midway at the Columbian Exposition. Indeed, if we judge of the workings of the author's mind by the amount of space which he assigns to different subjects, we shall have to assume that he regards the Chicago Fair as the most wonderful, impressive, and profoundly significant event of the past thirty years. Even the Spanish War, whose results have partly revolutionised our theory of government as they have raised the United States to the position of a great world-power with colonies and dependencies beyond the seas, appears to Dr. Andrews far less momentous than the Chicago show in which he fairly revels, describing in detail and with a real gusto, the Cold Storage Building, the Wooded Island, the Libbey Glass Works, Hagenbeck's Animal Show, the Ferris Wheel, Old Vienna, and the "infatuated Kabyle," who tried to steal a bride and found himself in the police station. This chapter, in fact, reads like the breathless effort of an enraptured country journalist who had never before seen anything more glittering and glorious than a travelling circus, a horse-race, or a county fair. We can account for the absurd prominence given to it only on the theory that Dr. Andrews thought this sort of thing likely to be popular with his constituents of the Middle West. But if so, he marred his book and made it somewhat ridiculous by subordinating the most far-reaching political events to the record of an ephemeral show.

One could wish that Dr. Andrews had seen fit to sketch, though never so lightly, the personality of some of the remarkable men of whom he writes. A touch of characterisation, here and there, given with insight and discrimination, would have added immensely to the interest of the book. Yet he has attempted nothing of the sort; and therefore many of his younger readers will fail to appreciate to the full a good many of the events described. Yet what a splendid picture-gallery he might have given us had he, by a few bold impressionistic strokes,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sought to make his characters not merely *nominis umbræ,* but living, breathing men! The silent, stubborn Grant, surrounded in his presidency by knaves and fools and flatterers, the brilliant, restless, energetic Blaine, ideal as a partisan leader but lacking moral stamina, the arrogant and impatient Conkling, the genial, able, eloquent yet somewhat sensual Garfield, the stubborn, brusque, and self-reliant Cleveland, the smooth McKinley, and the rampant Roosevelt—what an opportunity has Dr. Andrews lost! But doubtless he had no taste for this particular sort of literary work, and if so, he was wise not to attempt it.

In truth, as a writer his style is undeniably pedestrian. His narrative moves along in a comfortable jog-trot with never a trace of anything like distinction yet with none of that simplicity and ease which in themselves are so effective in long-sustained narration. The author seems at times to be conscious of his own monotony, for here and there with something like an apparent effort, he interjects an anecdote or a remark which is supposed to lighten his pages with a gleam of humour. And again at rarer intervals he tries to work himself up to the level of the vivid and the picturesque. But his humour and his eloquence are equally pathetic, because they are so obviously unnatural and forced. As an example of the first may be cited a sentence or two from the midst of his description of Dewey's victory at Manila:

"The pigmy of our fleet, the saucy and pugnacious *Petrel,* specially impressed the Cavite non-combatants. 'Il picaninny mucha-mucha bom-bom;' they said."

Now to interpolate this fatuous bit in the description of a stirring battle, shows little taste; and in the second place it is quite impossible that a Spanish-speaking Filipino could possibly have said *il picaninny;* so that here we have a sort of mingled crudity and ignorance such as one might look for only in the cheapest work of the newspaper reporter. The reporter's stock vocabulary is also very much in evidence whenever the author tries to be particularly striking. Thus he does not hesitate to use that terribly old *cliché,* "the ocean greyhound"; and when he is describing a conflagration he pictures "the fire demon" as leaving "heaps of débris" "to tell of his orgy."

The book is filled with all sorts of interesting illustrations, portraits, diagrams, plans, maps, and facsimiles to the number, we should judge, of several hundred, and nearly all of them are appropriate, though a few have evidently been introduced simply to round out the list, as for example the bicyclists in Central Park (p. 679) and the "types of Chinese accountants" (p. 363). Take it all together, however, the book is one whose possession will be of real value to every intelligent American.

Harry Thurston Peck.

THREE BOOKS OF THE DAY.

I.

BOSTON.*

MANY compliments have been paid to Boston at one time and another and accepted by Bostonians with a somewhat condescending recognition of their justice; and it may be said without exaggeration that some older cities have filled a far less conspicuous place in history and literature. The reasons for this eminence are various, and probably no two persons would agree upon them precisely; for Boston has always been controversial in itself and a cause of controversy in others. There are even those who do not like Boston—*mirabile dictu* —and who scoff at its pretensions to superiority of interest over other American communities; yet these by their very zeal in animosity betray the insecurity of their premise. In fact, Boston, has been as tall a mark to its enemies as to its friends. And the pride of its citizens—which may be called either public spirit or provincialism, according to the point

* *Boston; The Place and the People.* By M. A. De Wolfe Howe. Illustrated by Louis A. Holman. $2.50 net. New York: The Macmillan Company. London: Macmillan and Company, 1903.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of view—has no doubt been immensely stimulated by constant inquiry. The Boston man, wherever he goes, will find the opportunity to boast of his native town to congenial admirers or to justify its peculiarities to scornful critics. In his excellent volume on *Boston; The Place and the People,* Mr. De Wolfe Howe quotes the wit who characterized Boston as "a state of mind." The phrase is happily descriptive; and what this state of mind is at its best may be seen in the pages of Dr. Holmes, who was a true-blue Bostonian, if such ever lived.

Mr. Howe must have found himself embarrassed by the riches at his command. In the first place, his book is the latest in a long series. It has, indeed, merits of its own, and in method it is not altogether lacking in originality. Still at best there was much ground already covered by others to be gone over. The habit of writing about the capital of the Massachusetts colony began early. One of the earliest printed books on this congenial subject was the *Description of New England in General and Boston in Particular* published in London in 1682; and Dunton's *Letters* date from 1686, and Nathaniel Byfield's *Account of the Late Revolution in New England* is a "literary progeny" of the year 1689. Moreover, the earliest newspaper in the New World appeared in Boston in 1690. But there is as much information of current proceedings in the sermons of the time as anywhere. The sensational pulpit is no modern invention. And the preachers had their discourses printed. *Burning Bewailed* (a finely alliterative title which would read well in a newspaper announcement to-day) was the highly moral Mr. Mather's eloquent exposition of the lessons to be drawn from a great fire.

It may have been with some prevision of the future of the city as a literary centre that so many Bostonians of Colonial and Revolutionary times kept diaries. As the struggle with the Crown approaches the materials in this kind become remarkably plentiful. Of the Diary of Samuel Sewall everyone has heard. That eminent judge was a kind of Puritan Pepys; and he would be a more lovable person if more than one passage had been written in cypher. John Rowe, who recorded, with a single important break, the decisive events from 1759 to 1779, was another witness whom we could hardly spare. Deacon Tudor had the diary habit, and so did Deacon Newell. The latter had a militant disposition; having taken in charge the keys of Brattle Square Church he refused to deliver them to the British. It may be noted in passing that this fine old edifice, with the cannon-ball over the door and the marks of British occupation within, was in after days rather ungratefully treated. When the society was forced to give it up there was no effective movement for its preservation, although it was in some respects a more interesting landmark than either the Old South or King's Chapel; and the present outcry over Park Street Church will excite amusement not unmingled with bitterness in some old parishioners of that fine representative of Boston Unitarianism, Dr. Lothrop. But it is a curious fact that the intense local pride with which Boston has been charged has not always sufficed to keep it to its duty as the custodian of historic buildings. Witness the destruction of the Hancock Mansion, years ago, and the more recent demolition of the Old Hancock Tavern. Comparatively few of the structures of even Revolutionary, to say nothing of Colonial, times now remain, as one may see by consulting Mr. Drake. In the due and rapid course of time even the Old Corner Bookstore is to go, too. Meanwhile we have the diaries of the men who are buried in the "Old Granary" and elsewhere, and of some who would find themselves in strange company there. From a military point of view the operations about Boston in 1775 and 1776 did not amount to much. Yet no less than two British officers have left accounts of the matter as they knew of it, and in Surgeon James Cogswell, Private Lyons and other patriotic observers we have many curious details of Lexington, Bunker Hill and Dorchester Heights.

Books about Boston, strictly speaking, do not appear, however, until the nineteenth century is well advanced. The first of these that deserves mention is the *History* of Caleb Hopkins Snow, published in 1825. More valuable is Bowen's *Pictures of Boston*—engravings published in 1829, and four years later reissued in conjunction with some *Annals* by Alonzo Lewis. This book about Boston may be read with interest to-day. Mr.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Carver's *History* followed a year later. Perhaps early reminiscence has given still another volume of the ante-bellum period a factitious value in the eyes of the present writer. This is *Boston Notions,* written by Nathaniel Dearborn, and bearing in its title a pleasant suggestion of one of the qualities for which Bostonians have been famous. The idea was carried out further by the sub-title—*Being an Authentic and Concise Account of 'That Village' from 1630 to 1847.* There are those who would say that Boston had not yet outgrown some of the characteristics of a village. Josiah Quincy's *Municipal History,* was a more serious affair, but not half so fertile in picturesqueness. Perhaps Loring's *Hundred Boston Orators* (1770-1852) may be regarded as a work of unconscious humour. Was there even in Boston as many "orators" as that in less than a century? They took themselves rather portentously then, as in these later anti-imperialist days.

With all these works, and with dozens of others more or less worthy of a passing reference, Mr. Howe must have made himself familiar in writing his book. But the only historians whom he need consider as rivals are those of a later date. The history of Boston has been summed up, indeed, in one momentous and splendid undertaking—the *Memorial History* in four volumes, of which the late Justin Winsor was the editor. But a work of this sort, however fine, written on the co-operative principle and treating in detail many matters with which the usual reader has only a vague and slight concern, is for library reference rather than for comfortable perusal. And in endeavouring to present a vivid picture of the Boston of yesterday and the Boston of to-day the virtues of omission are quite as important as the virtues of commission. So far as historical narrative goes, there are other books as good as Mr. Howe's. Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge has written of Boston in the *Historic Towns* series, and written well, since he is a trained historian as well as a practical politician. Mr. Arthur Gilman is the author of *The Story of Boston* in another series. There is even a portentously named *Constitutional History of Boston* by Mr. C. W. Ernst and a *History and Antiquities* by Mr. Samuel Gardner Drake (not to be confounded with Mr. Samuel Adams Drake)—as if the town of the Puritans were some half-forgotten ancient empire. The component parts of Boston have also had their chroniclers; one may read in detail of Roxbury, Dorchester, Charlestown, and the various eminent citizens of their day. The story of King's Chapel has been told in two stout volumes; the Old South and Brattle Street are similarly recorded; that picturesque organisation, the Ancient and Honourable Artillery Company, is equal to no less than four volumes; and so each and everything Bostonian is celebrated in dimensions ranging from the thick quarto to the pamphlet.

But Mr. Howe undertakes to describe as well as to narrate; and in this task too, he must have found much more assistance than he needed. "The" book about Boston, in this sense, is Mr. Edwin M. Bacon's "Dictionary." It would be difficult to go to this compact and inclusive volume for information and not find it. Mr. Bacon has his Boston at his fingers' ends, so to say; I think that he could answer the most abstruse question in his sleep. When Mr. Howe tells us that his book has passed under Mr. Bacon's eye we may be satisfied. *Walks and Rides About Boston, Boston Illustrated* and *Boston; a Guide Book,* are three other books which bear Mr. Bacon's name; all are of value to the pilgrim or the student. Mr. Samuel Adams Drake wrote a charming account of "The Old Landmarks and Historic Personages of Boston," which will have a melancholy interest to the true Bostonian as the former pass away like the latter. Dr. Hale has written much of his native city—more entertainingly than accurately on occasion. There are even books about Boston for children—those by the late Horace E. Scudder and by Miss Peabody are instances in point. Thus our tale of the trumpeters of Boston's fame to all the winds of heaven may fitly end. It indicates but faintly the patriotic pride of Boston's sons.

Yet as long as there are historians there will be histories; and Mr. Howe's book is not to be lightly dismissed as simply one more in a long list. Mr. Howe has certainly managed to give freshness to his narrative and to bring out into stronger relief some episodes that others have passed lightly by. There are two

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

phases of the history of "that village," indeed, which still need emphasis. One is the fact that in the early days of the Revolution no small proportion of the inhabitants preserved their loyalty to the Crown. The story of the Loyalists has been retold of late with less prejudice than our older historians manifested; and it has become clear that what we should call to-day the best public sentiment was adverse to the "patriots." Boston did not remain a Loyalist centre like New York; many of the Tories escaped to Halifax, and those who remained were either converted to Revolutionary views or remained silent. But it must be borne in mind that when Sam Adams and James Otis began their agitation they were looked upon by respectable citizens as pestilent demagogues. Much ink has been shed over the so-called "Boston Massacre." But when, not many years ago, a monument was set up on Boston Common to Attucks and his fellows it was not difficult to show that the "victims" were simply members of an idle mob who had no business to pick a quarrel in the streets with an orderly company of soldiers. The genuine patriotism of the leading fomenters of revolution need not be questioned; but the fact remains that they were regarded askance at the beginning, and that they resorted to the most tyrannical measures to crush Loyalist sentiment. Upon this aspect of Boston history Mr. Howe might have laid more stress.

He comes nearer to representing fairly the conservative sentiment of the city in the years preceding the Civil War. The popular view of Boston at this period is that of a hotbed of radicals and abolitionists. But public sentiment was for a long time strongly against the proceedings of Garrison and Phillips and Parker. Even at the beginning of the war "Copperhead" feeling was rife. Probably there was no more finely typical citizen of Boston than Robert C. Winthrop. And in his sympathy with the South he had many companions. Dr. Holmes was slowly drawn into the anti-slavery movement through his literary connections; but his professional brethren in medicine, the clergy, the lawyers, the merchants, opposed the Republican policy.

The truth is that Boston has been too often approached via Cambridge. There was a society of the most distinctive sort that held itself aloof from Emerson and Brook Farm and the "movements" of philanthropists. It may have been a narrow society in a sense, but those who can recall it even faintly know how full of charm it was. There was not a little about it to remind one of an English provincial town of the best type. Many men of letters had a place in it. Ticknor, Prescott, Motley, Edward Everett, belonged to this circle. Mr. Howe does well to emphasise the eminence of Ticknor, although he does not relate how Theodore Parker once asked a visitor to Boston if he had seen the accomplished and courtly historian of Spanish literature and, being answered in the negative, remarked: "You might as well go to Hell and not see the Devil as come to Boston and not see George Ticknor." The anecdote may possibly be apocryphal, but at least it shows what Ticknor's position was.

Mr. Howe has much to tell which is worth hearing, and he is fortunate in Mr. Holman's illustrations and in the portraits and facsimiles with which his pages are sprinkled. *Edward Fuller.*

II.

THE WOODHOUSE CORRESPONDENCE.

FROM "Clarissa Harlowe" and "Sir Charles Grandison" down to "The Visits of Elizabeth," novels in the form of a correspondence have been attempted, but with varying results, as few writers possess the light and sure touch necessary for that form of fiction. Just such skill has been shown in "The Woodhouse Correspondence," whose success in London is likely to be duplicated here. The authors are Mr. G. W. E. Russell, best known here by his "Collections and Recollections," and Miss Edith Sichel, whose work hitherto has been in the line of modern French history and artistic topics.

The majority of the letters are written to Mr. Algernon Woodhouse, a man of fifty, with an estate in the country and a house in London, and in his share of the correspondence he reveals himself, with the perfect naïveté only possible to those whose one thought is of themselves, as a selfish hypochondriac. Most of these letters are written to Mr. Woodhouse with the desire on the part of the writers to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

establish relations of one kind or another with him, and his answers are examples of skillful frustration of any such efforts; in fact, it is often necessary, after reading one of Mr. Woodhouse's replies, to turn to the original letter to see where the "touch" comes in, which the reader has overlooked, but which Mr. Woodhouse has scented from afar.

Mrs. George Woodhouse, his sister-in-law, writes from Wales to say that she has decided to give her daughters a season in town and wishes to consult him about it. Mr. Woodhouse, discerning in this letter a thinly veiled hint for money for the use of his town house, and for the loan of his dead wife's diamonds, hastens to reply, throwing cold water on the scheme and letting Mrs. Woodhouse know she need expect nothing from him. His god-daughter, Elaine Thompson, writes to him to tell him of her intention of leaving home for London, where she can develop her soul, and intimating that she would not decline an offer to become his secretary. Mr. Woodhouse answers in hot haste that he cannot possibly receive her in his home; that, although both the Hall and his London house are much larger than he needs, yet he finds the unshared command of large rooms is necessary for his intellectual growth. His nephew, Frank Murray, a cheerful young fellow, who is trying to make a living by literature, writes to ask if he may come down to the Hall for a day or two to consult him about his work, and receives a suspicious answer saying that he may come if he likes, but warning him that the shooting is let. His aunt, Lady Louisa Fitzwigan, writes to ask him what he knows about a new health food, taking occasion at the same time to accuse him of coddling himself, and relating at length the story of her own state of health. This reproach from one hypochondriac to another is maddening, and the correspondence that ensues is the best in the book, for it is devoid of exaggeration and keenly satirical.

In spite of discouragement, Mrs. George Woodhouse goes to London and takes a flat with Elaine Thompson, one of her daughters going as companion to Lady Louisa. While there the girl marries Lady Louisa's physician, a quack who has made a living by trading on her ladyship's peculiarities. Elaine Thompson tries to marry Frank Murray, and, failing in this, makes affectionate overtures to Mr. Woodhouse, alarming him so that he resorts to a strenuous measure of defence which it would not be fair to the reader to disclose, but which is as characteristic as anything in the book.

The success of a book of this kind depends wholly upon the skill with which the different characters are made to reveal themselves through the medium of their letters. In this respect "The Woodhouse Correspondence" is unusually good. In Mr. Woodhouse's first letter he speaks of the fact that his wife's fatal disease may have been due to the fact that the sun never visited her rooms, and in the next sentence speaks of his own apartments being warm and sunny; and, through the whole correspondence, down to the last letter in which he declares that domestic life is entirely incompatible with that care of his health which is his first duty, he writes himself down as a selfish, cold-hearted egoist, and a study in egoism second only to that made by George Meredith in the novel which taught the world the meaning of the word.

Elaine Thompson's letters are the most broadly amusing, filled as they are with the jargon of the æsthetic type of sham culture, and containing much of her poetry, so strongly reminiscent of Keats and Shelley as to seem like parodies. Mr. Woodhouse having escaped from her importunities, she addresses to him the following lines, which are a study in banality:

TO ONE WHO FLEES FROM ME.

Dost thou flee, my dearest—
Run from me?
Yet this Love thou fearest
(Whereso'er thou steerest),
Is to be.

Vain the Space thou clearest;
Soul is free.
Farthest, I am nearest;
When thou disappearest—
After thee!

The whole book is a trenchant satire on certain phases of English life, and particularly upon that type of person, the well-born, well-connected parasite, who is not ashamed to stoop to the most ignoble shifts to obtain the advantages for which he is too proud or too indolent to work.

Mary K. Ford.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

III.

JOHN OLIVER HOBBES'S "THE VINEYARD."*

THE talented woman who writes under the name of John Oliver Hobbes has devoted the greater part of her literary career to the blowing of bubbles out of champagne froth. They were very pretty bubbles, and they sparkled until it fairly made one's eyes ache, but when their airy iridescence vanished there was nothing left for the imagination to feed upon. With this latest book, however, the author comes down to things material, and takes a slice out of warm, human life, just ordinary life of people who do not talk and live in epigrams.

It is the old, old story of the pretty but poor girl, the less attractive but wealthy maiden, and the handsome youth whose talent for money making was too slight to allow him to follow the inclination of his heart. The story might fall in line with some other of the recent books and be classified as being another "tragedy of the man who is too good-looking." The banality of the plot is relieved by the eccentricity of the wealthy maiden, a queer sort of decadent person, who lives in an atmosphere of her own dreams, has nerves, is a mass of egoism, and carries about with her a suggestion of subtle corruption. This last is hardly astonishing, considering that in her dreams she occupied herself with the carrying on of love affairs in company with the heroes of Maupassant, Maeterlinck and others of the type. She comes out of her imaginings when she falls in love with the handsome Gerald Federan, and wins him through her money from the pretty, penniless daughter of a baronet. Gerald really loves Jennie Sussex, but Rachel Tredegar appeals to the lower side of his nature and her money helps him out of a bad scrape which his own business laxness had brought him into, so he marries Rachel. Another of Jennie's lovers quarrels with her and leaves her, and the reader begins to be agreeably surprised at finding a novelist, and a woman novelist at that, willing, apparently, to let her pretty heroine go unmarried, when, alas, the rescuer turns up in the person of a painter with talent and the artistic temperament in a distressing degree, and the book closes as his arms close around the pretty Jennie's much admired figure.

This conventional love story plays itself out against a background of beautiful English landscape and of narrow, straightlaced, gossipy English provincial society. The portrayal of this society is the best thing in the book and reminds us most nearly that the title-page bears the signature of John Oliver Hobbs. There is depth and feeling in the description of Jennie's growing love, and the vacillation of the handsome Gerald is well motived and comprehensively human. Apropos of Gerald, the same thing happens to his creator as happened to Mrs. Humphry Ward with her Captain Harry Warkworth, who won Julie Le Breton's love. And both cases go to show how a fallacy of generations can blind the eyes of women otherwise capable of thinking for themselves and thinking well. Both men are in some ways sadly lacking in the moral strength and manly decency that are required of the highest type of man, and, while both women balk at nothing in the telling of this lack, both lift their hands in astonishment that these were the men who are "brave soldiers decorated by their country," etc., and so forth. It is strange that two such clever women should be blind to the fact that just the very qualities that make a so-called "good soldier" are apt to make a man a brute in private life, and that military honor and military ethics have nothing whatever to do with the ethics of honor and decency as laid down for ordinary mortals in everyday modern life. They paint most correctly a self-evident fact and in face of the evidence they themselves have collected, they are astonished at it.

In her dialogue in this book, Mrs. Craigie has held herself in a tight rein and has most carefully abstained from epigrams. It must have been a sacrifice and the reader is heartily sorry. For the absence of them reveals something they covered very successfully before, the fact, namely, that Mrs. Craigie does not possess in any very high degree the talent for writing characteristic natural dialogue. The conversation here is monotonous, dry and trivial at times, and fails to reveal the character of any of the

*_The Vineyard._ By John Oliver Hobbes. D. Appleton and Company: New York.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

people who use it. The provincial society types, who have only a sentence or two to say, are better treated in this respect, the principals fare badly. There is but one sentence in the entire book which exhaustively depicts the character of the person uttering it, but that sentence is so excellently typical of the mental attitude of a straightlaced provincial English old maid, that one can forgive any lack for its sake. The Misses Leddles, Gerald Federan's maiden aunts, are discussing Miss Tredegar, whom Gerald has not yet met, and speak of her nerves and her melancholy. Gerald remarks: "Perhaps she has been crossed in love."

"The sisters thought this suggestion scarcely respectful; it conveyed a slur, in their opinion, on Miss Tredegar's moral character. They dared not look at each other and Miss Daisy flushed deeply.

"'You forget you are speaking of a lady,' said Miss Leddles, in a severe tone."

There is a masculine touch about the telling of this slight story which gives it strength in spite of its weakness. The description of John Harlowe's finding a wife, after Jennie had finally turned him off, is a bit of cynical truth which few women could or would depict. Another little touch of the masculine point of view is the way in which Mrs. Craigie describes the clothes her women wear. She sees clothes in the outline and the effect, as a man does, not in the detail that usually strikes a woman's eyes. With all its faults, the book is the work of one who knows how to write, who knows how to write so well that we are justified in feeling just a little disappointment at this latest effort and in wishing it might have been better.

Grace Isabel Colbron.

HERE AND THERE.

I.

Marcus A. Hanna

The late Senator Hanna was one of those unusual men who are in some peculiar way destined to exercise an immense influence upon the course of political events without themselves attaining to supreme political distinction. Mr. Hanna attached himself very early to the fortunes of Mr. McKinley at a time when the latter was only an obscure Congressman, and he stood by him as his most trusted friend and adviser down to the day of the tragedy at Buffalo. Because of Mr. Hanna's promptings, Congressman McKinley did his part in raising the tariff rates up to a point beyond that to which even the exigencies of a great war had screwed them, and thereby became known all over the civilised world. Urged on by this same influence, while Governor of Ohio, Mr. McKinley favoured corporate interests and became the defender of consolidated capital. He likewise, after much temporising and painful hesitation, gave up the silver heresy and the dubious formulas of "bimetallism" which had so strongly attracted him, and with many quaverings and searchings of heart came out as an advocate of the gold standard. In all this, the strong, masterful, sagacious mind of Hanna can be seen guiding a somewhat irresolute politician toward the goal of a magnificent success. Hanna was always a tower of strength to him, a big, courageous, capable, untroubled counsellor, whose physical bulk and hearty laugh, even, were reassuring and full of cheer. When McKinley became involved in debts, Hanna paid them. When McKinley fell into a mire of complications with conflicting party leaders, Hanna put his strong shoulder to the wheel and by his tremendous uplift, made the running easy for his friend. He gave McKinley the presidency as he had given him the governorship, and he gave them both freely and gladly in his own large-hearted, liberal way.

Mr. Hanna was not a political idealist. He represented the forces of materialism very frankly. He believed not only in the power of money but in the prerogatives of money; and the men of money all stood by him as the champion of their order. He wielded a tremendous influence, an influence that grew with every year of his later life. His power gave

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mr. Roosevelt many an anxious moment, for had he lived the President could have won a nomination only by concessions to Mr. Hanna which it would have gone terribly against the grain to make. There was something about the massive, humourous, imperturbable Ohioan which made mere strenuousness seem rather ineffectual and uncomfortably helpless. But Mr. Hanna died, died at the psychological moment just as President McKinley died, and the powerful forces that were solidly behind him are left without a leader.

Probably no American of our time has been so bitterly attacked as was Senator Hanna. He was held up in a thousand newspapers as the incarnation of all the malignant influences of commercialism in public life. He was singled out as typifying the Trusts and whatever the Trusts are thought to mean. The caricaturists found in him a tempting target, drawing him with dollar-marks all over his person, with a bag of money for a brain, and as laying a huge destructive paw upon the prosperity of the private citizen. But in one respect all this abuse, pictorial or otherwise, wholly failed. The American people never could be made to feel a personal dislike for Mr. Hanna. Populist or Democrat, Labor agitator or Socialist, all felt, even in their own despite, a liking for the man who was, indeed, in all his personal and private relations, generous, frank, big-hearted, just, and thoroughly sincere. And this fact is a remarkable testimony to the power the genuinely human elements in personality. Mr. Hanna never gave spectacular sums to build unnecessary libraries. He never dumped ill-gotten millions into stock-yard universities. He was a good friend to his friends and he bore no malice toward his enemies, and so it is that millions of Americans have mourned for him because he was a Man.

II.

The Case of Senator Smoot

The Senate of the United States is taking testimony to see whether it can unseat Mr. Smoot, the Mormon Senator from Utah. So far there has been produced no evidence that the Senator ever violated any law. He is a monogamist in practice and has always been so. Being a Mormon, he believes polygamy to be permissible, just as Milton did. But you can not expel a man from an office to which he has been legally elected, just because his mind and conscience accept what the minds and consciences of others utterly reject. Consequently, the committee of the Senate has been trying to show by the testimony of sundry Mormons that any Senator who is a Mormon is bound to act according to the dictates of the hierarchy of his church. If this can be established, it is held by some that Mr. Smoot should be unseated. The Senate will do well not to accept such dangerous doctrine. Mr. Smoot's constituency elected him, knowing perfectly his beliefs, his religious affiliations, and the significance of these, and there is no doubt that he represents the voters who sent him to Washington. Blind allegiance to a church council may be a bad thing, as bad as blind allegiance to a caucus; but what are you to do? In this case the church council and the caucus happen to be identical. Mr. Gladstone once wrote a vehement pamphlet to show that a good Catholic could not at the same time be a loyal Englishman, because his first duty must be given to a "foreign sovereign," that is, the Pope. Of course the whole history of England gave the lie to such a wild assertion; yet no doubt thousands of middle-class dissenters swallowed it like spring water. But even Mr. Gladstone did not propose to disfranchise Catholics, or indeed to do anything whatever. It was merely the outburst of a sophisticated rhetorician who had turned for a moment to theology. He afterward remarked that he hoped that English Catholics "would upon occasion, whether with logical warrant or not, adhere under all circumstances to their civil loyalty and duty." Let us all be sensible enough to entertain the same hope about the Mormons who, in the main, are honest, hard-working, commonplace citizens, and of whom few are rich enough to indulge in plural households. Before many years the rising tide of the Gentile population will swamp Mormonism and leave its followers in a helpless minority. Meanwhile, let the Senate forego its inquisition into the religious obligation of its members. If it begins with Mormons it will soon be busied with Theosophists

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

or Dowieites or Christian Scientists, or any one of a dozen new sects which may spring up at any moment.

The subject raises, however, an interesting constitutional question. Many Territories have been admitted to Statehood with conditions precedent, as lawyers say; but Utah is the sole instance of a Territory whose constitution contains a condition subsequent. Conditions precedent are, of course, fulfilled before the Territory becomes a State. But the provision against polygamy in the Utah constitution is one which requires to be perpetually maintained as a condition upon which Statehood was originally granted. Now what would happen should Utah repeal that article of its constitution and openly permit polygamy? Can a State once admitted to the Union be deprived of its rights as a State without its own consent because of anything which has occurred subsequent to its admission? This question has never yet arisen, and it probably never will arise. Assuming, however, that it might, we are of the opinion that the principle laid down by Senator Edmunds many years ago in a very masterly argument would be carried into effect, because in the last analysis it is based upon common sense. The Constitution gives to Congress the right to make new States. Now if the State-making power admits a Territory as a State upon a specific condition, the act is in the nature of a contract. If the condition specified be formally repudiated, then the contract is annulled, Statehood is forfeited, the State loses its title to existence, and lapses again into the status of a Territory.

III.

The Mayor of New York

We can not think of any more amusing reading than would be a collection of editorial articles from the New York newspapers of some six months ago. They were trying at that time to curdle their readers' blood over the prophecies of what would happen if Mr. McClellan were to be elected Mayor of New York. At once, Richard Croker would return from Wantage to bleed every industry in the city to death through blackmail and extortion. Riot and debauch would reign unchecked. Criminals would be turned loose upon the town. Red lights would blaze on every street. The sanctity of the home would be invaded, and no woman or child would be safe. Gamblers, dive-keepers, panders, thugs, "cadets," and heelers would swarm. The Tiger would cross the Bridge and blast the happy homes of Brooklyn. We are not caricaturing the sentences which those New York editors wrote down each day. We are instead refraining from exact quotation, because of our regard for decency.

Well, Mr. McClellan was elected by some 60,000 majority, in spite of all this editorial fulmination, and what has happened? Nothing at all, only that the laws are more strictly enforced than ever, the great city is even less open to reproach, and it has a clean, vigourous, efficient administration. Mr. Croker is still in Wantage. Mr. McClellan is his own master, and the head of his own official house. A quiet, modest, courteous gentleman, with the cultivation of a scholar, the bearing of a man of the world, and the force of a natural leader of men, he governs without effort and without gush. When he has to represent the city at any function he does so in a manner to win the respect of every one. He is a tactful, interesting speaker, with a quiet vein of humour and an utter absence of platitude. He says just the right thing in just the right way, and you are delighted by the impression that has been made upon you. What the future may have in store for him no one can see; but he has only to continue as he has begun and that future will surely be a brilliant one. And the moral of it all is that when the people of New York refused to take the yelling editors seriously, they were justifying their own subliminal common sense. *H. T. P.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE BOOKMAN'S LETTER BOX.

ACCORDING to the calendar, spring is already here, and ere many weeks it will be here in reality. Then we shall have to go off into the country to watch things grow and to re-read Conan Doyle. Meanwhile, we intend to be particularly industrious in answering the letters which are sent to us.

I.

A correspondent in Wheeling, W. Va., sends us the following letter with an enclosure:

To the Editors of THE BOOKMAN:

The March BOOKMAN regrets that New York newspapers nowadays do not say violently all that they really think about one another. The deadly dullness of your journalistic surroundings stirs the pity of people out here, who are *Montani semper liberi,* particularly the mountain press. Witness the "personal diatribe" which is enclosed. I send it partly in order to stay your craving for combat, and partly because it supplies words which may serve to describe fitly though faintly your falsehood, forgery, and folly in having the leaves of THE BOOKMAN trimmed. Can't you at least send untrimmed copies to your untrimmed subscribers hereabouts? A. W. V.

The enclosure which this gentleman sends us is a clipping from the editorial page of *The State Journal,* a newspaper published on Juliana Street in Parkersburg, W. Va. The editor is evidently displeased with one of his contemporaries and is putting his displeasure into language. He has a good deal of language, —in fact, a masterly command of the vocabulary of invective—and we should like to print the article in full. It is, however, too long for the space at our disposal and we shall therefore quote only the first sentence and the last:

The babyish sheet, published up in the coffin-house, adjoining the city lockup, into which its proprietors find some trouble in not falling most of the time for a variety of reasons, indulges in a hypocritical whine this morning, which is a cross between the song of a jackass and the wail of a crocodile. . . . . We acknowledge to a fierce delight in getting down in the mud, and getting our thumbs in the other fellows' eyes and our teeth in his ears, and just wallowing around and having fun with the other hog until he squeals for mercy.

After reading this and weighing the internal evidence afforded by its style, we have a shrewd suspicion that *The State Journal* has the good fortune to number among its occasional contributors the Hon. Henry Watterson.

II.

Inasmuch as the gentleman from Wheeling has rebuked us for having the leaves of THE BOOKMAN trimmed, we venture to print two other letters as an antidote. The first is from a physician of this town:

DEAR SIR:

Allow me to congratulate *and* thank you for the copy of THE BOOKMAN with *cut leaves.* It is indeed a pleasure. Keep up the good work.

Very truly,
H. H. R.

The second letter is from a lawyer in Buffalo.

GENTLEMEN:

My copy of THE BOOKMAN for February has just reached me, and I note with pleasure that the edges of the magazine are cut—"opened" I believe is the correct term. Permit a "constant reader" to thank "whatever gods may be" for the change. Deckle edges have their uses, I imagine, but not for magazines.

Yours very truly,
L. W. S.

III.

A reader in Rochester, N. Y., is in search of bibliographical information.

Can you recommend to me any one recent critical work on Count Tolstoy? I should prefer something in English.

Read Merejkowski's *Tolstoy as Man and Artist* (English translation, New York, 1902). It is published by the Messrs. Putnam.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IV.

Here is a letter from an Englishman whom Prof. Brander Matthews has filled with a sacred rage. We wonder why he didn't send his letter to Professor Matthews direct; but as the latter gentleman reads THE BOOKMAN assiduously it will reach him in these columns.

SIR:

Mr. Brander Matthews, with the usual mantle of sickening Yankee brag upon him, ventures to assert that "America will be the future literary centre of the English language"! Preposterous!

Mr. Matthews may be assured it will be many years, and many centuries, before the cultured harmony of the English language, as spoken in the British isles, will give way to the hideous barbarism of the Yankee speech.

We have not yet got to advertisement, financier, inquiry, and the delectable and all-pervading barbarism of "gotten" and a thousand other similar vandalisms.

T. E. H.—B. A. CANTAB.

V.

A letter from Tallapoosa, Ga.:

Editor of the LETTER BOX:

"Fools rush in where angels fear to tread," likewise ignorant readers crave information that more fortunate ones do not need. Therefore, I am asking, solely for enlightenment, if it is no longer correct to spell such words as "analyze" and "realize" with a "z"? In the current issues of THE BOOKMAN I observe that the letter "s" is used entirely in those words and their derivatives. Now please do not open, for my benefit, the vials of your sarcasm, however good natured it may be, for I am entirely sincere in my display of ignorance.

I thoroughly enjoy THE BOOKMAN. It is my favourite among a half dozen other periodicals that I receive regularly.

Yours sincerely,
M. S. B.

The answer is that, in general, we prefer the mode of spelling which prevails in England. Sometimes the compositors run a little ahead of us and insert an "s" where even the English use a "z"; but we don't mind that. It is an error on the right side, and offsets the excesses of Fonetik Refawrmers.

VI.

A gentleman in this city asks us a grammatical question which he himself argues at some length. He quotes the following sentence as having been used by a lady:

"Calling upon Mrs. Smith to-day she told me about the festival."

Our correspondent thinks that this sentence is misleading and ought to have been expressed in a different way, as for example:

"When I called upon Mrs. Smith she told me about the festival."

In the first sentence the participle "calling" agrees with the pronoun "me," whereas our correspondent thinks that in this form of sentence it ought logically to agree with "she," the subject of the verb. We answer that the participle can just as well agree with one as with the other, though more usually it agrees with the subject rather than with the object of the succeeding verb. But the context and circumstances always make the meaning perfectly plain; and we think that inasmuch as there is no real ambiguity, there is no occasion to be hypercritical concerning the form of the sentence.

VII.

A reader in Cincinnati doesn't like our serials, and says so at considerable length. Here is the letter:

To the Editors of THE BOOKMAN:

I think you enjoy more those letters which find fault with your methods or your madnesses, than those which are simply appreciative or laudatory; and so I want to ask you why—oh! why!—you will persist in serving up to us who are at your mercy such lush-gush, such tommy-rot, such all-fired mamby, as you do give us in the way of serial fiction?

Last year—no, the year before—the year when I wasn't living—you forced us to swallow—oh!—what was it?—something about *fire* by Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler. At any rate, it was the veriest trumpery, you know it was, and it would never have been introduced to *your* public if the writer had not made a name for herself—which that particular bit of writing did not enhance. This year Mary Sanborn gets a boost with her stupid and mushy *Revelation,* which my niece thinks is "lovely!" (She is just seventeen.) But oh! horrors upon horrors! How could you permit "Tony" to appear at an afternoon function at "Aunt Letitia's" in evening dress? I am shocked at your ignorance, or your laxity—which?

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Please don't set this down as an ebullition of bad temper,—but

"I've got the grip and an old felt hat
And I wish I was down home where my beau lives at."

IN CINCINNATI.

We are always grateful for additions to our vocabulary. "Mamby" is quite new to us.

VIII.

A reader in Easton, Pa., asks the following question:

In your opinion are Generals Grant and Lee to be reckoned in the first rank of the world's great soldiers?

As a civilian, we feel a certain reluctance to express any opinion upon this subject. So far, however, as our own studies have instructed us and so far also as the views of impartial military critics abroad may be regarded as valuable, we are inclined to think that it is quite certain that General Grant has no claim to be classed among the world's great generals. For doggedness, courage, tenacity, and an utter disregard of difficulties, he was the equal of any soldier who ever lived; but in the higher intellectual qualities which enable a commander by skillful combinations and brilliant strategy to accomplish great results and at the same time spare his men, he was lamentably deficient. His own soldiers used to call him "The Butcher," and this nickname very well expresses the manner of his campaigning. As a strategist, in fact, he was inferior to Sherman, whose march to the sea, cutting loose from his base in defiance of the formulas of military text-books, was the one really magnificent exhibition of genius on the Union side throughout the war. It caused the collapse of the Confederacy, and by taking Lee in the rear it compelled his surrender for which Grant has received all the popular credit. As for General Lee, if not among the world's very greatest commanders, he certainly comes near the line which separates them from generals of the second class. The skill with which he outmanœuvred and outfought armies that were double his own and that were perfectly equipped while his men lacked nearly everything, must give him an enduring fame. Possibly the greatest military genius who appeared during the whole war was "Stonewall" Jackson, though he fell too soon for any one to form a sound comparative judgment of him; and the same thing may be said of Albert Sidney Johnston. Impartial students of military history can scarcely refuse, we think, to admit that in military genius the South outmatched the North.

IX.

Our feelings were so much ruffled last month by the lady in Hatboro, Pa., that we desire to express our thanks to the numerous other readers of THE BOOKMAN who have written to assure us that they are not in sympathy with her rather acrid criticism. We shall print some of these letters, not because they commend the little story about Hilda, but because they justify our editorial instinct which told us that it was entirely proper for us to publish something for children at Christmas time, and that such a story would reach the children for whom it was intended. The first letter comes to us from a reader in Marquette, Mich.

To the Senior Editor:

I have said that nothing should lure me to within forty miles of the LETTER BOX, for I don't consider it safe; but 'twas ever my way to champion the oppressed—though it goes somewhat against me to rescue a down-trodden "Gent." Let me assure you for your comfort, that three little girl neighbours of mine were so mightily pleased with "Hilda" that for three weeks they came near to making life a burden to me with their daily inquiries for the slow-coming January number.

As for my grown-up self, far from resenting Hilda's small presence in my beloved BOOKMAN, I read her adventures with genuine pleasure, in spite of the spider. I'm going to admit that I quailed before that demolished insect. You see, I don't like *any* bug, smashed or unsmashed, that sports more than six legs; but if I *must* have spiders, I certainly prefer mine intact. Now if Hilda had chloroformed that unpleasant entomological specimen he would have died a much tidier, if less plausible death—or she might have inveigled him into a bottle of alcohol or drowned him in a convenient brook. But to smash him—oh!

Your nice, bloodthirsty little-girl-readers, however, were perfectly satisfied with your method of slaying the enemy (one, indeed, confessed to a hope that the doctor would come to a similar fate) so why should any grown-up fairy-tale-reader cavil?

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Another letter is written by a subscriber in Wilmington, N. C.

To the Senior Editor:

My little boy has begged me repeatedly to let you know that he thinks *Hilda and the Wishes* is one of the finest of stories. He is a Kipling and Water Baby boy. But I hardly felt justified in boring you even to give him a pleasure.

Now that the lady from Hatboro has so severely denounced you and the story, I feel it my *duty* as a sunshiner to send a cheering word of praise.

A third letter written on exquisite stationery comes from Brooklyn Heights:

Dear Sirs:

I wish your correspondent from the classic shades of Hatboro, Pa., would confine her pleas and protests to her own class; for it does not seem to have occurred to her that some of the "grown-up people" she so strenuously fights for, might not care to be included in her bursts of indignation. I, for one, say, let the children have their Christmas story and all the "rodentiferous verse" they can chant. If the offending statement—"The rat takes the cheese"—does not contain sufficient food for thought to satisfy the Hatboro Minerva, I can suggest another, which is that

"The Bookman takes the cake!"

But now my letter is beginning to read like a *menu*, and I must close with the hope that the majority of your readers will prove to be for, and not against, the children and your kind thought of them. L. M.

In all this correspondence the thing which has perhaps appealed to us most, occurred in the midst of a letter written to us on an entirely different subject by a lady who all of a sudden with a delicious irrelevance slid into the lightning-like parenthetical exclamation: "How I *hate* that woman down in Hatboro!"

X.

While we are exhibiting the various bouquets that have been thrown to us, we might as well put the following one on view. We do so the more readily because the last paragraph will soothe the feelings of the Junior Editor who is still a little sore over the outcome of the Beauty Contest.

To the Editors of The Bookman:

I remember William Dean Howells told us once in a talk that authors are never bored with letters of appreciation, no matter how many are received. I presume editors of magazines come under the same category, and so I am taking the liberty of telling the Senior and Junior Editors of The Bookman what I like about their magazine. It is the personality that they give the magazine in their humorous references to their own and each other's preferences and fads of different kinds. Our present-day journals affect such a stolid air of anonymousness that half the vital interest is lost. In making us feel the men who *are* the magazine, you succeed in arousing a sense of kinship between the editors and the readers which is refreshing.

The publication of the pictures, a month or so ago, of the ideal types of feminine beauty admired by both editors interested me. I could hardly make a choice between them, for both were expressive of the "eternal womanly." Allow me to say that they reflect great honour upon the characters of the choosers.

A. A. H.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE BOOK MART

READERS' GUIDE TO BOOKS RECEIVED.

New York.

Appleton:

William Penn. By Augustus C. Buell.

An illustrated biography of William Penn, the founder of two commonwealths, by the author of Sir William Johnson, and Paul Jones.

James Oglethorpe. By Harriet C. Cooper.

A new volume in Appleton's Series of Historic Lives. James Oglethorpe was the founder of Georgia, and the book is dedicated to the children of that State.

The Man Roosevelt. By Francis E. Leupp.

Mr. Leupp wishes his work to be looked upon as "an unpretentious portrait sketch," and not in the light of a biography. In his preface he goes on to say that no one but himself is responsible for this volume, and that not a line in it has been submitted to Mr. Roosevelt. He wishes also to absolve the New York Evening "Post," whose Washington correspondent he is, from any accountability in the treatment of Mr. Roosevelt, his ideas, and his methods.

The Imperialist. By Mrs. Everard Cotes.

A novel of Canadian social and political life, by the author of "An American Girl in London" and "Those Delightful Americans."

The Modern Bank. By Amos K. Fiske.

Mr. Fiske, being associate editor of the "Journal of Commerce and Commercial Bulletin," is thoroughly equipped to give an account of the functions and methods of the development and present system of banking.

The Grave. By Bobert Blair.

A new edition of Robert Blair's poem, illustrated by twelve etchings, executed by L. Schiavonetti, from the original inventions of William Blake.

Barnes and Company:

A Journal of Voyages and Travels in the Interior of North America. By Daniel Williams Harmon.

These travels extend from Montreal nearly to the Pacific, in which the author gives an account of the principal occurrences during a nineteen years' residence in different parts of the country.

Napoleon. By R. M. Johnston.

A concise biography of Napoleon's career, and in addition serves as an excellent guide to the best books which have been written on the various phases of Napoleon's life. The author is lecturer in Italian history at Harvard University.

The Citizen. By Nathaniel Southgate Shaler.

The aim of this book is to place before the reader the relation which the individual bears to the Government which controls his conduct as a citizen. Professor Shaler occupies the chair of Geology in Harvard University and is also Dean of the Lawrence Scientific School.

Cap'n Eri. By Joseph C. Lincoln.

Cap'n Eri is a type well known on the New England coast, and the story which Mr. Lincoln weaves about this quaint and humorous character is worth the telling. Mr. Lincoln has contributed a number of short stories to the "Saturday Evening Post" and other periodicals.

Century Company:

A Watcher in the Woods. By Dallas Lore Sharp.

This is by the author of "Wild Life Near Home," and it contains several selected chapters from that book. These books are intended primarily for school use, and of them Mr. John Burroughs has been heard to say that "of all the nature books of recent years, I look upon Mr. Sharp's as the best."

Famous Legends. By Emeline G. Crommelin.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

These legends have been selected and adapted for the use of school children. The author is a teacher of Elementary English in the Collegiate School, this city.

The Wonder-Book of Horses. By James Baldwin.

The eighteen stories in this volume have been chosen with the thought of their educative value. The first four introduce the sun myths and the season myths of the Greeks and of our Norse ancestors. Young people should find instruction as well as entertainment in these biographies of the war horses of ancient history.

Tillie a Mennonite Maid. By Helen Reimensnyder Martin.

A modern romance of the Pennsylvania Dutch. Tillie is the daughter of an ignorant farmer, and she boasts of two lovers, a pertinacious Dutchman, and a school master, graduated from Harvard. The story is written to amuse. The illustrations are by Florence Scovel Shinn.

Dillingham:

Left in Charge. By Clara Morris.

A story of the sons and daughters of hardy pioneers who settled down in Illinois, near Quincy, in the days when that river-city was young.

The Universe a Vast Electric Organism. By George W. Warder.

"Electricity, next to Deity," says Mr. Warder, "is the most remarkable entity in the universe." He goes on to elucidate his own theories of electrical creation, and brings forward the most recent scientific facts and discoveries tending to show that the universe is a vast electric machine.

I Need the Money. By Hugh McHugh.

A new "John Henry Book," with illustrations of the various types who appear in its pages.

The Yellow Holly. By Fergus Hume.

A story of crime by the popular Australian novelist, who is the author of a long list of books.

The Corner in Coffee. By Cyrus Townsend Brady.

An up-to-date comedy of New York, in which Mr. Elijah D. Tillott, son of an unconventional Western Railroad engineer, figures in society and on Wall Street.

Eppy Grams. By Dinkelspiel. Per George V. Hobart.

A little volume of ninety pages containing the essence of Mr. Hobart's humour of the last few years. There is genuine humour in Dinkelspiel, even if it is of the kind which Weber and Fields have made popular on the stage.

Dodd, Mead and Company:

The Story of Susan. By Mrs. Henry Dudeney.

A new book by the author of "The Maternity of Harriet Wicken" and "Folly Corner" is always welcome, and in this story of a lady's maid Mrs. Dudeney's undeniable strength and her subtle humour are admirably blended.

The Dayspring. By Dr. William Barry.

Henry Guiron, the hero, is an exile from Ireland, and made bitter by his experiences allies himself with the socialistic movement which resulted in the Paris Commune. The situation grows complicated through his love for a widow of aristocratic birth.

The Woodhouse Correspondence. By George W. E. Russell and Edith Sichel.

A volume of letters which the authors term "studies in idiosyncrasy," and which the publishers recommend as an excellent remedy for the blues. It is reviewed in this number.

All's Fair in Love. By Josephine Caroline Sawyer.

This is Miss Sawyer's first novel since "Every Inch a King," published several years ago. The scenes of the present story are laid in the Scottish border in the warlike days of old.

The Influence of Pasteur on Medical Science. By Christian Archibald Herter, M.D.

A small book containing an address which Dr. Herter delivered before the Medical School of Johns Hopkins University.

Doubleday, Page and Company:

The Fugitive. By Ezra S. Brudno.

A narrative-romance, which the publishers call the epic of the Jew. The story begins in the heart of Lithuania, Russia, and ends in New York. The author pictures the relation of the Jew and the Gentile where love is the leveller of creeds. A review appeared in THE BOOKMAN for March.

The Issues of Life. By Mrs. John Van Vorst.

A novel of the "American woman of today," the so-called "new woman" who substitutes clubs and personal freedom

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for the home. It is a book that will probably arouse discussion, as did "The Woman Who Toils," which Mrs. Van Vorst wrote in collaboration with her sister-in-law, Miss Marie Van Vorst.

Grafton Press:

The Poems of John Cleveland. Annotated and correctly printed for the first time with Biographical and Historical Introductions by John M. Berdan, Ph.D.

This edition, which has been revised and rewritten, was originally undertaken as a thesis for the doctorate degree at Yale University.

In Passion's Dragnet. By Hattie Horner Louthan.

A novel with "a new thrill," which treats pretty boldly of the emotions, and which is not in any way true to life as it really is.

Harper:

The Stone of Destiny. By Katherine Mackay.

This is the title of Mrs. Clarence Mackay's new novel. It has already received considerable favourable notice, and the fact that the author is a well-known society woman is a much advertised feature.

Yarborough the Premier. By Agnes Russell Weekes.

The story of an English politician, who gains his power through unscrupulous means. Yarborough's son, the soul of honour, helps to bring about an interesting climax to the story A review appears elsewhere in this number.

The Jewel of Seven Stars. By Bram Stoker.

A story of Egyptian mystery that hangs over the tomb of a queen of ancient Egypt. An Egyptologist and his daughter are the experimentalists of the mystery. Reviewed in this number.

Business Education and Accountancy. By Charles Waldo Haskins. Edited by Frederick A. Cleveland.

Mr. Haskins makes a plea for the recognition of business training as a liberal profession, and he points out that schools and colleges of the present day are lacking in their teaching of finance and business administration. A history of the accounts of ancient peoples is included.

In Famine Land. By Rev. J. E. Scott.

An illustrated volume giving an account of famine-stricken India during the distress of 1899-1900. The author is chairman of the M. E. Mission Relief Committee.

Breaking Into Society. By George Ade.

A collection of new "fables" in Mr. Ade's usual popular vein.

The Standard of Pronunciation in English. By Thomas R. Lounsbury, L.L.D., L.H.D.

The author, professor of English literature at Yale University, argues in this volume that there never has been and never can be an undisputed standard of pronunciation for the English language.

Hinds and Noble:

The Man Who Pleases and the Woman Who Charms. By John A. Cone.

A collection of quotations gathered from various sources. Some of the chapter headings are: "The Art of Conversation," "The Voice," "Good Manners," "Personal Peculiarities," in addition to the subjects which give the title to the book.

Higgins and Company:

The Ethics of the Greek Philosophers. Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle. By Professor James H. Hyslop.

The lecture published here is one of a course on the "Evolution of Ethics" delivered before the Brooklyn Ethical Association in the years 1896 and 1897, by the Professor of Logic and Ethics at Columbia University. The work is supplemented with portraits of the philosophers, and a sketch of Socrates.

Holt and Company:

The Parsifal of Richard Wagner. Translated from the French of Maurice Kufferath by Louise M. Henermann.

Mr. Krehbiel has written an introduction to this volume in which he says: "For its purposes, the book has no adequate fellow in the literatures of England, France, or Germany." It contains accounts of the Perceval of Chrétien de Troies and the Parzival of Wolfram von Eschenbach, and reproduces leading motifs in musical notation and illustrations of the scenes at the Metropolitan Opera House.

Home Publishing Company:

Phil Conway. By Archibald Clavering Gunter.

Phil Conway is an enormous speculator in Wall Street and a man who has encountered the dangers and hardships of travel in unexplored territories. The story tells of some exciting episodes of his career, and is written in Mr. Gunter's usual vein.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Lane:

The Scarlet Letter. By Nathaniel Hawthorne.

This is the thirteenth volume in the New Pocket Library, printed upon thin paper and bound in cloth.

Macmillan:

A Modern School. By Paul H. Hanus.

Professor Hanus sets forth the scope and aims of a modern school, more particularly of a secondary school, and the conditions essential to its efficiency. The author is Professor of the History and Art of Teaching in Harvard University.

Merely Mary Ann. By I. Zangwill.

A new, paper-covered edition of Mr. Zangwill's story, a dramatised version of which is now enjoying a successful run in New York. The edition contains illustrations from the play, with Eleanor Robson and Edwin Arden in the principal rôles.

Representative Modern Preachers. By Lewis O. Barstow, D.D.

A series of biographical and critical essays on prominent preachers, representing the different schools of preaching during the last century. Dr. Brastow is a Professor of Practical Theology in Yale University.

The Mediaeval Town Series. Siena. By Edmund G. Gardner.

The volumes in this series are of convenient size for the library table or the tourist's handbag each volume containing about forty line drawings and a photogravure frontispiece.

The Adventures of Elizabeth in Rügen. By the Author of Elizabeth and Her German Garden.

The sprightly narrative of Elizabeth's adventures in the island of Rügen and its odd German watering places. Everybody remembers that "Elizabeth and Her German Garden" was the first of a vast number of "garden books" of recent years.

The Day Before Yesterday. By Sara Andrew Shafer.

The story of a circle of persons living their quiet, kindly lives in a small village of the Middle West. The publishers say that it suggests "lavender and old roses," and this expression immediately calls to mind Mrs. Banks's Oldfield, the "Kentucky Cranford."

A Little Traitor to the South. By Cyrus Townsend Brady.

A new book by Mr. Brady is not a particularly startling event, as he is noted for the rapidity with which he turns out novels and stories. The present volume is "a war-time comedy with a tragic interlude," in which two Confederate officers seek the hand of the heroine, who, judging by the frontispiece, is not a very fetching person.

North Carolina. By Charles Lee Raper, Ph.D.

A study in English Colonial Government which, so far as the author is aware, is "the first study from the original sources of the provincial government of North Carolina, embracing the whole period, and from the point of view of England as well as that of the colony."

The Duke of Cameron Avenue. By Henry Kitchell Webster.

The latest volume in the series of "Little Novels by Favourite Authors." The hero of Mr. Webster's story is a vigorous figure in settlement life in Chicago.

The Price of Youth. By Margery Williams.

A new novel by the author of "The Late Returning." Miss Williams pictures life in a typical New Jersey village in which the characters are the kind of people one meets every day.

The Opening of the Mississippi. By F. A. Ogg.

A sub-title describes this work as "A Struggle for Supremacy in the American Interior." It is a history of the discovery, exploration, and contested rights of navigation of the Mississippi before the War of 1812.

Outlook Company:

Theodore Roosevelt the Citizen. By Jacob A. Riis.

Mr. Riis's life of the President has been running serially in the "Outlook." Mr. George T. Tobin has made an excellent drawing of Mr. Roosevelt, which is used as a frontispiece. The other illustrations are also unusually attractive.

Tolstoy the Man. By Edward A. Steiner.

The author of this new life of Tolstoy occupies the professorship of Applied Christianity in Iowa College. He spent a number of months in Russia at the request of the Outlook Company for the purpose of obtaining the material for this book. The book is illustrated in colors.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Preacher's Story of His Work. By W. S. Rainsford.

Dr. Rainsford, the vigorous and popular rector of St. George's Church, New York, told this story to friends who gathered about him in his study at St. George's Rectory. "The only changes," to quote his publishers, "which have been made, in translating this story from oral to printed form, have been those transpositions and excisions necessary for coherence, which in spoken words is supplied by gesture in the speaker, and inquiries or responses by the hearers."

Pott and Company:

In Shakspear's England. By Mrs. Frederick Boas.

An illustrated volume by the author of "English History for Children." "The England of Shakspear was the England of Elizabeth," says Mrs. Boas, and it is round the figure of that Queen that she has written this history.

Old-Time Travel. By Alexander Innes Shand.

These are personal reminiscences of the continent forty years ago which the author compares to the experiences of the present time. The illustrations are by A. H. Hallam Murray. Mr. Shand has depended upon his memory for these recollections, as he has never kept a diary.

Bygone London Life. By G. L. Apperson, I. S. O.

In a sub-title, the author calls this quaint and interesting book "pictures from a vanished past." These pen pictures are divided into five parts: Old-Time Restaurants, The Coffee-Houses, Some Old London Swells, Old London Museums, and Old London Characters.

Putnam's Sons:

Liberty and a Living. By Philip G. Hubert.

Mr. Hubert first published this book about fifteen years ago. In his preface to the second edition he says: "It is possible to make a small income go much further in the purchase of peace, culture, sunshine, and happiness than is commonly thought possible. But I must repeat that the scheme of life outlined in 'Liberty and Living' is not for every one; it presupposes an uncommon capacity for enjoyment in nature, books, and very simple living." Mr. Hubert's autobiography has charm, and it should appeal to those select few who desire at all times to live a free and yet a simple life.

English Literature and Society in the Eighteenth Century. By Leslie Stephen. Ford Lectures, 1903.

Mr. Stephen, whose death occurred last month, prepared these lectures, but ill health prevented him from delivering them in person. Mr. Herbert Fisher read the lectures at Oxford on behalf of the author.

Evidence of a Future Life. ("L'Aime est Immortelle"). By Gabriel Delanne. Translated and Edited by H. A. Dallas.

A psychological study of the spirit, divided into three parts: Observation, Experience, Spiritism and Science.

Matthew Arnold. By William Harbutt Dawson.

A critical study of Matthew Arnold and of his relation to the thought of our time. Mr. Dawson is an Englishman and an intimate friend of the Arnold family.

Revell Company:

The Vanguard. By James S. Gale.

The romantic tale of a young American who goes as a missionary to Korea. The fact that the scene of the story is "where West meets East" is sufficient to make it among the advertised books relating to the places and the people connected with the present war.

Round Table Press:

The Complete Anas of Thomas Jefferson. Edited by Franklin B. Sawvel, Ph.D.

By the courtesy of the Department of State, the editor was granted access to the Jefferson manuscripts in the archives of the Department, and he has brought out together in a single volume Jefferson's private notes, opinions, and conjectures.

Scribner's Sons:

On the Eve. Father and Children. By Iván Turgénieff. Translated from the Russian by Isabel F. Hapgood.

Volumes V. and VI. in the very attractive illustrated edition of the Novels and Stories of Iván Turgénieff.

Introduction to Classical Latin Literature. By William Cranston Lawton.

This "Introduction" has been prepared by the Professor of the Greek Language and Literature in Adelphi College. The subjects are divided under the following headings: The Republican Age, The Ciceronian Age, The Augustinian Age, and the Age of Silver Latin.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Taylor and Company:

Manual of Forensic Quotations. By Leon Mead and F. Newell Gilbert. Introduction by John W. Griggs.

An anthology of quotations from some of the noted speeches of the great men of the bar. Among the men quoted are: Curra, Lord Erskine, Lord Chatham, Burke, Sir James Mackintosh, Van Arman, Judge Black, Lothrop, Conkling, Benjamin Harrison, Webster, Choate, and others equally well known. The book is illustrated with photographs.

Boston.

Ditson Company:

Twenty Piano Transcriptions. Franz Liszt.

Forty Songs. Johannes Brahms. For Low Voice.

Two new volumes in the "Musicians Library," each containing a biographical sketch, with a frontispiece portrait of Liszt and Brahms.

Houghton, Mifflin and Company:

Violett. By Baroness von Hutten.

Violett is a boy with a poetic temperament and a genius for music. The story opens in a lighthouse on the English Channel, and then the scene shifts to London's Bohemian circles. Reviewed in this number.

Henderson. By Rose E. Young.

A story of the West, by a young Missourian. Miss Young is the author of "Sally of Missouri," and of a number of short stories, the best of which have been gathered about Henderson, the hero of her present book. The publishers liken the book to "The Gentleman from Indiana." A photograph of Miss Young appears in the Chronicle and Comment of this number.

The Oligraphy of Venice. By George B. McClellan.

An essay on Venice, written from the political point of view. The book has grown out of studies carried on in Venice by Mr. McClellan, the Mayor of New York.

A Country Interlude. By Hildegarde Hawthorne.

A love story of summer days written in the form of letters. Miss Hawthorne lives in Yonkers, and the letters are written from one of the beautiful places which border the Hudson.

Joan of the Alley. By Frederick Orin Bartlett.

Mr. Bartlett is a young newspaper man of Boston, and this is his first novel. It gives a picture of tenement life in one of the big American cities. A short time ago Mr. Bartlett won a prize of one hundred dollars offered by the "Ladies Home Journal" for the best short love story.

With the Birds in Maine. By Olive Thorne Miller.

An affectionate study of birds common to the Eastern and Middle States. The author has been collecting this material during the last ten summers.

Lee and Shepard:

Facts About Peat. By T. H. Leavitt.

A monograph on the use of peat fuel and peat coke and how to make it. Years ago Mr. Leavitt operated peat works at Lexington, Massachusetts, and at that time he brought out a book on the subject, the plates of which were subsequently destroyed by fire. The present volume is, in a way, a substitute of the earlier work.

Little, Brown and Company:

Food and Cookery for the Sick and Convalescent. By Fannie Merritt Farmer.

Miss Farmer has been a teacher of cookery for over thirteen years, and she has written a number of cook books. The present volume has been prepared to meet the demands which trained nurses have made upon her. It is also intended as a help to any one who is in charge of the sick.

The Queen of Quelparte. By Archer Butler Hulbert.

A new edition of a novel which is of timely interest. The story deals with Russian intrigue in the Far East shortly after the war between China and Japan. The scenes are laid in an island province of Korea and St. Petersburg.

Page and Company:

An Evans of Suffolk. By Anna Farquhar.

A story of modern life, in which a worldly woman marries into a conservative Boston family without explaining her somewhat shady antecedents. "Her Boston Experience" and "The Devil's Plough" are by the same author.

Chicago.

Laird and Lee:

The New Moden Webster Dictionary of the English Language for Grammar and High Schools and General Use. By E. T. Roe, LL.B.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A new edition of a compact and convenient pocket dictionary, containing 60,000 words and definitions.

Rescued from Fiery Death. By W. A. Stanger.

The Iroquois Theatre disaster at Chicago is here used for the purposes of fiction and Mr. Stanger spares not the reader in picturing that horror in all its enormity. The hero rescues the heroine from the flames as she occupies one of the boxes. Not satisfied with this, they go to Baltimore on their wedding tour, reaching there in time to take part in the recent big fire.

Rand, McNally and Company:

Confessions of Marguerite.

A book which is published anonymously and which purports to be the true story of a girl's heart.

Scott, Foresman and Company:

A Chronology and Practical Bibliography of Modern German Literature. Compiled by Scholte Nollen.

The Chronology and Bibliography here given were at first intended to supplement an outline of the history of German literature written for the texts of the "Lake German Series," but the work grew so rapidly that the compiler decided to make a book of it.

United Prohibition Press:

American Prohibition Year Book for 1904. Compiled by Alonzo E. Wilson.

This Year Book aims to furnish as much information as possible in regard to the evils of drink. The facts and figures are brought down to date.

Cincinnati.

Clarke Company:

The Graal Problem. By J. S. Tunison.

The present enthusiastic interest in Wagner's Parsifal has led Mr. Tunison to discuss briefly the entire Graal motive in fiction, mediæval and modern, from his own point of view.

Cleveland.

Imperial Press:

Printing in Relation to Graphic Art. By George French.

It is the author's purpose to show that the principles of art may be applied to printing, and when these principles are carried out that they lead to improvement in printing. The book itself is well printed on French hand-made paper.

Columbus, Ohio.

Miller:

A Book of Cartoons. By Harry J. Westerman.

These cartoons have appeared in the "Ohio State Journal." Mr. Samuel G. McClure has written an introduction on the subject of caricature and its influence.

Indianapolis.

Bobbs-Merrill Company:

Her Infinite Variety. By Brand Whitlock.

A new story by the author of the political novel, "The 13th District." Politics are also a feature of the new book, which is illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy. Reviewed in this number.

The Yoke. By Elizabeth Miller.

A romantic novel of the days of the exodus of the children of Israel from the bondage of Egypt.

Hollenbeck Press:

The Third Power. Farmers to the Front. By J. A. Everitt.

In a preface, the author says: "The farmers own the earth," and he goes on to say that he hopes "that the soil owners and workers will be aroused to a sense of the true condition of their industry; that agriculture in America and throughout the world will soon occupy the high position to which it is entitled, when it will stand first of all in importance and power."

Milwaukee.

Young Churchman Company:

Lenten Soliloquies. By William Edward McLaren, D.D., LL.D.

A collection of Lenten "readings" by the bishop of Chicago, for every day of the Lenten season, suitable for private or public use.

The Litany and the Life. By Rev. John Newton McCormick, B.A., D.D.

A series of studies of the litany especialy suitable for Lenten reading. The author is rector of St. Mark's Church, Grand Rapids, Michigan.

The Passion of the King. By Shirley C. Hughson, O.H.C.

A small volume containing short daily meditations for the Lenten season.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books in order of demand as sold between February and March, 1904.

We guarantee the authenticity of the following lists, as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns mentioned:

New York City.

1. Wings of the Morning. Tracy. (Clode.) $1.50.
2. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
3. My Friend Prospero. Harland (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.
4. A Little Garrison. Biltse. (Stokes.) $1.50.
5. The American Prisoner. Phillpotts. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.

Albany, N. Y.

1. Violett. Von Hutten. (Houghton-Mifflin.) $1.50.
2. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.
4. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
5. The Call of the Wild. London. Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Adventures of Elizabeth in Rügen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

Atlanta, Ga.

1. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
2. My Friend Prospero. Harland. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.50.
3. Hesper. Garland. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Heart of Hyacinth. Watanna. (Harper.) $2.00 net.

Baltimore, Md.

1. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
2. The Adventures of Elizabeth in Rügen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Heart of Rome. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. My Friend Prospero. Harland. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.
5. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $.150.
6. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.00.

Boston, Mass.

1. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.
2. The Adventures of Elizabeth in Rügen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Art of Cross Examination. Wellman. (Macmillan.) $2.50 net.
4. My Friend Prospero. Harland. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.
5. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
6. Letters of a Chinese Official. (McClure-Phillips.) 50c. net.

Boston, Mass.

1. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.
2. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
4. My Friend Prospero. Harland. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.
5. The Russian Advance. Beveridge. (Harper.) $2.50 net.
6. Korea. Hamilton. (Scribner.) $4.00 net.

Buffalo, N. Y.

1. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
2. My Friend Prospero. Harland. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.
3. Lux Crucis. Gardenshire. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Letters of a Son to His Self-Made Father. Merriman. (Robinson-Luce.) $1.25.
5. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.
6. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.

Chicago, Ill.

1. The Russian Advance. Beveridge. (Harper.) $2.50.
2. Mrs. J. Worthington Woodward. Beekman. (Brentano.) $1.25.
3. Wings of the Morning. Tracy. (Clode.) $1.50.
4. My Friend Prospero. Harland. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.
5. The Lost King. Shackleford. (Brentano.) $1.25.
6. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.

Cleveland, O.

1. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
2. The Fugitive. Brudno. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
3. My Friend Prospero. Harland. (McClure-Phillips). $1.50.
4. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin) $1.25.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

5. Letters of a Son to His Self-Made Father. Merriman. (Robinson-Luce.) $1.25.
6. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.

Dallas, Tex.

1. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
3. My Friend Prospero. Harland. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.
4. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The One Woman. Dixon. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
6. Under the Rose. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

Denver, Colo.

1. My Friend Prospero. Harland. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.
2. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
3. Handbook of Modern Japan. Clements. (McClurg.) $1.40 net.
4. The Russian Advance. Beveridge. (Harper.) $3.00.
5. Korea and Her Neighbors. Bishop. (Revell.) $2.00.
6. Her Infinite Variety. Whitlock. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

Detroit, Mich.

1. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.
3. My Friend Prospero. Harland. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.
4. Barlasch of the Guard. Merriman. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.
5. The Lightning Conductor. Williamson. (Holt.) $1.50.
6. The Heart of Rome. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

Indianapolis, Ind.

1. The Fortunes of Fifi. Seawell. (Bobbs Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Courtship of Miles Standish. Longfellow. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $3.00.
3. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. My Friend Prospero. Harland. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.
5. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
6. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.

Kansas City, Mo.

1. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
2. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.
4. Barlasch of the Guard. Merriman. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.50.
5. Sally of Missouri. Young. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.50.
6. The Russian Advance. Beveridge. (Harper.) $2.50.

Los Angeles, Cal.

1. My Friend Prospero. Harland. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.
2. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
4. The Russian Advance. Beveridge. (Harper.) $2.50 net.
5. The Land of Little Rain. Austin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $2.00 net.
6. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.

Louisville, Ky.

1. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
2. My Friend Prospero. Harland. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.50.
3. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.
5. The Russian Advance. Beveridge. (Harper.) $2.50.
6. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

Memphis, Tenn.

1. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
2. The Fortunes of Fifi. Seawell. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The Close of the Day. Spearman. (Appleton.) $1.25.
4. Ben Hur. Wallace. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. I Need the Money. McHugh. (Dillingham.) 75c.
6. Denis Dent. Hornung. (Stokes.) $1.50.

New Haven, Conn.

1. Adventures of Elizabeth in Rügen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.
3. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
4. The Russian Advance. Beveridge. (Harper.) $2.50 net.
5. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The American Prisoner. Phillpotts. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New Orleans, La.

1. My Friend Prospero. Harland. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.
2. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
3. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Heart of Hyacinth. Watanna. (Harper.) $2.00.
6. The Lightning Conductor. Williamson. (Holt.) $1.50.

Norfolk, Va.

1. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
2. My Friend Prospero. Harland. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.
3. Her Infinite Variety. Whitlock. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
5. Uther and Igraine. Deeping. (Outlook.) $1.50.
6. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.

Omaha, Neb.

1. The Fortunes of Fifi. Seawell. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. My Friend Prospero. Harland. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.
3. Red Keggers. Thwing. (Book Lovers' Press.) $1.50.
4. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
5. The Grey Cloak. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. Darrell. Bacheller. (Lothrop.) $1.50.

Pittsburg, Pa.

1. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
2. Lux Crucis. Gardenshire. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. My Friend Prospero. Harland. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.
4. The Russian Advance. Beveridge. (Harper.) $2.50 net.
5. Japanese Physical Training. Hancock. (Putnam.) $1.25 net.
6. American Revolution, vol. 3. Trevelyan. (Longmans.) $2.50 net.

Portland, Me.

1. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
2. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.
3. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. My Friend Prospero. Harland. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.
5. Wings of the Morning. Tracy. (Clode.) $1.50.
6. Hesper. Garland. (Harper.) $1.50.

Portland, Ore.

1. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
2. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. My Friend Prospero. Harland. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.
4. Denis Dent. Hornung. (Stokes.) $1.50.
5. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Her Infinite Variety. Whitlock. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

Providence, R. I.

1. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.
2. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
3. My Friend Prospero. Harland. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.
4. The American Prisoner. Phillpotts. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Uther and Igraine. Deeping. (Outlook.) $1.50.
6. The Proud Prince. McCarthy. (Harper.) $1.50.

Rochester, N. Y.

1. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
3. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.
4. The Lightning Conductor. Williamson. (Holt.) $1.50.
5. My Friend Prospero. Harland. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.50.
6. Cherry. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.25.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

1. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Lions of the Lord. Wilson. (Lothrop.) $1.50.
3. My Friend Prospero. Harland. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.50.
4. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
5. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.

San Francisco, Cal.

1. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
2. The Russian Advance. Beveridge. (Harper.) $2.50 net.
3. Bridge Whist. Elwell. (Scribner.) $1.25 net.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

4. Testimony of the Suns. Sterling. (Woods.) $1.25 net.
5. My Friend Prospero. Harland. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.50.
6. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

St. Louis, Mo.

1. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. My Friend Prospero. Harland. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.50.
3. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
4. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.
5. Her Infinite Variety. Whitlock. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6 The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

St. Paul, Minn.

1. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
2. My Friend Prospero. Harland. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.50.
3. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.
4. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Lux Crucis. Gardenshire. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Her Infinite Variety. Whitlock. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

Toledo, O.

1. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
2. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan-Rice. (Century.) $1.00.
4. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The One Woman. Dixon. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
6. Lovey Mary. Hegan-Rice. (Century.) $1.50.

Toronto, Can.

1. The Lightning Conductor. Williamson. (McLeod & Allen.) 75 cents and $1.25.
2. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (McLeod & Allen.) 75 cents and $1.25.
3. The Duke Decides. Hill. (McLeod & Allen,) 75 cents and $1.25.
4. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Wm. Briggs.) $1.25.
5. An Old Sweetheart of Mine. Riley. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $2.00.
6. Dr. Xavier. Pemberton. (Copp, Clark & Co.) 75 cents and $1.25.

Washington, D. C.

1. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.
2. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
3. My Friend Prospero. Harland. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.50.
4. The Russian Advance. Beveridge. (Harper.) $2.50.
5. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Uther and Igraine. Deeping. (Outlook.) $1.50.

Washington, D. C.

1. The Lost King. Shackleford. (Brentano.) $1.25.
2. The Russian Advance. Beveridge. (Harper.) $2.50 net.
3. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
4. My Friend Prospero. Harland. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.50.
5. The Man Roosevelt. Leupp. (Appleton.) $1.25 net.
6. Korea. Hamilton. (Scribner.) $4.00 net.

Worcester, Mass.

1. John Percyfield. Henderson. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
2. The Law of Life. Sholl. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. Reminiscences of the Civil War. Gordon. (Scribner.) $3.00.
4. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
5. My Friend Prospero. Harland. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.50.
6. Adventures of Elizabeth in Rügen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

From the above lists the six best selling books are selected according to the following system:

					POINTS.
A book standing	1st	on any list	receives		10
" "	2d	" "			8
" "	3d	" "			7
" "	4th	" "			6
" "	5th	" "			5
" "	6th	" "			4

BEST SELLING BOOKS.

According to the foregoing lists, the six books which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS.
1. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50	260
2. My Friend Prospero. Harland. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.50	207
3. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50	166
4. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50	116
5. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50	70
6. The Russian Advance. Beveridge. (Harper.) $2.50 net	60

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED